Dec. 4, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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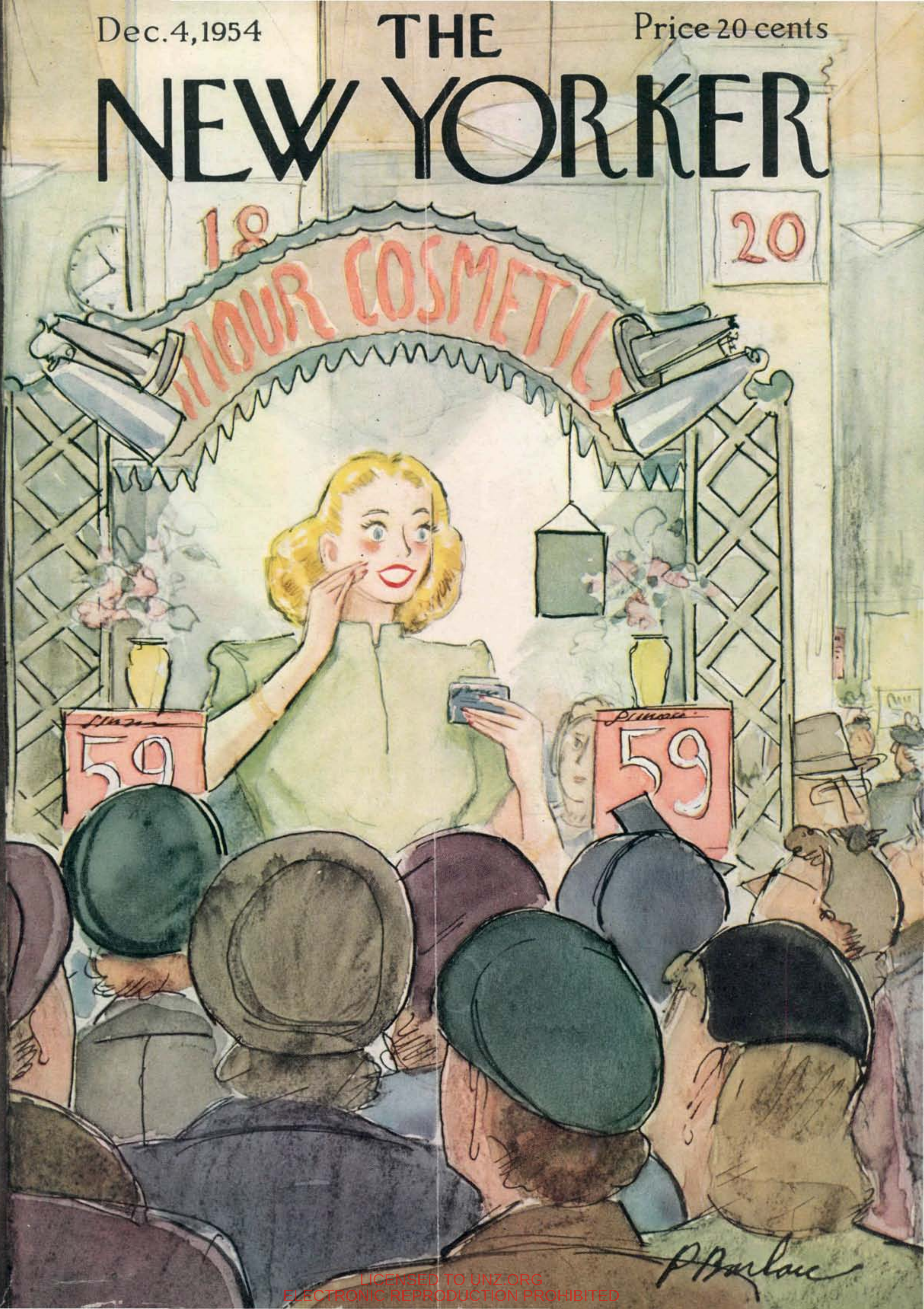
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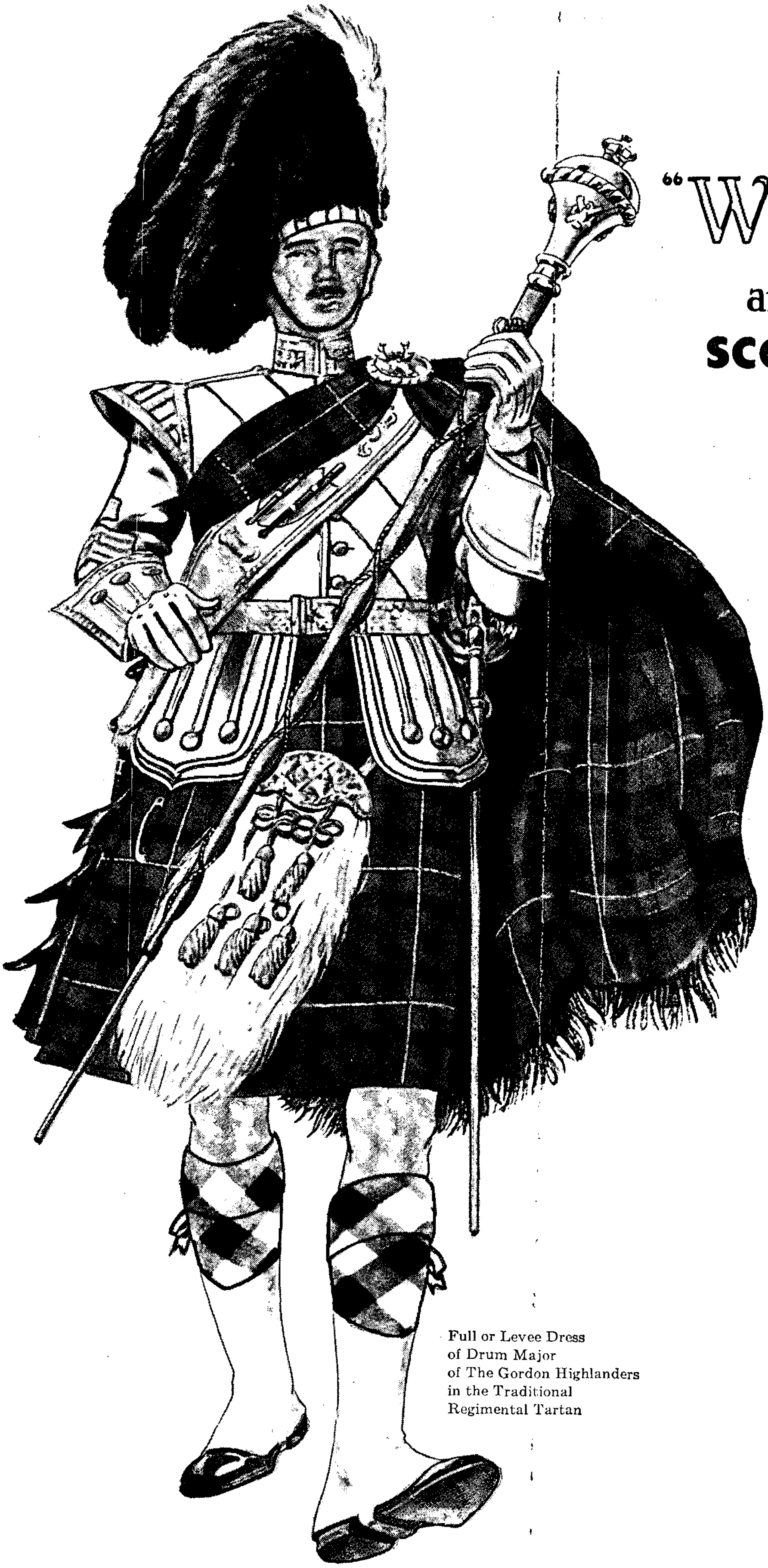

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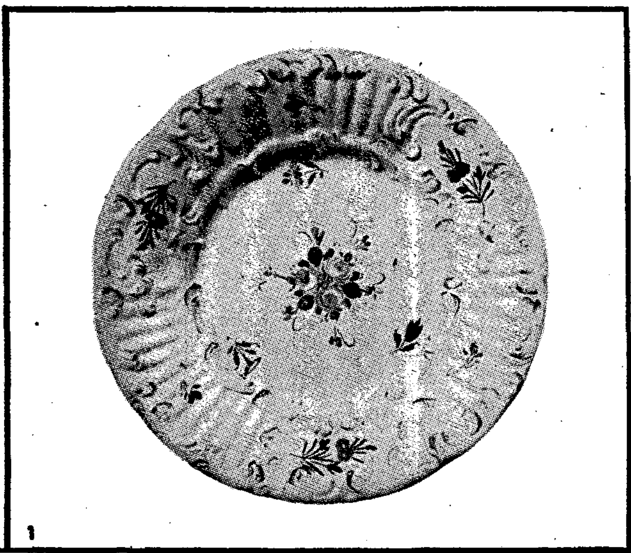

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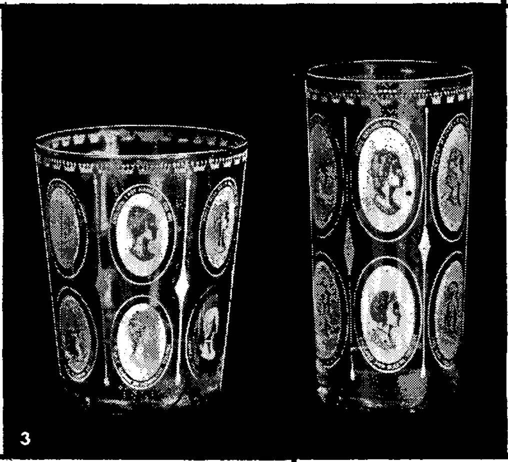

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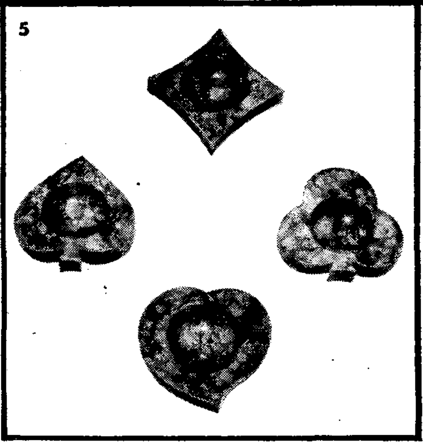

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NEW YORK WHITE PLAINS CHICAGO CLEVELAND BOSTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abie's Irish Rose—Anne Nichols' revamped version of her 1922 comedy, with Ludwig Donath and Neil Fitzgerald. Staged by Miss Nichols and produced by Michael Rose. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have concocted much better comedies than this one about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been better off in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Monday, Dec. 6, to the Booth, 45th St., W., CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead is practically all there is to this remake of a 1944 comedy about fashionable sex. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 5.)

The Living Room—This play by Graham Greene offers the Catholic philosophy on a great many matters, most of them cheerless. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a deeply moving performance, and she is ably supported by Michael Goodliffe, Walter Fitzgerald, Nora Nicholson, Ann Shoemaker, and Carol Goodner. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, near the top of their form, as usual, in a Noel Coward comedy that is considerably below Mr. Coward's best form, but amusing in a long-winded way. Also with Edna Best and Brian Aherne. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—N. Richard Nash's melodrama about a plain girl and a captivating stranger is dated and sometimes silly, but it has its moments, and it also has Geraldine Page. Others in the cast are Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—The mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz with the theme of his comedy. Despite a few funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—The authors, Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, are all in favor of marriage, as opposed to promiscuity, but they make out a very poor case for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, Ronny Graham, Janet Riley, and Joey Faye are among those who fight the losing cause. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wedding Breakfast—A four-character play by Theodore Reeves. The cast, directed by Herman Shumlin, is made up of Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Franciosa, and Virginia Vincent. Kermit Bloomgarden is the producer. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL: A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH: A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Elliott Nugent plays the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Sally Forrest is his inamorata. On Monday, Dec. 6, George Keane will succeed Mr. Nugent. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC: A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Loring Smith heads a talented cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . TEA AND SYMPATHY: A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON: John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mrs. Patterson—Eartha Kitt and Enid Markey in a play by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, with songs and incidental music by James Shelton. The producer is Leonard Sillman, the director Guthrie McClintic. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody of the sort of musicals that were then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music. Julie Andrews is a complete delight in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Fanny—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other talented people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina's dancing is top-notch, and the Rodgers and Hart songs still have their appeal, but the book shows every one of its eighteen years. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into one of the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, and some spectacular bits of stagecraft combine to make this revival of the Barrie fairy story perhaps the best you've ever seen. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CAN-CAN: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . COMEDY IN MUSIC: Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . KISMET: An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score pieced together from the music of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hit the Trail—A musical with a book by Frank O'Neill, music by Frederico Valerio, and lyrics by Elizabeth Miele. Irra Petina, Robert Wright, and Paul Valentine head the cast. Presented by Miss Miele and staged by Charles W. Christenberry, Jr., and Byrle Cass. Opens Thursday, Dec. 2. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—A dramatization by Maxwell Anderson of the William March novel, with Nancy Kelly. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Reginald Denham. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 8. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays

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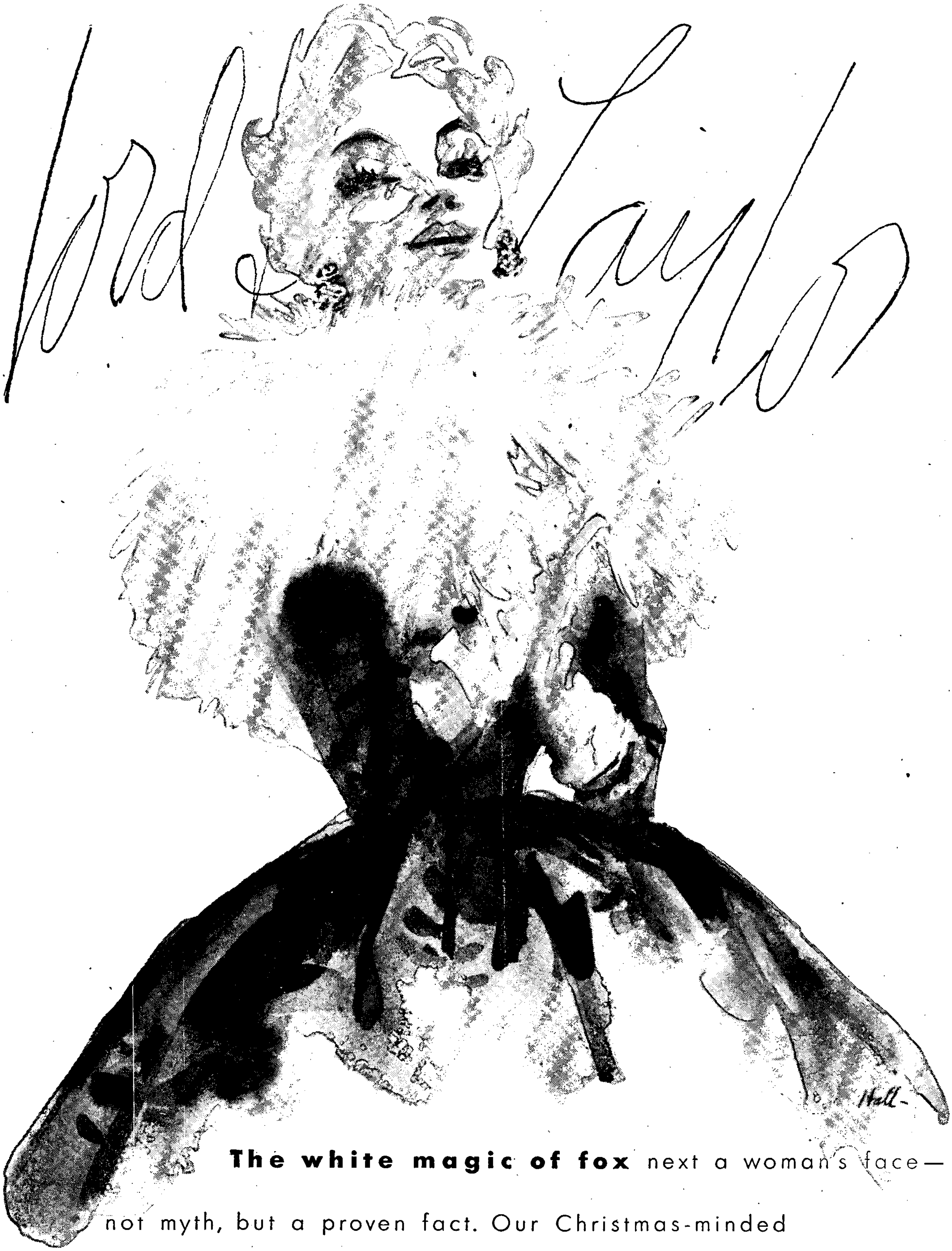

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Club Theatre—Ibsen's "A Doll's House," directed by Iza Itkin. With Lesley Woods, Karl Swenson, and Daniel Nagrin. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SU 7-5405. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sandhog," a slightly heavy musical play, which is redeemed as entertainment by an honest heart, intelligent music, and a cast that includes Jack Cassidy, Alice Ghostley, David Brooks, and a chorus of five splendid urchins. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

President Theatre—"Sands of the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be performed here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—"High Named Today," a play written by David Goodman, directed by George Englund, and with a cast headed by Art Smith. Opens Friday, Dec. 10. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez—In a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Merce Cunningham—With his company, in a program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that by Quintero's rumba men and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his instrumental ensemble murmur sweet nothings "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Betty and Jane Kean, possibly the handsomest roustabouts in show business, will be winding up their own jovial concept of Halloween on Wednesday, Dec. 8. Myron Cohen packs up his excellent collection of Seventh Avenue folklore the same evening. This untypical Copa farrago will then be replaced by a typical one.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mexican mountain music sounds amazingly like the simple handiwork of our own Tennessee foundries, but Manuel Capetillo and his dozen comrades give it a certain zest. The flamenco fandangos of Rafael Ruiz and the flamenco guitar of Carlos Montoya, executed in unison, are a sight and sound not to be forgotten. This goes on in the Cotillion Room, and Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band help out. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson has abandoned the do-it-yourself fad for teamwork with Paul Methuen, an Oxonian turned Thespian, and Ronnie Selby, a Londoner turned pianist, and this threesome romps through a very full evening of high-style music and comedy. They're in the Persian Room. The major-domo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill is full of Lombardos, whose dance tunes will never get them a ticket for speeding. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, practically the last of the fabled Fifth Avenue town houses, is still run with the traditional grandeur. There's dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and, at dinner and supper, Rosalind Courtright displays her silks, her satins, and her songs, which purport to deal with upper-bracket life. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, the Sauter-Finegan band is attempting a nearly impossible trick—music limpid and lyric enough for dancers and yet still bizarre enough for its following of loyal listeners. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A non-charitable institution for seemingly homeless but undeniably well-turned-out waifs. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for their setting-up and sitting-up exercises.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The incumbent revue is built around two dozen time-honored Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz songs, all of which speak so well for themselves that there is little left for the book of the show to say, a fortunate state of affairs. The humor, some of it juvenilely robust, is done best by Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the dancing looks best when Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are involved. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patachou, casually arrayed in whatever separates are handiest, sings about the Paris familiar to all students of "Can-Can," and even manages to make it sound sort of Parisian. She and Nat Brandwynne's fine, big orchestra are in the Empire Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from six to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

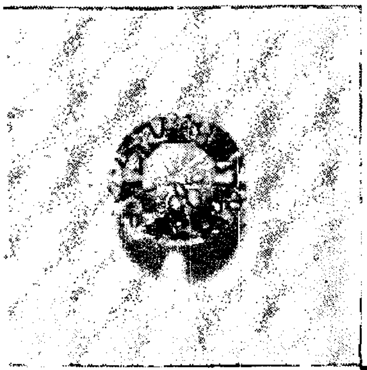
Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi is a star exponent of the you-and-I-were-made-for-each-other brand of tableside violin. He and L'Apache, a French street singer direct from almost any week's Palace vaudeville bill, operate from suppertime on every night but Sunday, and there is piano at dinner by Rudy Timfield. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **Weylin Room,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is presiding over his fashionable finishing school for drawing-room pianism in this cool, collected little buttery. Lessons from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence wherein Addison Bailey, who remembers a good tune when he hears one, is at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays. . . . **Le Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4636): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski plays for cocktails, and Tommy Hughes for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **Chez Carlo,** 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): A casual dining room wherein Norbert Faconi provides prowler violin from five-thirty to ten, after which he is succeeded by easygoing music that sounds best when Stephen Ballarini's big, deep voice chimes in. No noise Sundays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): One of those unpretentious but comfortable seashore bar-and-grills, alternately throbbing with everyone-knows-everyone-here conversation and the piano of Louis Hawkins, the energetic host of the place, and of Bob Printz, whose deft phrasing is mostly moonlight and roses. They begin at seven. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The largest laughs are served up by two young men who take their fun where they find it—the daily papers, in the case of Mort Sahl; the folkways of America, in the case of Jonathan Winters. There are also the George La Faye Puppets, a group of bodied and disembodied Parisians who lope through a brief but stirring life cycle, and the electric voice of Susan Johnson, a fine singer and a fine, healthy minx. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **Le Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Like most after-dinner double domes, Irwin Corey has nothing whatever to say; *it's just the*

A man's thoughts at Christmas



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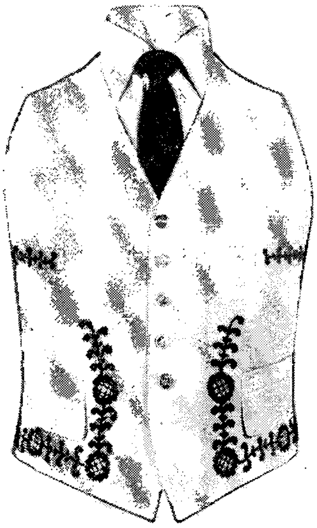

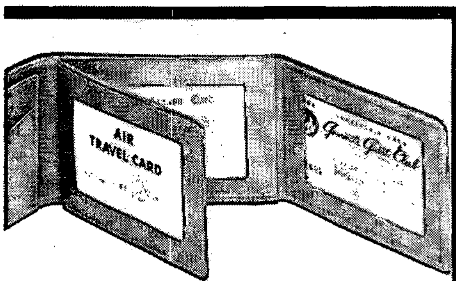

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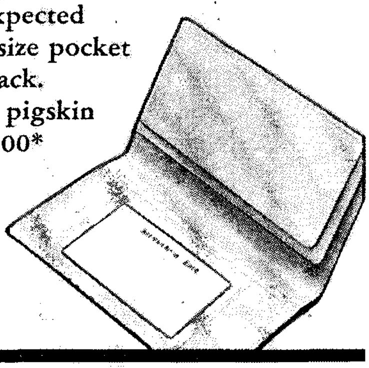

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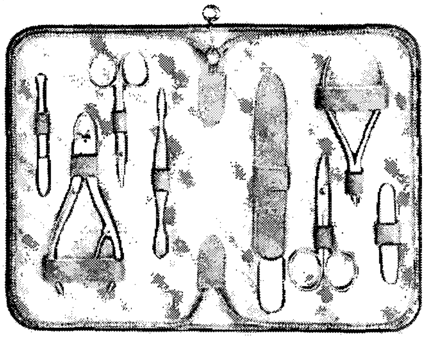

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wonderful way he says it. The high-jinks mood is enhanced by Dorothy Loudon's head-on collision with the conventions of blues singing. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The indestructible Robert Clary is simultaneously caroming off the walls and the ceiling as he utters his own special nonsense ballads. Ruth Price, who's new, is the local oriole. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Mondays, Herb Corey and Mildred Cook take care of the nonsense, and there's plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. Antique movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are audition nights. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's special lyrics offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost constantly at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides cheery piano. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Several wild bulls rage through this china shop. The most destructive is Mae Barnes, who declaims her lyrics in a voice heard round the world. The comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes on the beam, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Jimmie Daniels' *bon-vivant* ballads, the songs of Marion Colby, the Three Flames' existentialist words and music, and Bruce Kirby's blank-faced clowning. On Thursday, Dec. 9, Lee Goodman, an antic but disarming humorist, takes over from Miss Colby. Closed Mondays. . . . JORIE'S PURPLE ONION, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an avant-garde comedienne who appears to have found life rather a trial but is willing to carry her case right up to the Supreme Court. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, two of the more fetching young marrieds, sing high-style polyphonic jazz in between times. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A famous tollhouse on the Mason and Dixon Line. The boys in the back room are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Through Saturday, Dec. 4, Ted Roy will supply the interlude piano. On Monday, Dec. 6, Ralph Sutton will return to his labors. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Hazel Scott, of recent years a conspicuous absentee from café life, is again bending over a hot piano. Her trio (which includes Charles Mingus on bass) and Don Elliot's quiet-spoken vanguardist quartet (which has Jud Woldin on piano) report for duty around nine. Sundays and Mondays, Jimmy Lyons does the cocktail and dinner piano; Wednesdays through Saturdays, Jud Woldin does the stint. Sunday nights, Jack Elliot's brisk and bright modern trio has the place to itself. . . . BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A liberal education is offered by the curriculum here. Duke Ellington's vast, pulsating band, at the moment augmented by Alec Templeton, a wit, raconteur, and pianist too long invisible and inaudible, is on the podium, and so is Don Shirley's soft-voiced duo (piano and bass). Closed Mondays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band

(Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, Don Kirkpatrick, and George Foster) keep vivid green the memory of jazz as it was when all practitioners played by ear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Except Sundays, from ten on, Cy Coleman's trio, which has been completely rebuilt and modernized, unveils its quiet and effective intricacies. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Sarah Vaughan's talented voice, Johnny Smith's quartet, and a quintet headed by Eddie Davis and Billy Root hold the floor. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has reverted to its old love, music in the barrel-house mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Right now, it's being played by Conrad Janis and his tailgaters. The afternoon guests on Sunday, Dec. 5, will be Max Kaminsky's hot-shots. Dancing after nine-thirty; no music Mondays. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland, a current-idiom pianist with lots of good ideas, and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of up-to-date harmonics. While they're off duty, Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, lets loose his own introspective modernist piano. No music Mondays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison sits down at his well-tempered concert grand around nine-thirty. He and his trio are steady, solid senders. Joe Moon's piano is the interlude embellishment. No music Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The South has risen again, in gale force. Its musicians (among them Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Bud Freeman, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, and Russell Moore) shuffle on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday through Sunday, Dec. 3-5, is a playoff involving a number of long-term champions; namely, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Buck Clayton, Pop Foster, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, Frank Orchard, Zutty Singleton, Keg Purnell, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, this rifle range will be manned by such Dixiecrats as Tyree Glenn, Charlie Shavers, Jonah Jones, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and Sonny Greer.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Dubuffet—New oils, more sober in tone and more subtle in color than formerly, plus some ventures into collage; through Dec. 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Landscapes, principally in Maine and the West Indies; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Abstract Expressionist oils, very spacious and fluent in design; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

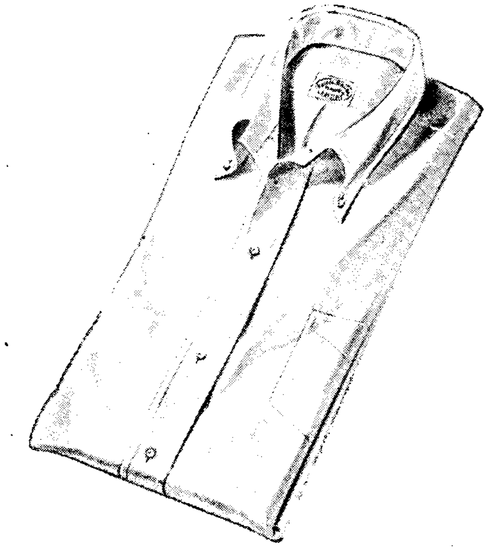
Tom Hardy—A selection of sculptures and drawings dealing primarily with animals; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Milton Hebald—Small sculptures, in bronze and other materials and done with a good deal of cheerful animation; through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann—New paintings, richly exuberant in color and movement, in his best exhibition to date; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Ilonka Karasz—An exhibit of fifty original covers done for *The New Yorker* during the past twenty-five years; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Jean Metzinger and Auguste Herbin—A small but interesting exhibition of paintings by two



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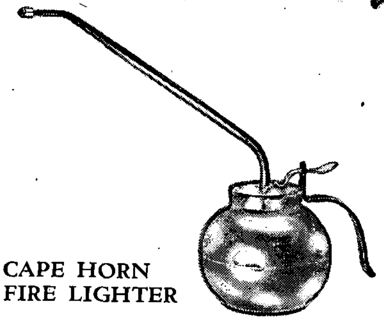

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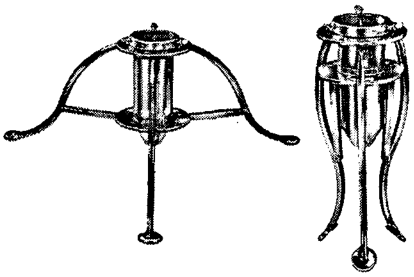

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

early members of the French Cubist school; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A selection of thirty-two bronze sculptures, mostly figures, in addition to drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New sculptures, all with a charmingly oblique Oriental suggestion, in his first exhibition in some five years; through Jan. 8. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

RUDY POZZATTI—A first one-man exhibition by an artist who uses oils and water colors with an encouraging, if at times frankly experimental, versatility; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—Oils, done in both abstract and representational styles; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

FREDERIC REMINGTON—Both paintings and bronzes, largely of the West, loaned by the Remington Art Memorial, in Ogdensburg, N.Y.; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MITCHELL SIPORIN—Paintings, many of them touched with an agreeably wry sort of fantasy, in his first exhibition in seven years; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

SAHL SWARZ—A first one-man showing of works by a sculptor of dazzling technical address and virtuosity; through Friday, Dec. 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

VLAMINCK—Paintings, 1908 to 1914, in a handsome showing of what may turn out to be his most successful period; through Dec. 24 (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

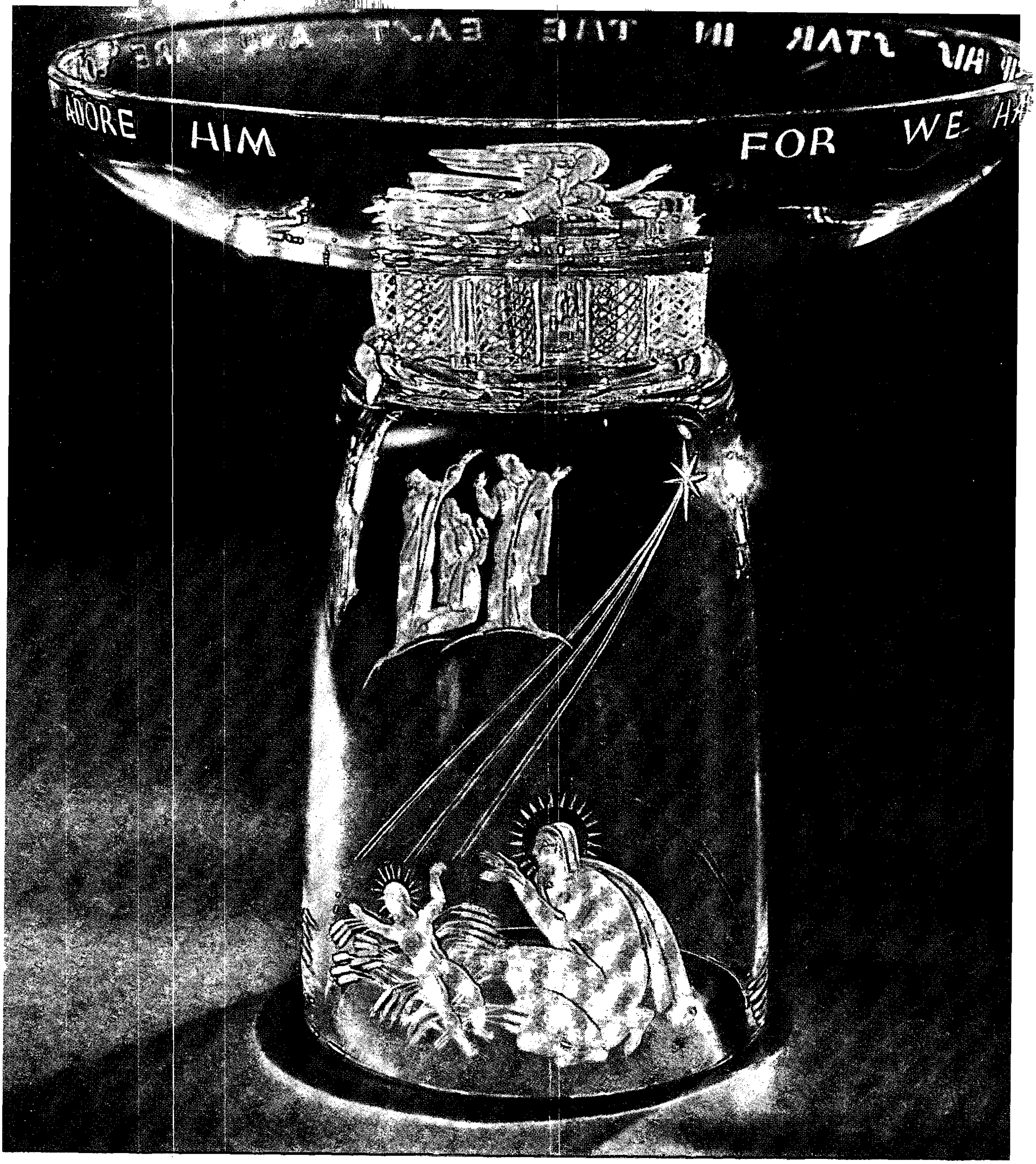
FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS—Over thirty canvases, by Chardin, Watteau, Hubert Robert, and others, arranged by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts for the benefit of their education program; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—African sculptures compared with works by the insane; through Dec. 24. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Oils, sculptures, ceramics, and water colors (starting at $10) done especially for the Christmas show by regular gallery members, including Frederic Taubes, Rafael Soyer, and Jane Miller; through Dec. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Works in all mediums ($25 to $250) by a large group of American artists from all over the country; through Dec. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A wide selection of specially priced ($100 to $500) paintings and sculptures by, among others, Charles Sheeler, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach, along with examples of American folk art; through Dec. 24. . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of contemporary American and European oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, in addition to books and folios containing original lithographs and serigraphs. The prices run from $2.50 to $250. Through Jan. 10

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Some sixty serigraphs and lithographs, many with religious themes, by the students and members of the faculty of the Department of Fine Arts of the Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Robert Brackman, Cecil Larson, and Frank Klein are among the artists who have works in the Forty-first Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting and Sculpture by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Dec. 5. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary French artists, among them Bonnard, Utrillo, and Chagall; through Dec. 31. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Mondrian, Severini, and Braque are three of the artists represented in this show of works in a variety of mediums; through Dec. 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: A graphics show, including items



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Picasso, Klee, Miró, and Braque; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Karl Zerbe and a Christmas show; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. . . . **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Joseph Floch; starting Monday, Dec. 6. . . . **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Salvador Dali; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Christmas show; starting Monday, Dec. 6. *Eugene Berman; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7.* . . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Thomas Blagden; starting Monday, Dec. 6. . . . **national academy of design**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Group show; starting Saturday, Dec. 11. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **roko**, 51 Greenwich Ave.: Blanche Phillips; starting Monday, Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary painters, among them Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Paul Klee, and Raoul Dufy, plus sculptures by Daumier, Gauguin, and Maillol, at the Walden School, 1 W. 88th St., on Friday, Dec. 3, from 8 to 11; Saturday, Dec. 4, from 1 to 11; and Sunday, Dec. 5, from 1 to 9, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others) loaned primarily by European museums and private collectors; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas, and a number of other French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; *through Jan. 2.* (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Spiral Group's ninth anniversary show, with paintings by Hyde Solomon, Gertrude Shibley, Job Goodman, and thirteen other members; through Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

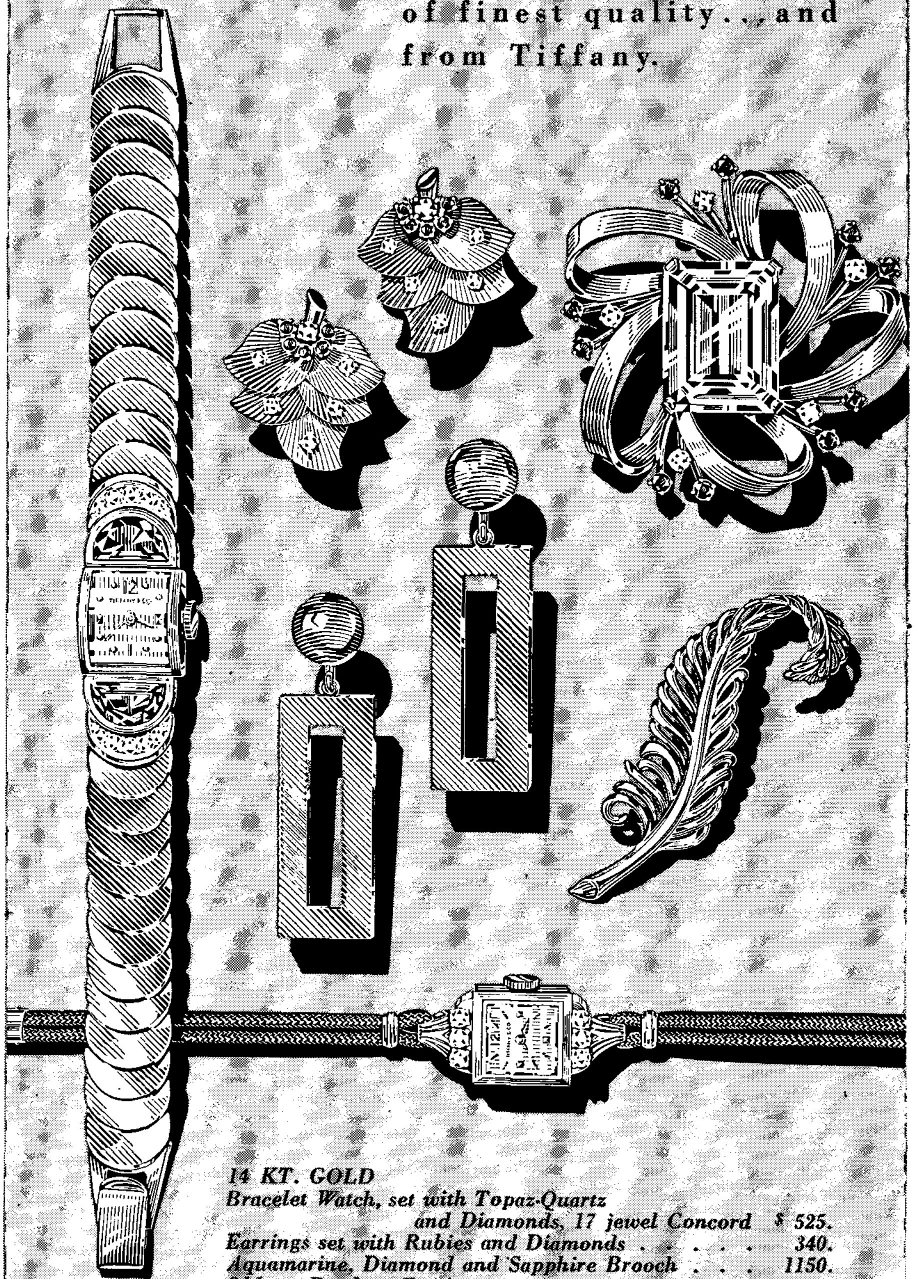
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Over a hundred American paintings and sculptures, owned by Roy and Marie Neuberger, dating from 1910 to the present, and ranging in style from realistic to non-objective. Among the artists are Alexander Calder, Lyonel Feininger, and Charles Sheeler. Through Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.*)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giacinto Prandelli, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Andrea Chenier," with Zinka Milanov, Herta Glaz, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, Leonard Warren, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Herva Nelli, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Hebrew National Orphan Home.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt



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Baum, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Dolores Wilson, Robert Merrill, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Giacinto Prandelli, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Nadine Conner, Lisa Della Casa, Mildred Miller, George London, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Andrea Chenier," with Herva Nelli, Herta Glaz, Mario Del Monaco, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Otto Edelmann, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, George Szell conducting—Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin); Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:45, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano); Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 (both with Daniel Wayenberg, piano); and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:45 (with Gary Graffman, piano).

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—The second of two concerts, this one conducted by Rafael Kubelik. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Richard Strauss program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch directing, with the Schola Cantorum and Leontyne Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:45, and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Mr. Munch conducting; no soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a program that will include the première of "Archy and Mehitabel," an opera by George Kleinsinger and Joe Darion. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Mr. Scherman directing a performance of the Berlioz opera "L'Enfance du Christ," in concert form, with Mary Davenport, contralto; Martial Singher, baritone; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the New York Concert Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choir and Hamilton College Glee Club—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and John Baldwin, Jr., directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred M. Greenfield directing the twenty-fifth anniversary concert at Town Hall. (Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—The first two in a series of five programs at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, presenting a cycle of Beethoven string quartets. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St, Thursday, Dec. 2, and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . ¶ The fourth in a series of five programs at Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ The second of two concerts at Washington Irving High School. (Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Playing the violin and conducting a chamber orchestra, in the second of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart's violin concertos. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

NINA VALERY—Soprano, with a string ensemble directed by Rudolph Goehr. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

JOHN SEBASTIAN—Harmonica, with a string quintet. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

SAMUEL SORIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30.)

CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—An all-Bach program, played by Szymon Goldberg and Giorgio Ciompi, violins, with an ensemble. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 5:30.)

ETHEL BARRYMORE COLT—Soprano. The first in a series of three recitals for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Carl Friedberg Music Foundation. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 5:30. For tickets, call TR 7-9005.)

DOLORES PEREZ—Spanish soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano; the fifth of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:40.)

ALMA TRIO—The second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

NELL TANGEMAN—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

CONRAD THIBAULT—Baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

IRMGARD SEEFRIED—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Dec. 7, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 3: Orlando Zulueta vs. Frankie Ryff, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10: Vince Martinez vs. Al Andrews, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 11.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 5: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:05.)

RACING—At Bowie, Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Saturday, Dec. 4. The J. B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4.

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Heidi." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabhara-

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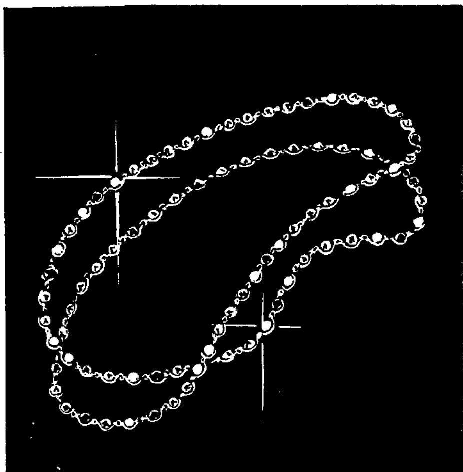

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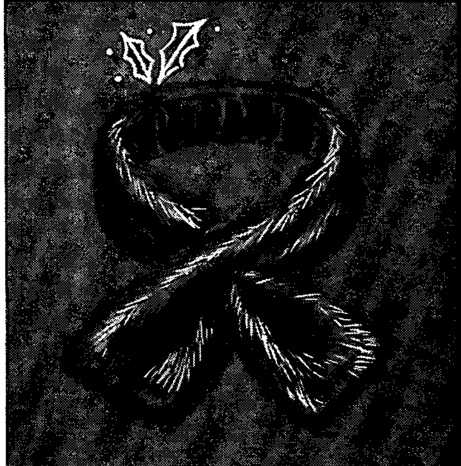

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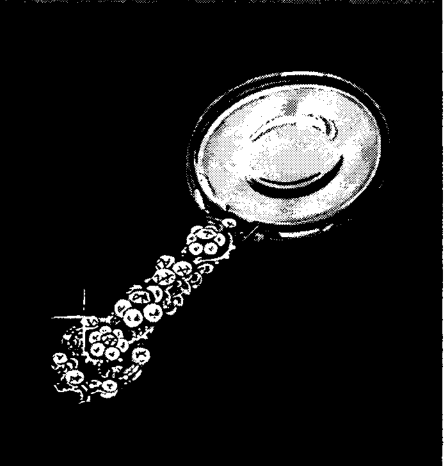

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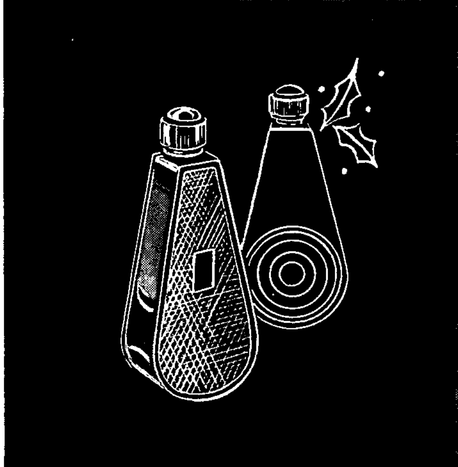

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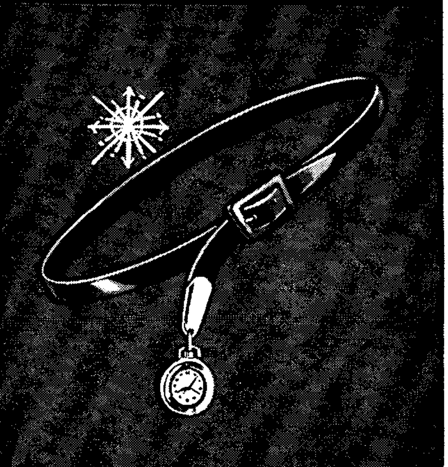

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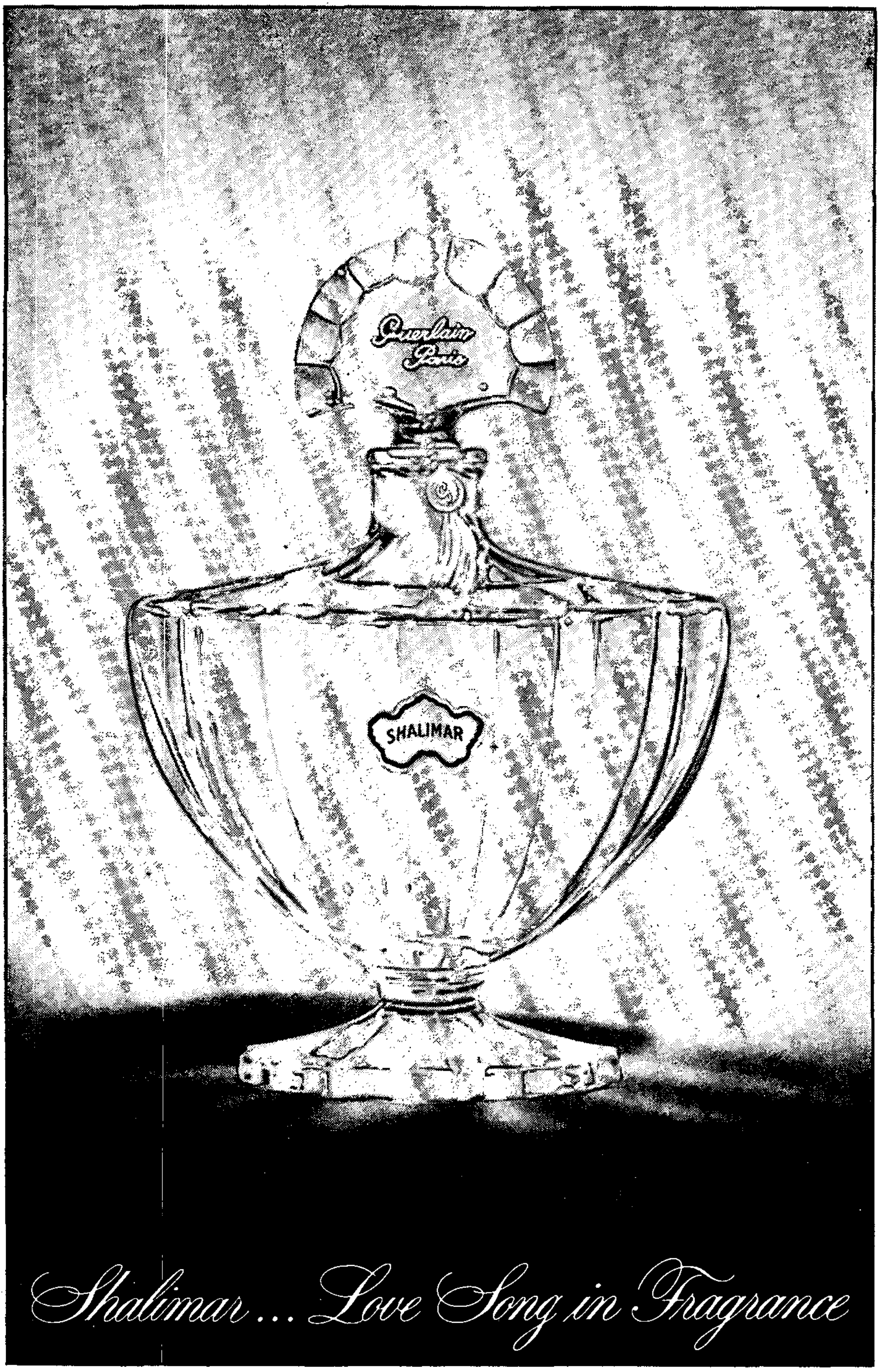

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ta," an epic poem of ancient India. (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Friday, Dec. 10, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5.) . . . **YOUNG FOLKS THEATRE:** "Stories Brought to Life," a program of four short plays. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Knock on Wood," with Danny Kaye. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

EXHIBITS—Electric trains, chuffing in and out, up and down, and around and around and around. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ American Flyer trains, a walking-beam engine and other Erector models, and numerous scientific displays that young visitors can set in motion by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, Dec. 10), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—At the **NEW SCHOOL:** Sophocles' "Antigone," read by a company of professional actors. (66 W. 12th. OR 5-2700. Saturday, Dec. 4, and Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:45.) . . . **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: Edith and Osbert Sitwell, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Robert Frost, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:40. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.) . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum: Edith and Osbert Sitwell. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS—About forty manuscripts depicting scenes from the life of the Virgin and dating from the tenth through the sixteenth centuries; through Jan. 15. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Christmas Round the World," views winter skies in different parts of the globe, as well as various Christmas scenes, including a pilgrimage to Bethlehem and a visit to Santa's toyshop. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture; Oriental, Aubusson, and Savonnerie rugs; Chinese porcelains; gold boxes and other bibelots; paintings; and silver. From several sources, among them the estate of Millicent A. Rogers. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, at 8: The Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., collection of first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts by American authors, including Hawthorne, Whittier, and Samuel Clemens.

NOTE—If everything goes according to schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its two thousand lights and eighteen hundred green, red, and yellow balls and ready to be lighted at about 5:30 on Thursday, Dec. 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Boxing—Harold Carter vs. Bob Baker, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 17.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 15, 19, 22, 26, and 30, and Jan. 2, 5, 9, and 12.

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Jan. 8.)

Skating—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 10.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club. Dec. 31-Jan. 11.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Championships, track events, at the 102nd Engineers Armory, Jan. 8.

Music—OPERA: The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 9. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 17. . . . ¶ Moura Lympany, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; the Schola Cantorum; and others. A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Fund, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Bernardo Segáll, piano, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Myra Hess, piano, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Julian Olevsky, violin, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Jan. 12 and 15. . . . TOWN HALL: Concert Society of New York, Dec. 12 and Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Madeline Foley, cello, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Alma Trio, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Giovanni Bagarotti, violin, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Trapp Family Singers, Dec. 18-19. . . . ¶ New York Concert Choir, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Yale Glee Club, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 27, 29, and 30. . . . ¶ Lois Wann, oboe, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Webster Aitken, piano, Jan. 8 and 15. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Aurora Mauro-Cottone, piano, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Edouard Nies-Berger, organ, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Marais and Miranda, ballad singers, Jan. 15.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Lunatics and Lovers," a farce by Sidney Kingsley, with Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, and Vicki Cummings. . . . ¶ A comedy by A. B. Shiffrin, "Black-Eyed Susan," in which Vincent Price, Kay Medford, Dana Wynter, and Everett Sloane will have the leading roles. . . . ¶ Francis L. Sullivan and Patricia Jessel in Agatha Christie's mystery "Witness for the Prosecution," an import from London. . . . ¶ "Portrait of a Lady," a dramatization by William Archibald of the Henry James novel, starring Jennifer Jones. Robert Flemyng, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Douglas Watson are also in the cast. . . . ¶ A new play by Clifford Odets, "The Flowering Peach," with Menasha Skulnik and Janice Rule. . . . ¶ Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich in "Anastasia," a play by Marcelle Maurette and Guy Bolton. . . . ¶ The New York City Theatre Company will launch its season of four revivals with Helen Hayes in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," to be followed by Franchot Tone in Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." . . . ¶ "House of Flowers," a musical by Truman Capote and Harold Arlen, with Pearl Bailey, Diahann Carroll, and Juanita Hall. . . . ¶ A new opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti, "The Saint of Bleecker Street," which has in its company David Poleri and Gloria Lane. . . . ¶ Hildegarde Neff, Don Ameche, and Yvonne Adair in "Silk Stockings," a Cole Porter musical with a book by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, taken from the film "Ninotchka." . . . ¶ A comedy by Ronald Alexander, "The Grand Prize," with June Lockhart, Betsy Palmer, and John Newland. . . . ¶ Paul Henreid in a new comedy by Sam and Bella Spewack called "Festival."

Other Dates—First day of winter, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Hollywood Ice Revue, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13-17 and Jan. 20-Feb. 2. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at Kingsbridge Armory, Jan. 14-23.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—A sportive Italian film in which Vittorio De Sica, playing a middle-aged marshal of the police, pursues a village vixen, amid all kinds of jolly uproar among the resident peasantry. Gina Lollobrigida is the girl Mr. De Sica pants after, and who can blame him? (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Caine Mutiny—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Dec. 7-8.)

Carmen Jones—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera has an all-Negro cast, and the plot has been jazzed up, but not beyond recognition. Dorothy Dandridge makes a magnificent Carmen, and Harry Belafonté is her Don José. Most of the songs are sung off screen by Marilynn Horne, LaVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes, but the redoubtable Pearl Bailey, who is also on hand, sings her own, thank heavens. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Heart of the Matter—A description of the unhappy lot of a British policeman in Africa who gets into all kinds of trouble just because he doesn't want to hurt anybody—particularly his wife and the young lady he takes as his mistress. Adapted from the novel by Graham Greene, the piece is admirably enacted by Trevor Howard, Elizabeth Allan, and Maria Schell. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

High and Dry—An ancient Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in an English film that has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. The young ones set up some fine defenses against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are splendid as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 5.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Sabrina—A spotty comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. It's distinguished by an excellent performance by Humphrey Bogart, cast as a big businessman for whom love dawns late, and by the presence of the toothsome Audrey Hepburn. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Walt Disney has taken his cameras out into the great American prairie and has captured a lot of the beauty and wonder of the place—the wildlife, the great skies and long distances, and the struggle for existence. A nature picture, and a good one. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 8.)

The Yellow Balloon—Andrew Ray, the boy who helped make "The Mudlark" memorable, turns in another good performance, this time as a youngster accidentally involved in the death of a playmate and blackmailed thereafter by a murderous but persuasive crook. William Sylvester is fine as the crook, and Kathleen Ryan and Kenneth More make worthy parents for Master Ray. An English film. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Dec. 6-7.)

REVIVALS

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Battleground (1949)—The Battle of the Bulge. Our defenders include Van Johnson, John Hodiak, and George Murphy. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 8.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a sombre matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 8.)

The Cruel Sea (1953)—Jack Hawkins in an English film based on the Monsarrat novel about the fight against U-boats during World War II. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Dec. 4.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Dec. 3.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Guinness, this time purloining the assets of the Bank of England, with the connivance of Stanley Holloway. A British film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 5-7.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 5-6.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Rachel and the Stranger (1948)—Something about Colonial Ohio, well enacted by Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 5-6.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 5-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 5: Unreleased odds and ends—"Home Movies" (1920-40), "Technicolor Tests" (1922-35), "First Screen Tests" (1940-50), and "Test Shots" (1937); and "The Assassination of King Alexander" (1934), produced by Fox Movietone News. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 6: "Variety" (1925), with Emil Jannings and Lya De Putti; and "Uberfall" (1929), with Heinrich Gotho. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Last Time I Saw Paris," Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
THE ASPHALT JUNGLE, revival; and **BATTLEGROUND**, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sitting Bull" (in CinemaScope), Dale Robertson, Mary Murphy.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 8: "White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Track of the Cat" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Désirée" (in CinemaScope), Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Companions of the Night" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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5	6	7	8			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 7: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel; and "The Overcoat" (in Italian), revival, Renato Rascel.
From Dec. 8: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 7: THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.
From Dec. 8: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Dec. 4: "The Suspect," revival, Charles Laughton, Ella Raines; and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," revival, Shirley Temple, Cary Grant.
Dec. 5-7: TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival; and THE MALTESE FALCON, revival.
From Dec. 8: THE BRAVE BULLS, revival; and "Androcles and the Lion," revival, Jean Simmons, Alan Young.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Detective," Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"An Inspector Calls," Alastair Sim, Eileen Moore.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
NOTORIOUS, revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Dec. 3: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
Dec. 4: THE CRUEL SEA, revival; and "The Enchanted Cottage," revival, Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire.
Dec. 5-6: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.
Dec. 7-8: THE CAINE MUTINY.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 7: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel; and "The Overcoat" (in Italian), revival, Renato Rascel.
From Dec. 8: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 5: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).
From Dec. 6: Theatre closed until Christmas.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 8 (tentative): "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 4: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
Dec. 5-6: RACHEL AND THE STRANGER, revival; and MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE, revival.
Dec. 7-8: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 7: THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.
From Dec. 8: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 4: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English); and "The Horse's Mouth," revival, Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.
Dec. 5-6: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "Francis Joins the Wacs," Donald O'Connor, Julia Adams.
Dec. 7-8: "Brigadoon" (in CinemaScope), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese).
From Dec. 8: THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 2: A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.
From Dec. 3: HAMLET, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 4: MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE, revival; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
Dec. 5-7: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar.

From Dec. 8: "Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson; and "Little Boy Lost," revival, Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 4: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.
Dec. 5-6: "Tall in the Saddle," revival, Ella Raines, John Wayne; and "The Lost Patrol," revival, Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff.
Dec. 7-8: "The World in His Arms," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth; and "Walk Softly, Stranger," revival, Joseph Cotten, Valli.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE LAVENDER HILL MOB, revival; and TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 8: THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival; and "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE HEART OF THE MATTER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Aida" (in Italian and English), Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

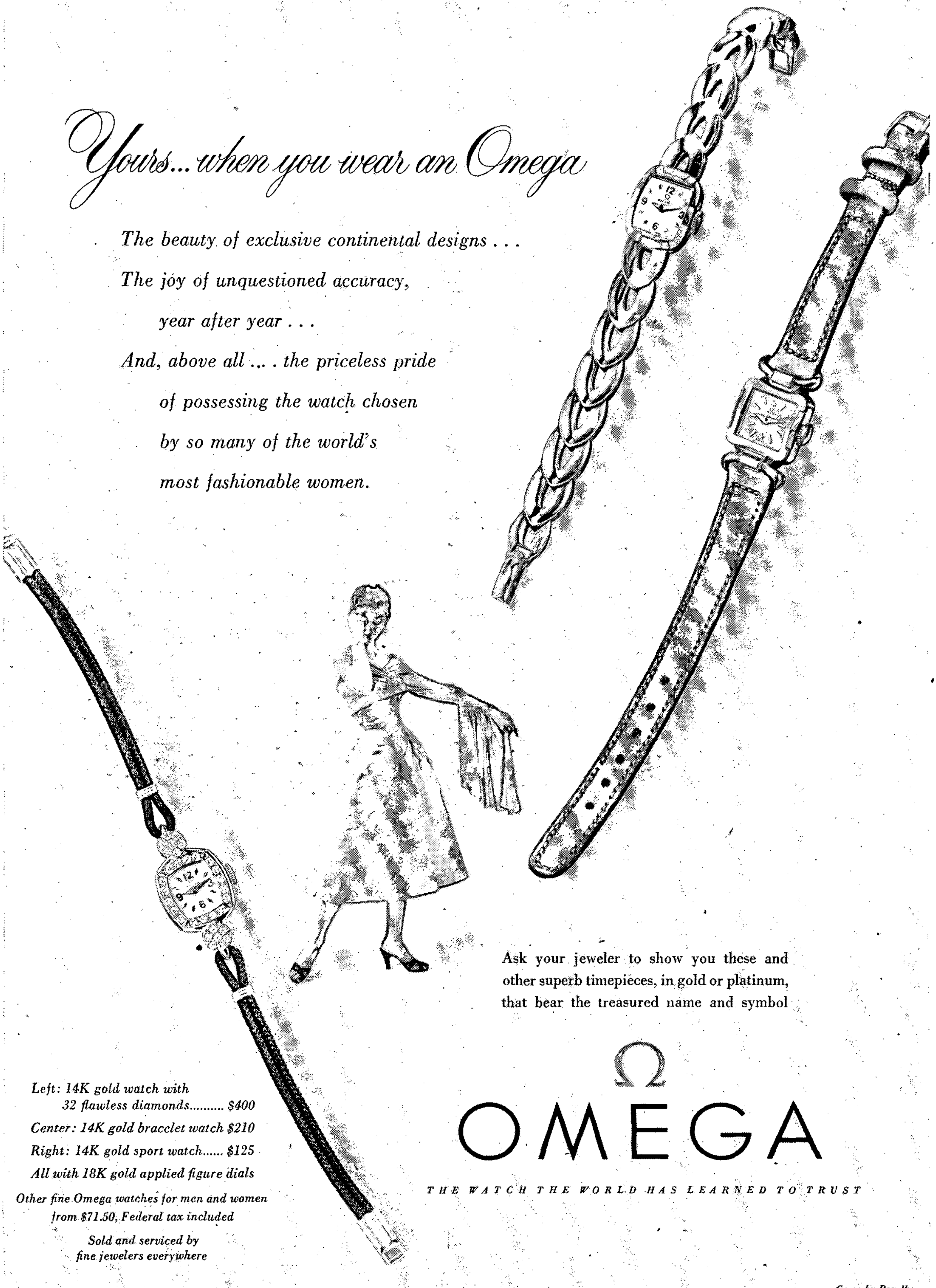
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 7: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese); and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian).
From Dec. 8: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel; and "French Holiday" (in French, formerly called "Trip to America"), revival, Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 5: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson; and "The Sleeping Tiger," Alexis Smith, Alexander Knox.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 5: "The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina; and "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.
Dec. 6-7: THE YELLOW BALLOON; and "The Lone Gun," George Montgomery, Dorothy Malone.
From Dec. 8: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths; and "Khyber Patrol," Richard Egan, Dawn Addams.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 5: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden; and "Personal Affair," Gene Tierney, Leo Genn.
Dec. 6-7: "Pay to Kill," Dane Clark; and "Monster from the Ocean Floor," Anne Kimbell, Stuart Wade.
From Dec. 8: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney; and "Racing Blood," Bill Williams.



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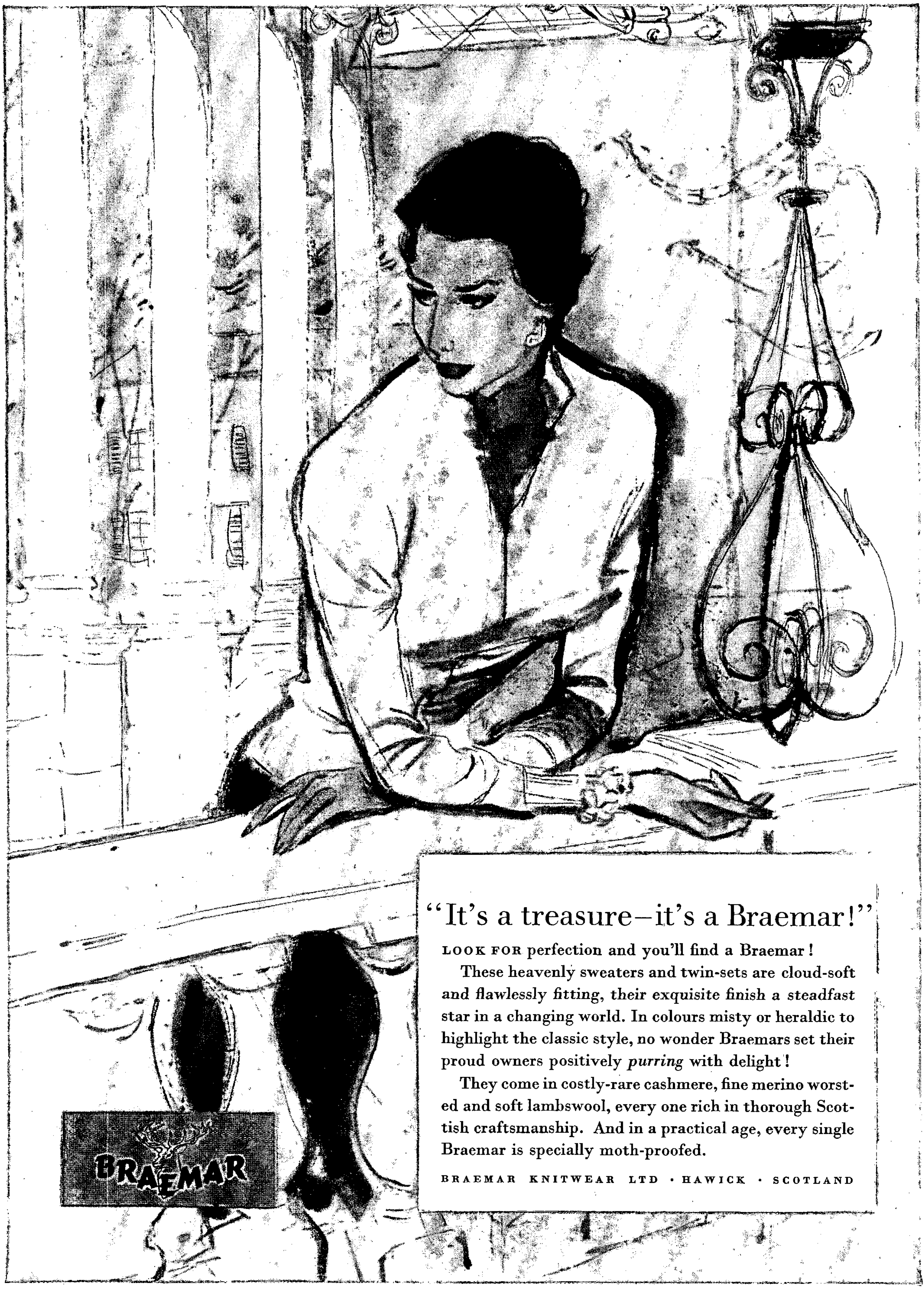

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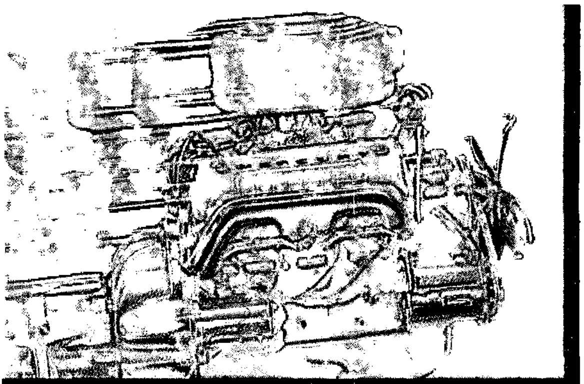

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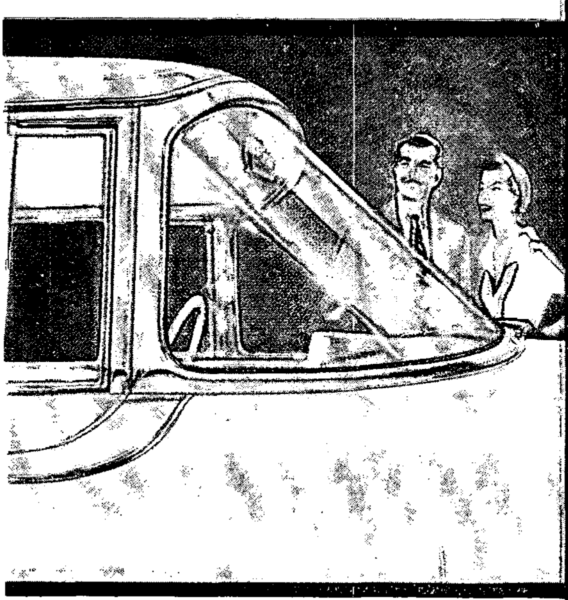

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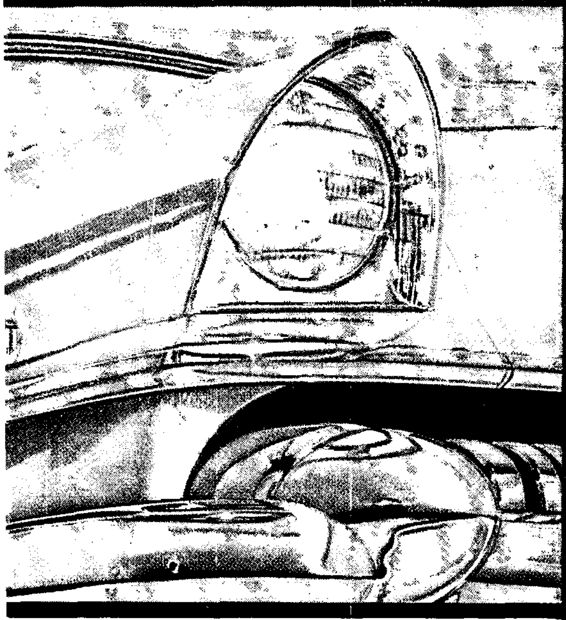

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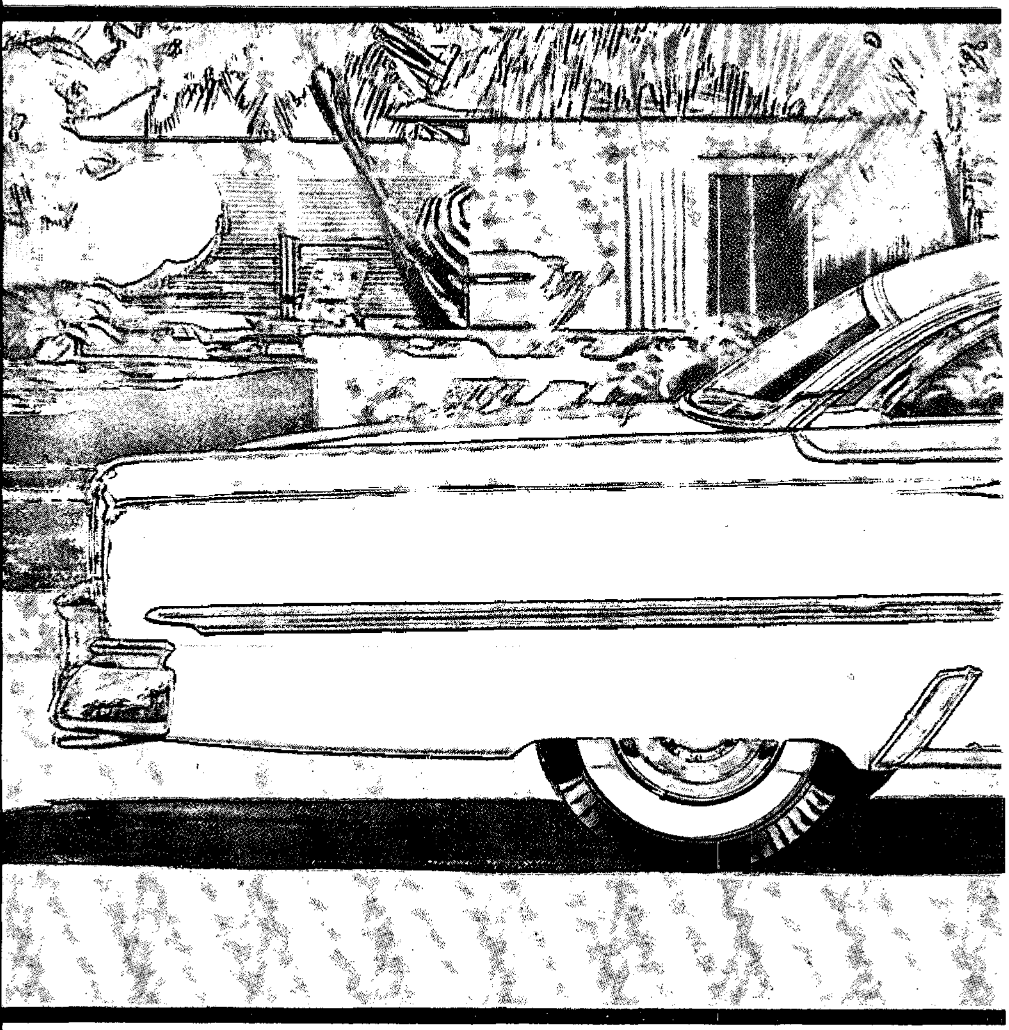

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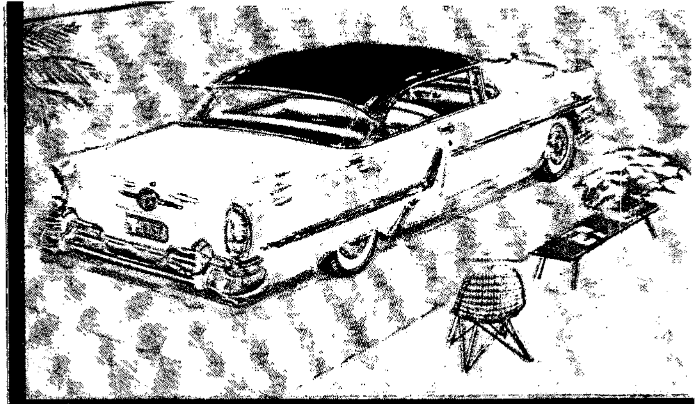

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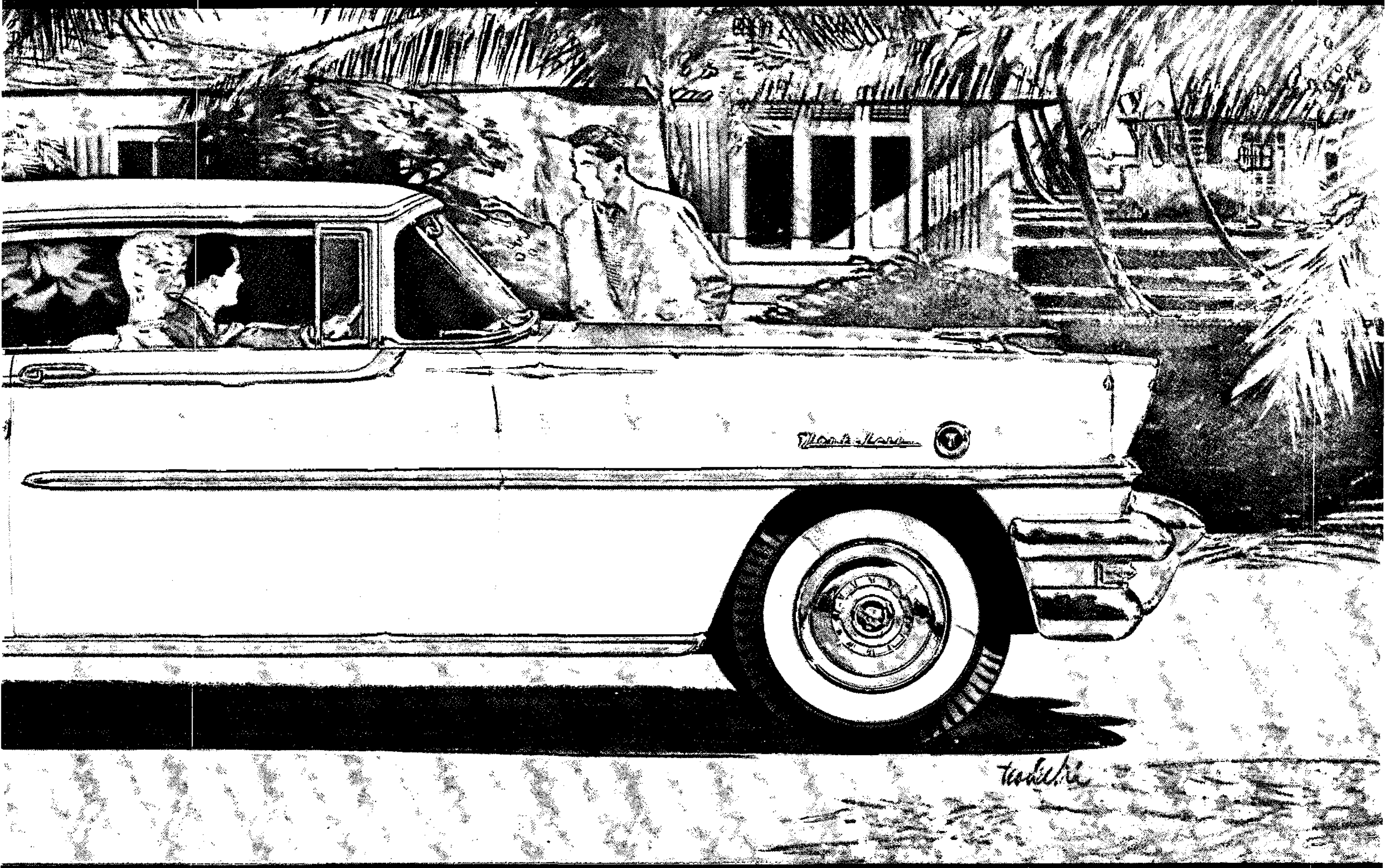

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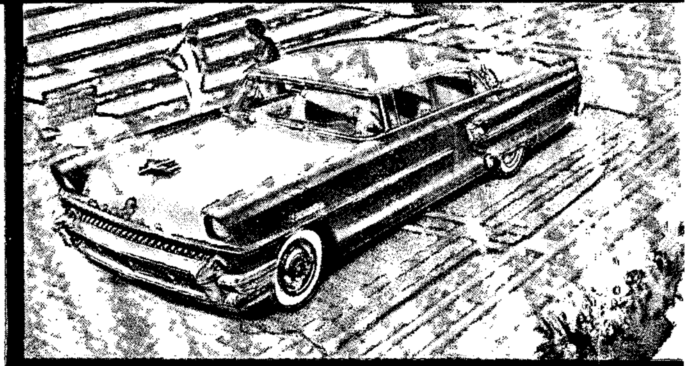

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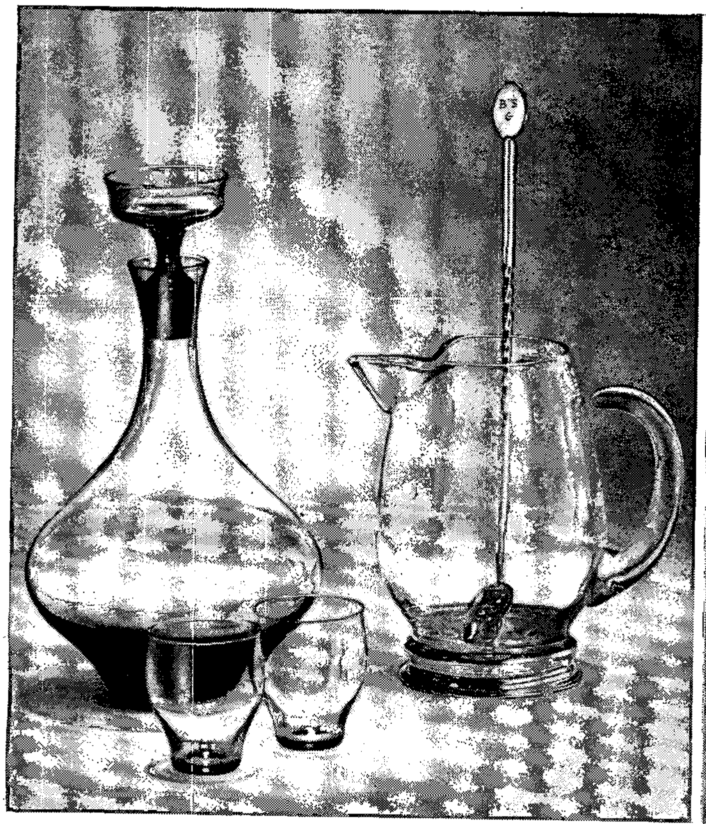

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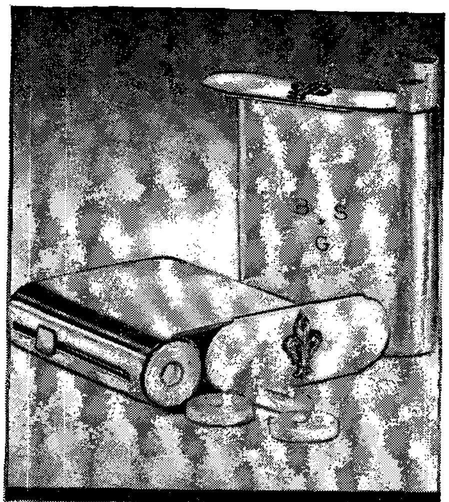

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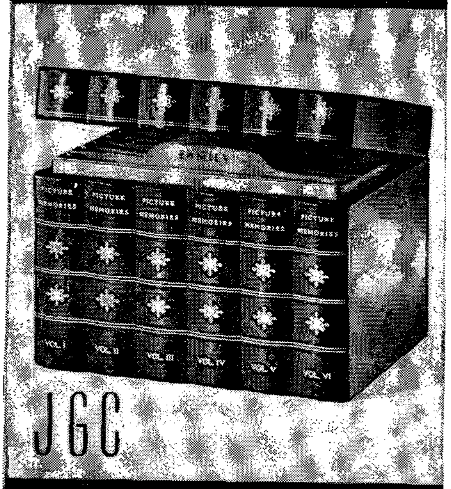

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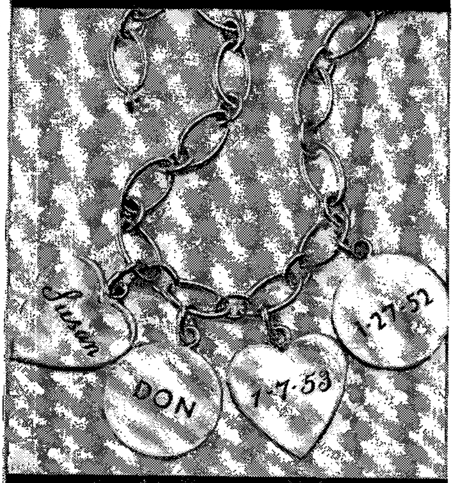

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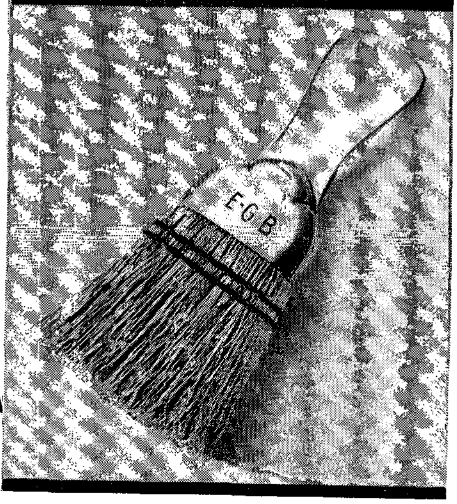

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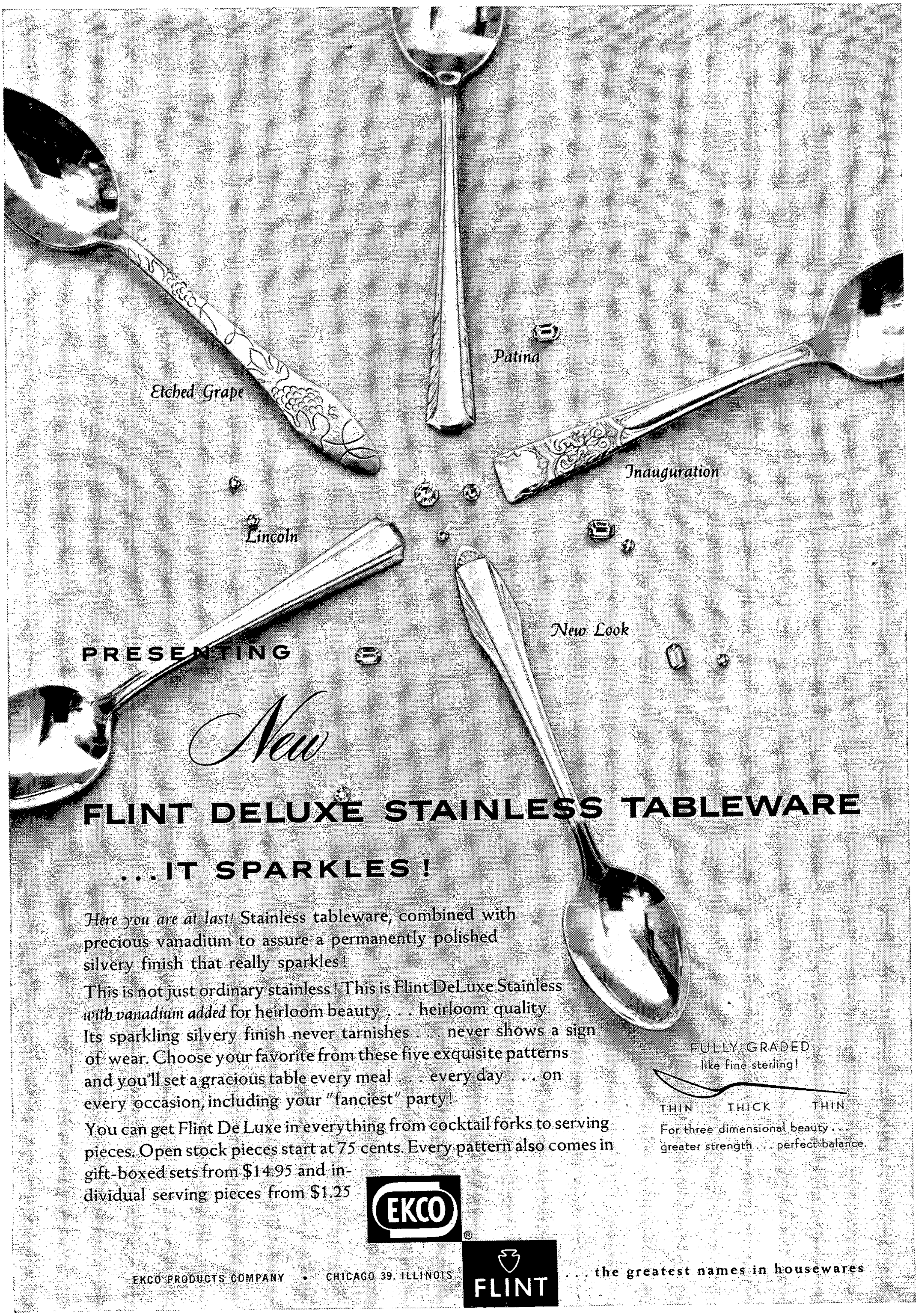

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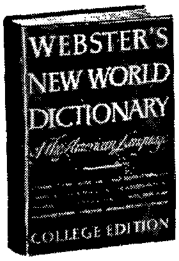
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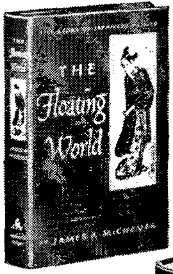
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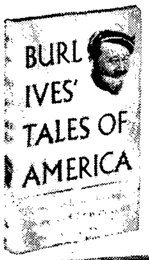
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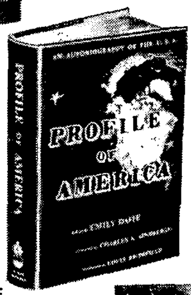
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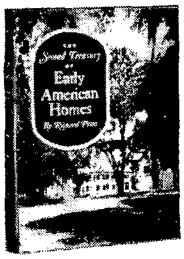
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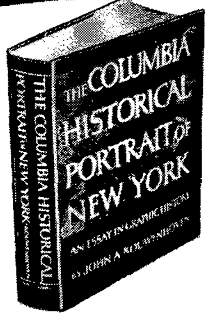
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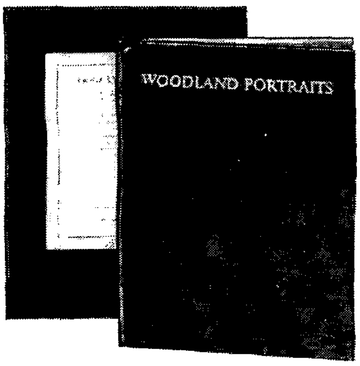
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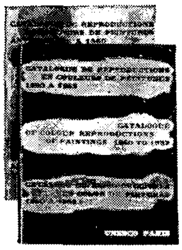

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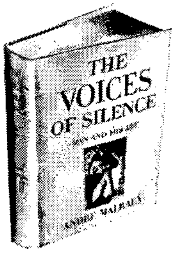

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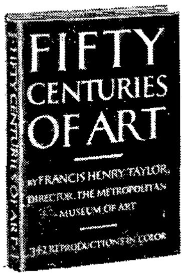

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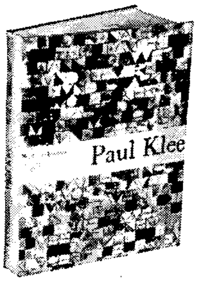

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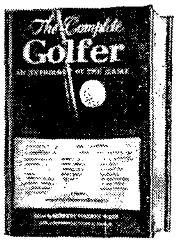
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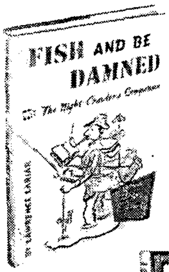
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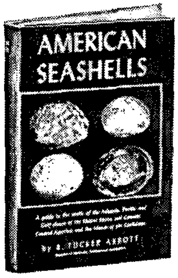
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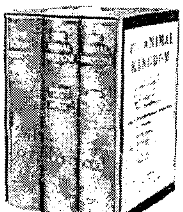
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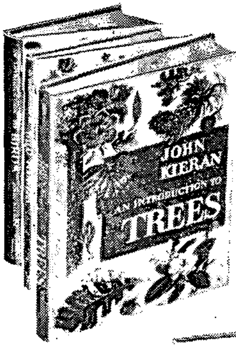
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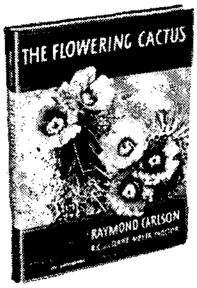
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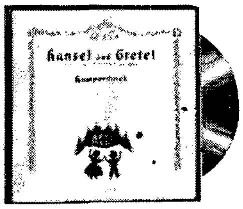

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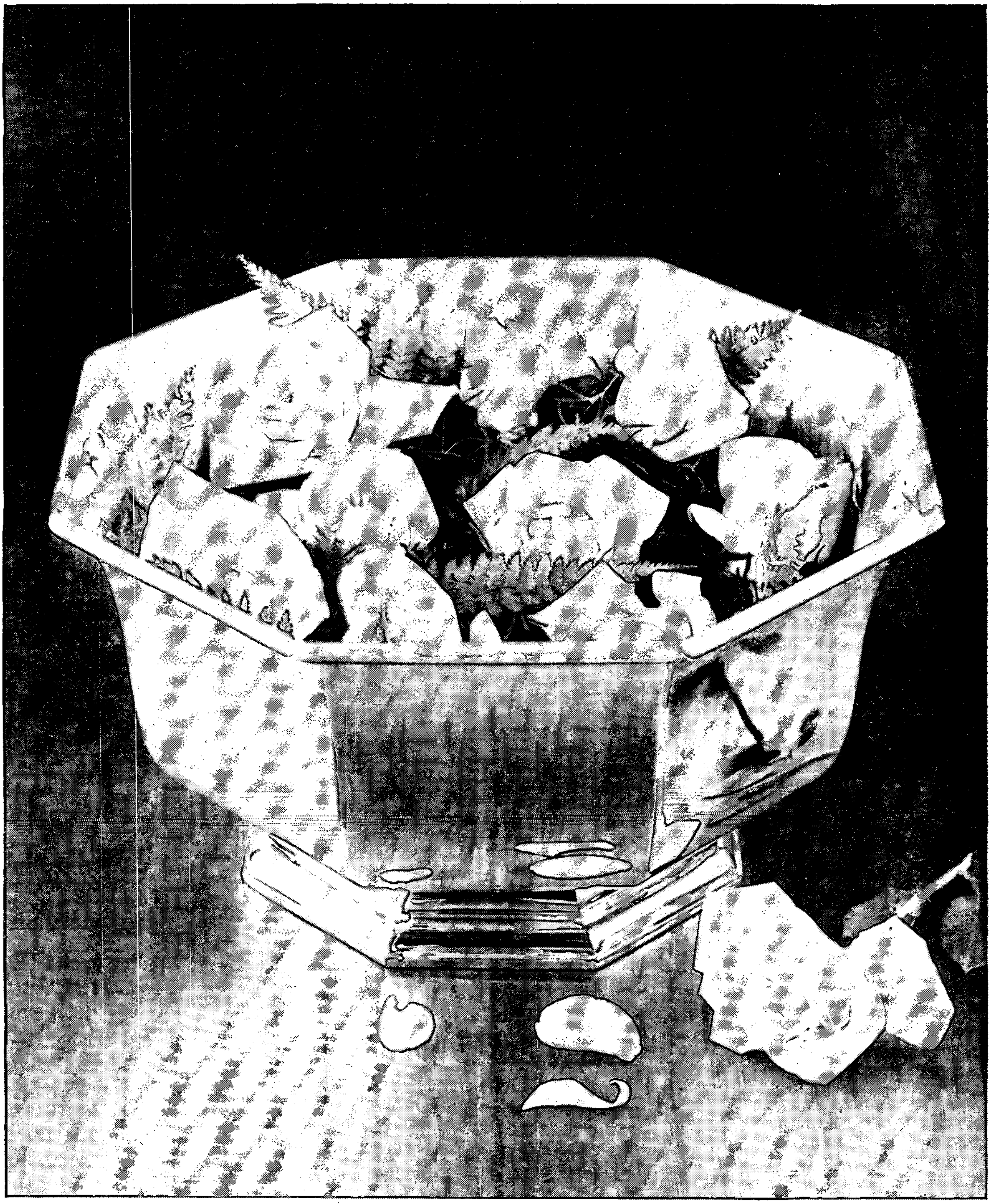

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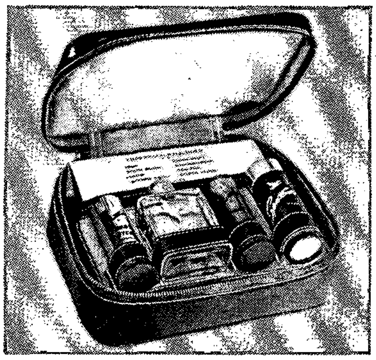
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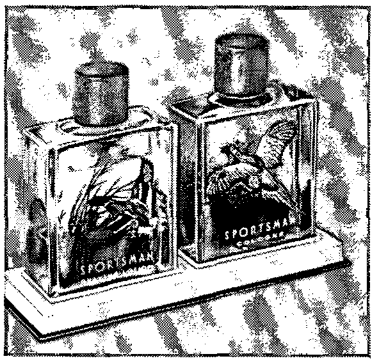
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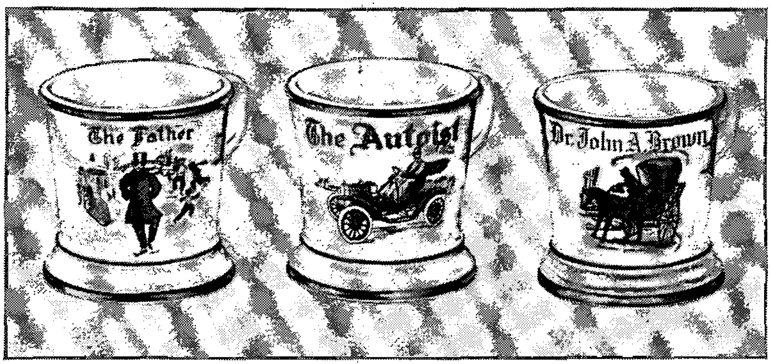

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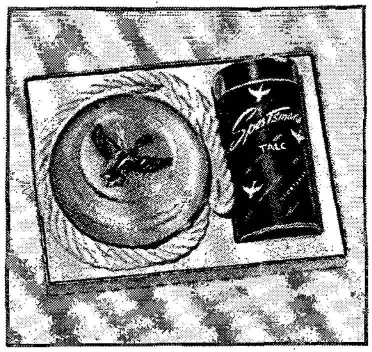
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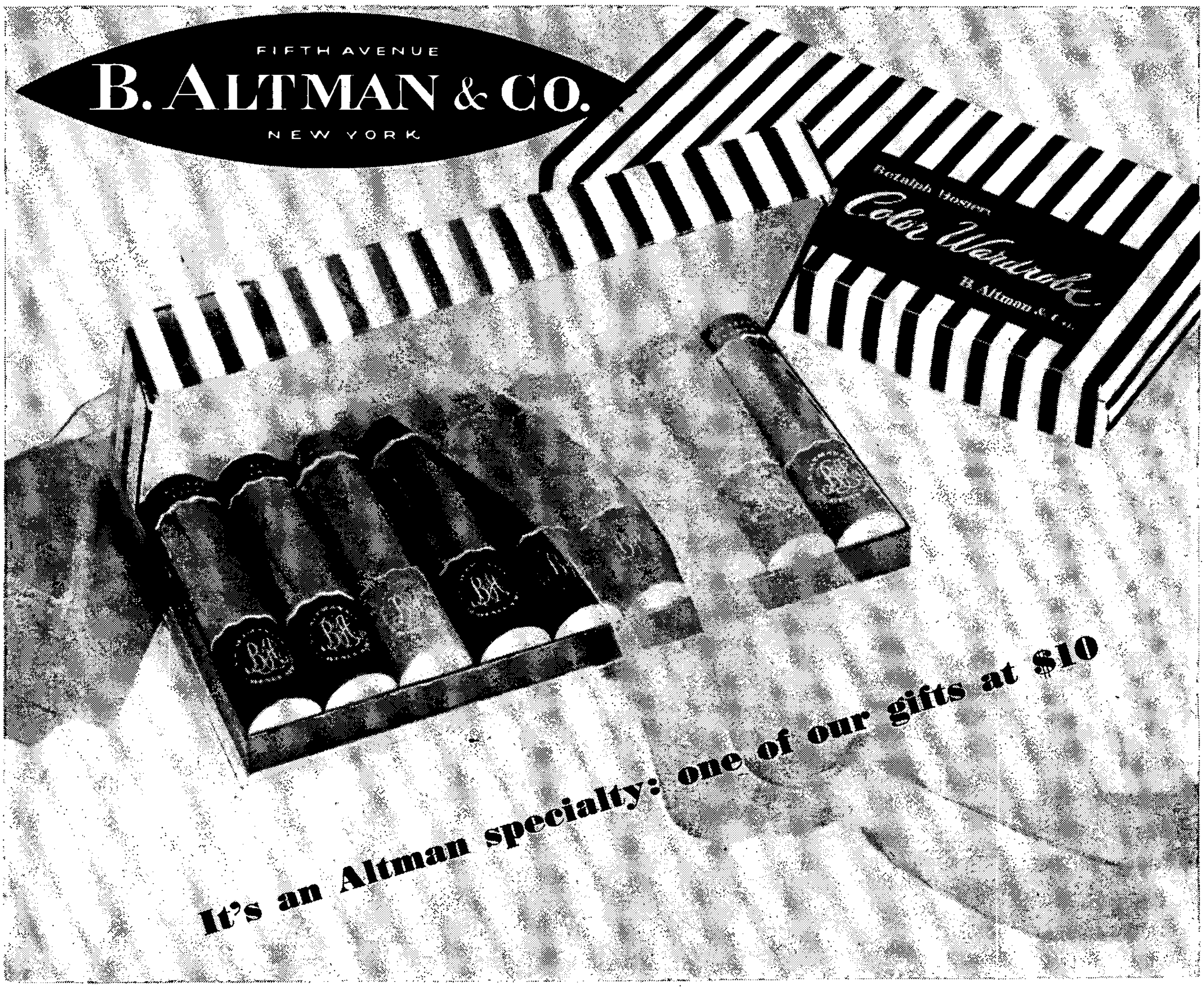
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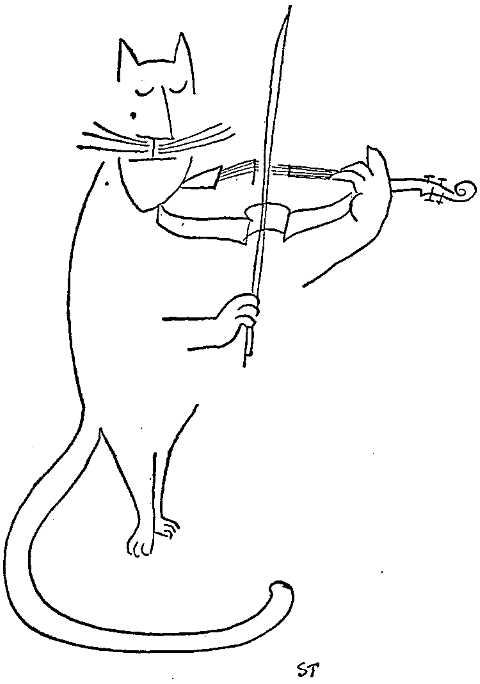
Notes and Comment

THIS magazine would like to appeal to all motorists to drive carefully on December 17th, two days after Safe Driving Day, which is the 15th.

A MAN from Penn's Woods sent us a clipping about driving conditions in the Amish country, where the boys still get about in horse-drawn buggies. The news account was of an accident—one Amish driver passing another on his way to church, near Belleville. Our correspondent tells us that Amish families buy their sons fancy buggies and fast horses, so the boys won't fret too much about non-Amish boys who drive convertibles. Then the Amish boys do just what the convertible boys do—drive too fast.

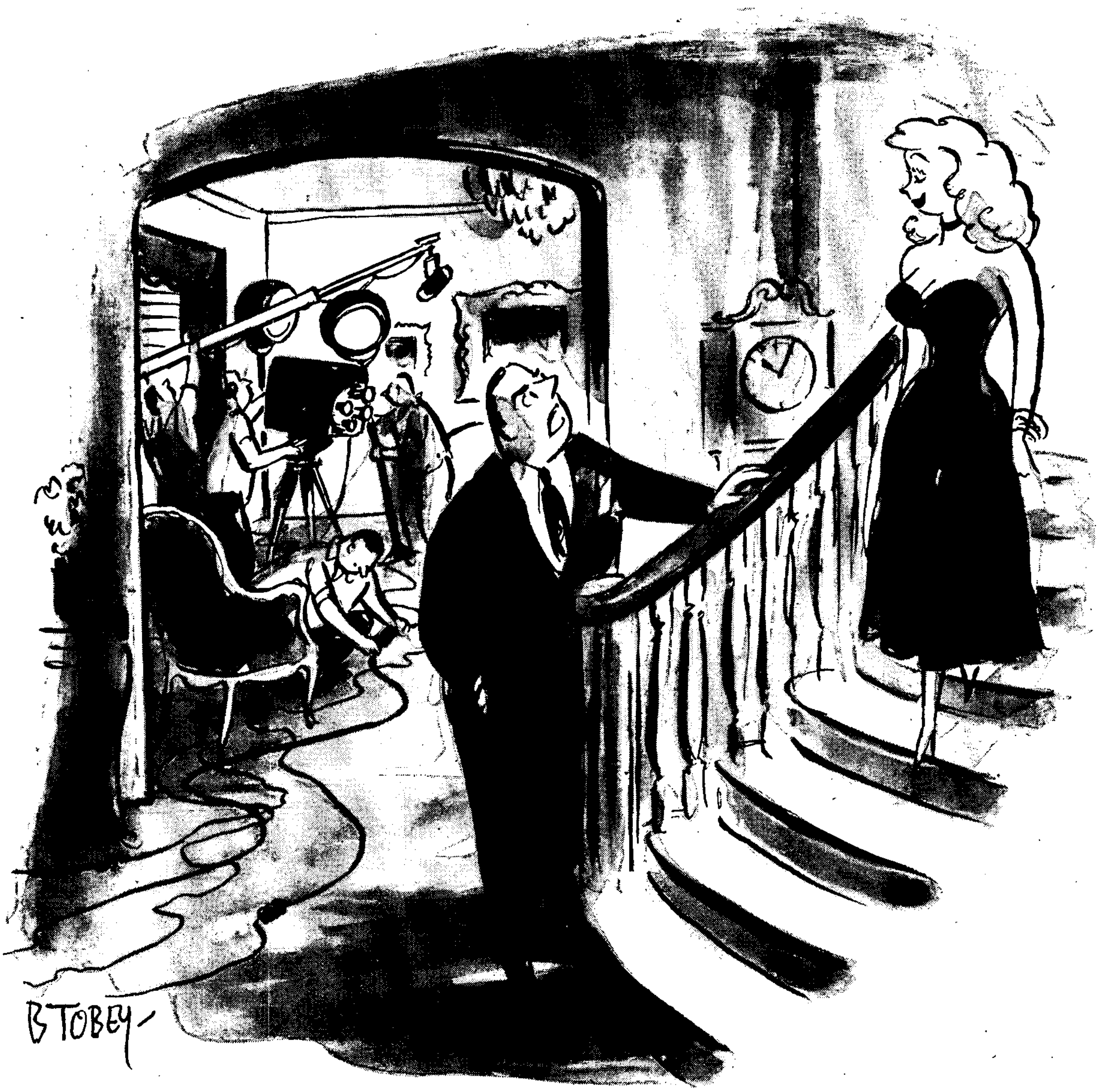
ONE of the most informative articles we've ever read appeared in the *Times* the other day—a dope piece about Averell Harriman. We were amazed, reading it, at how much the Governor-elect and we ourself have in common. Both of us get hay fever from the dust breathed in while riding behind horses, both of us have a Giant fan for a wife, both of us are millionaires, and both of us at an early age were presented with boats by our fathers. Harriman received a single-oared shell, complete with Jim Ten Eyck as coach; we received a sixteen-foot Old Town canoe, complete with extra-small paddle. How much more manly and resourceful Harriman was, in these circumstances, than ourself is all too clear from the article. When the young Averell discovered that riding behind a horse caused him to sneeze, he boldly climbed up onto the horse, above the dustline, and scored six goals against the Argentines in the final polo game at Meadow Brook in 1928. When we discovered the same thing about horse dust, we petulantly blamed the horse and never had anything more to do with horses. Harriman's skill as an oarsman led him to take a coaching job at Yale, where his freshman crew beat the varsity. Our skill as a canoeman led us to buy a part interest in a boys' camp, where we lost seven thousand dollars. And so on.

Only in the field of croquet do Harriman's pattern and our own seem to really diverge. Harriman is said to play "aggressively" and is known to have crossed mallets with such giants as Alexander Woollcott, Harpo Marx, Franklin P. Adams, and Herbert Bayard Swope. On the other hand, he has never, to our knowledge, pitted his tiny skill against our wife, who is not aggressive in the least but always wins. (She simply goes through every wicket before you do.) We will be ready to concede that Harriman is fit to govern New York State when, and not until, we see him vanquish this remarkable mallet-woman over a natural crab-grass course, in heavy fog, and after a night when the skunks have dug holes everywhere, looking for worms.



FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY, visiting here, put in a plug for the "élite" system of education. He said our schools should try to pick a few comers among the students and give them the works, leaving the dullards to plod along. It is a nice theory and an old one. The catch seems to be how to determine which are the comers. So often it happens that that sleepy boy in the back of the room, fumbling with his jackknife and gazing out of the window, turns out twenty years later to be Robert Frost. On the whole, an intellectual élite has little more to be said for it than a social élite or a racial élite. An élite system today would be a proper mess anyway; everybody of any consequence would be under investigation, and all the brightest boys and girls would be getting cautionary letters from their congressmen, advising them not to open their traps, lest their remarks be used against them in later life.

THE American Everyday Dictionary (Random House) sets out on page 565 to guess about the vocabulary range of different segments of our population. "It is possible," says this everyday publication, "to make a rough guess about anyone's probable vocabulary range if his reading habits are known." Then follows a chart showing the range—that is, the number of words you know if you read certain publications. The Sunday *Times* clientele heads the list. Readers of the *Times* have forty thousand words at their command. *The New Yorker* crowd is second. You can't get anything out of this classy magazine, appar-



"Now, get this through your head. Edward R. Murrow is visiting me."

ently, unless you know the meaning of thirty-five thousand words, or five thousand fewer than are needed for the *Times* on Sunday if you aren't looking at television. The rest of the list goes like this:

Astounding Science-Fiction	30,000
N. Y. *Herald Tribune, Washington Post, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's*	25,000
Fortune, Time	20,000
Newsweek	16,000
Associated Press, United Press, International News Service	12,000
N. Y. *Daily News, Daily Mirror*	9,000

We don't understand the *Tribune* rating. The last issue of the *Tribune* we saw contained nothing but pictures, including a picture of a Minsky queen getting set for her act, and all you needed to read the paper was your eyesight—no words at all. But the list clears up one thing for us. For years we've been reading *Fortune* without understanding it, and the reason is simple: We know too many words.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the latest Schwarz catalogue, the most expensive child's costume is a peasant outfit selling for $19.75, while the one called Her Royal Highness is listed at $13.50.

Country Cousins

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne are back on Broadway, after a four-year absence, in a sophisticated Noel Coward play that takes them to Belgrave Square and the French Riviera, and the other evening we had a nice, unsophisticated backstage conversation with them about their farm in Genesee Depot, Wisconsin. We started out with Mr. Lunt, as he sat in a blue-and-white robe in his dressing room while Jules Johnson, who cooks for him in Wisconsin and valets for him in New York, prepared his pate for the wig he wears as Axel Diensen. "Our farm is twenty-eight miles west of Milwaukee, where I was born, and eight miles west of Waukesha, where White Rock comes from," he said, sipping a large Sanka. "I built the original house when I was seventeen. I had some money then. I bought three acres, and built a house for my mother and my three half brothers and sisters. We've made two additions to the house. My mother is living in it now. She's ninety. I've added to the property, as well as to the house, and have around a hundred and sixty acres. It's rolling country, very clean, with lots of woods—elm, maple, black oak, pine. It wouldn't knock you over backward with its beauty, but I love it. There's endless excitement, in a quiet way. I get up at five-thirty, make my coffee, and eat coffeecake that Jules bakes for us. I sit grandly by myself in the dining room and look into the woods. The rabbits play about, and the birds are freer at that hour than later, when people are around. They're charming to watch. You can't imagine a simpler life than the one I lead out there. I sit and observe a row of carrots coming up. It isn't very bright of me, but it's very pleasant. We have an enormous vegetable garden, which I work in. Carrots, turnips, beets, cauliflower, tomatoes, squash, eggplant, the best corn I ever ate, and all sorts of greens—collards, mustard, kale, and okra. The most beautiful cucumbers! Delicious! The best tomatoes you ever ate—not acid, more like pomegranates. Jules broils them. I've never understood why Europeans eat them in their skins; it's like eating paper bags. I built a little greenhouse eight or nine years ago, and I do all the potting when I'm there. Hundreds and hundreds of pots! I have a passion for menial work. I love to shovel gravel, clean out the barn. Everything I do is by hand. I don't even use a cultivator on the garden. I do it by hand, with a hoe. I'm practically out of 1860."

The Lunts used to have three Jersey cows, but they sold them last summer. "I found they were too expensive when I wasn't there," Mr. Lunt said. "Now we buy our milk in bulk—most of our neighbors are dairy farmers—and pasteurize and separate it ourselves. I drink a lot of it raw. We make some of our own butter. We have three hundred chickens, but I think I'll get rid of most of them. Too many chickens. We don't sell anything; I think it would be wrong to compete with our neighbors, who live partly off their gardens. We have the best raspberries! I've never had any luck with melons, though. I don't know why. A lot of our neighbors are Welsh. There's no poverty around there. If anyone is poor, it's because he owns too many cars."

Mr. Lunt took us down a short flight of stairs to Miss Fontanne's dressing room, where a maid was fixing her up to look like the Marchioness of Heronden. "We've just spent six months on the farm," she said as the maid glued some eyelashes on her. "Alfred takes his holiday by changing his work for a harder job. He works like a hired man. We have two men on the place, and they're wonderful, but when Alfred is there, he steps up the pace and they work twice as hard. What is so amazing is that they're always very glad to see him. One of them grows flowers in rows, like corn. He has made me a rose bed of the most ravishing kind. I pick the flowers and arrange them for the house."

"Miss Fontanne makes a good many of her dresses and hats, and she also makes curtains and upholstery," her husband said. "She won't let me drive a car. I drove a car once, and she said, 'Never again.' She doesn't drive, either."

"I haven't anything in the world to do, so I make a dress or a hat occasionally," Miss Fontanne said, painting her lips. "I walk a good deal with my dachshund, Lisa. You can walk along the spine of hills on our place for—oh, I should think half a mile. It's a very narrow spine, rather frightening the first time you walk along it, and it leads right into a field, just like 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' I have a terrace, where I throw nuts to the blue jays. I leave carrots on the terrace for the rabbits. I feed the squirrels. There's nothing as wild as a squirrel that's not used to people. They're not like Central Park squirrels. I actually got one to take a nut from my hand, but he looked so miserable that I never tried it again. Alfred and I both like to fish. We built a dam two years ago and made a tremendous lake, five or six blocks long, and stocked it with perch and bass, but the lake is disappearing. We went off happily to England, thinking we had a lake, and then it began to disappear. We don't know why."

"Trouble with springs," Mr. Lunt said darkly. "We're looking into it."

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OVERHEARD in a Greenwich Village bookshop: "She wasn't just his first affair, she was his first novel."

No Pride

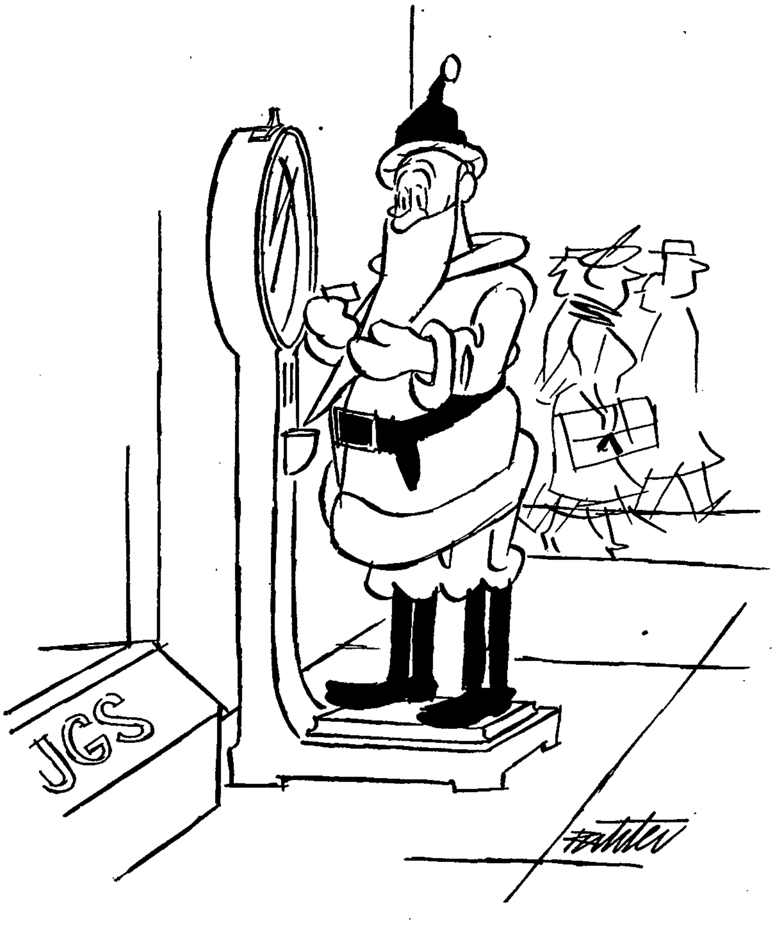
SAY that you're opening a new restaurant and that your father-in-law, an old hand at the restaurant business, has warned you it will require unflagging ingenuity to survive. Say that you feel the need of something absolutely original for the façade of your establishment—something to make talk and draw customers. Zowie! Why not install the world's first free outdoor carbonated-water drinking fountain? Hard as it may be to believe, this is the extraordinary feat of ratiocination recently performed by Chester Gash, proprietor of a new restaurant called Pimm's, just west of the Plaza on Central Park South. Whether Mr. Gash's splashy brain wave will draw customers, we don't know; all we know is that it drew us. Set in the outside wall of the restaurant and sheltered by a canvas canopy that proclaims "Pimm's Vichy Spa," it consists of a nozzle rising out of a prettily gold-leafed lead shell and backed by a bas-relief of a lute player, who is there because he was left over from a restaurant that previously occupied the site. Below the lute player, lettered in black on a gold background and covered by a slab of Lucite, is the following verse:

> Pimm's invites you, passerby,
> To have a drink, if you are dry.
> It isn't coffee, coke, or tea,
> But it sparkles, and it's free.

This quatrain is succeeded by two parenthetical lines that parody, not to say massacre, old Omar:

> (It's not so precious, truth to tell,
> As the luscious stuff we sell!)

Having taken a swig from the fountain and wiped a sparkle or two from our chin, we stepped inside and button-



"You have a generous nature."

holed Mr. Gash, who was quick to inform us that Pimm's Vichy Spa has nothing whatever to do with the drink Pimm's Cup, or with Vichy water, or, for that matter, with a spa. "I am fond of the name Pimm because it sounds distinctive, like the names they give soap flakes," Gash said. "The water is straight out of the New York water system, and we carbonate it and refrigerate it down-cellar. The fountain keeps going twenty-four hours a day, and the restaurant keeps going twenty-one hours a day, from 7 A.M. to 4 A.M. I not only own it and run it; I designed it. Care to have a look around?" Just as we said that we would like nothing better, we caught sight of a naked lady kneeling by the front door in a bower of ivy and philodendron. Mr. Gash said that her name is Naomi and that she was carved out of pink Italian marble by Oronzio Maldarelli, who teaches sculpture at Columbia. "Cost me twelve hundred dollars," he added, patting Naomi.

We followed Mr. Gash into the first of two large dining areas and were bidden to admire a forty-foot-long mural that depicts no fewer than twenty-eight ballerinas swirling about in graceful poses against a blue ground. "I steal a lot of my ideas," Gash said with satisfaction. "I started out as a serious painter, back in the thirties, but I was never much good—maybe because I have so little pride of creation. Take those ballerinas. They come from a book of Degas pastels. Our waitresses wear a uniform I sort of borrowed, high bosom and all, from some Dior dresses that were shown in the Sunday *Times* a while ago. Along with the furnishings, I've designed a good many of the dishes we serve. I got the idea for our low-calorie dishes from a cookbook for diabetics. Sit down and try your luck." We seated ourself in a Gash-designed black leather booth in the rear dining area and scrutinized a Gash-designed and Gash-composed menu. Passing up Pimm's Whimseys, which the menu described as "a dish that starts as crêpes Suzette and ends as cherubic blintzes," and a double Pimmburger, which is a double hamburger to which nothing but a pinch of salt has been added, we decided to try a dish of Ice Lean, which is ice cream with half the usual number of calories, and a slab of strawberry chiffon pie, which, though it stands five inches high, contains fewer calories than an orange. "The crust is made of egg white, Sucaryl, and artichoke flour," Gash said, and we wished he hadn't.

As we were finishing our Ice Lean and pie (and, truth to tell, they *were* luscious), Mr. Gash introduced us to his father-in-law, a large, elderly man named William Lowenstein. "The dean of restaurateurs," Gash said. "Willie has owned over two hundred restaurants in his time." Mr. Lowenstein accepted this tribute, then said gravely, "Chester, you got to move the cashier's desk and the coat rack. The customers got no place to wait. Also, the strawberry tart is wrong. The paper container is too big. The berries should build to a peak, not slump down out of sight. I tell you, the restaurant business is war. If you let up two days, you're through." Gash looked as if his heart were breaking. "Chester, my boy!" his father-in-law said, and took him by the shoulder. "Who minds a little friendly criticism? The important thing is that this is going to be a very good store."

Crisis

"DADDY," a ten-year-old of our acquaintance asked his father the other evening, "what would you do if a man came along and took Mummie out and started hugging her and kissing her and buying her chocolate sodas?"

Family Job

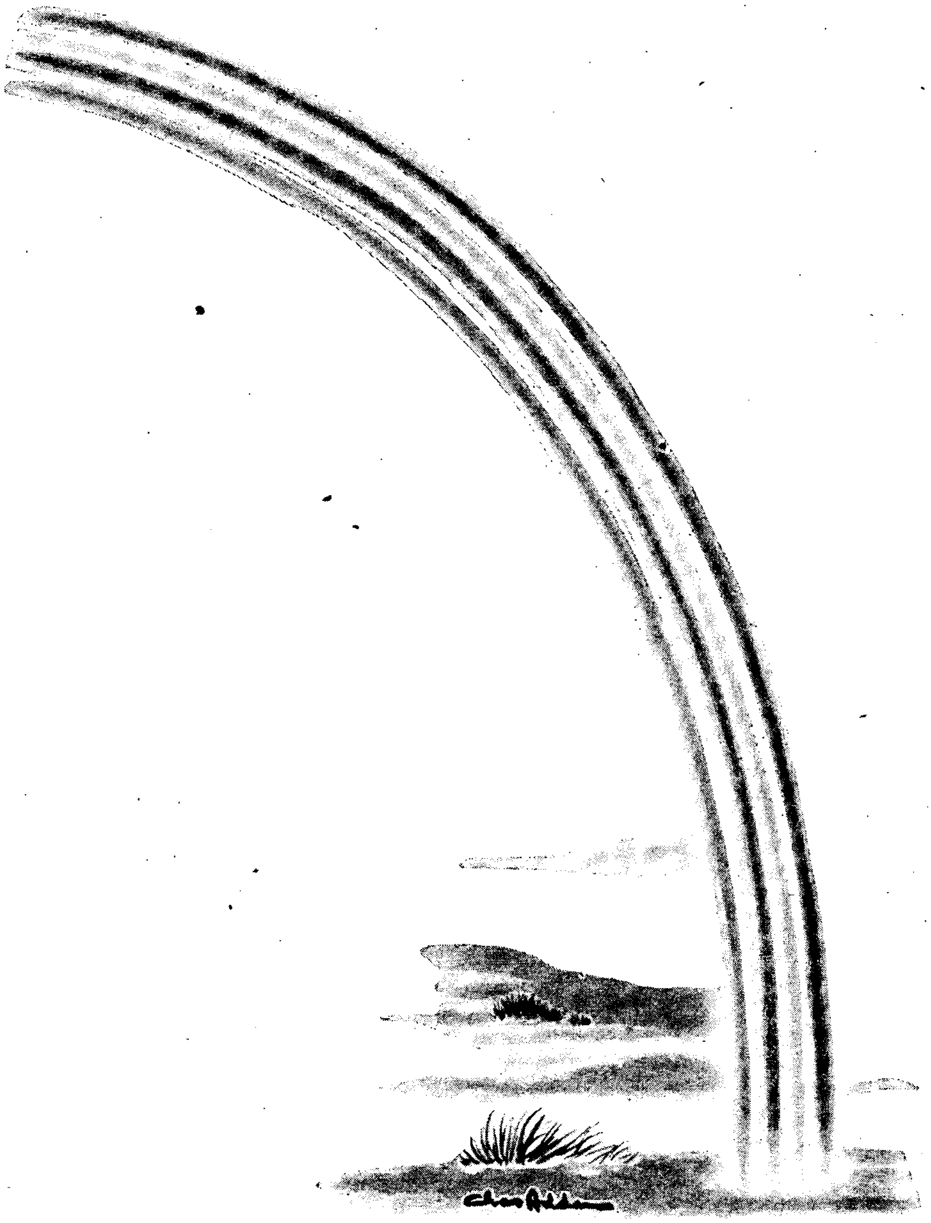
JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, whose appointment to the United States Supreme Court will, it is expected, be confirmed by the Senate when that troubled body reconvenes after the first of the year, is a grandson of the John Marshall Harlan who was a Supreme Court Justice from 1877 to 1911. The older Harlan, who received his appointment when he was only forty-four, served a total of thirty-three years, ten months, and twenty-five days, but, judicial longevity being what it is, Justices John Marshall and Stephen J. Field outsat him by a few months apiece. Grandfather Harlan was named for the august Chief Justice, of whom Great-Grandfather Harlan, a Kentucky congressman and attorney general, was a contemporary and admirer; thus, our Harlan had from birth a sort of double presumptive lien on the High Court. Only, he hadn't really, because that Court has always been remarkable for its lack of family ties. Except for Justice David J. Brewer, who served from 1890 to 1910 and was a nephew of Justice Field, our Harlan will be the first Justice who has had a close relative on the Supreme Court. He will, however, be the twelfth Justice from the State of New York, and the seventh from this city, his local predecessors having been Justices Jay, Livingston, Blatchford, Hughes, Cardozo, and Stone. At present, he is a judge in the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, a position he assumed last March.

The Harlans have a bent for public life, no two ways about that. The first Harlan to reach America was a Quaker from Durham; he got here in 1687 and eight years later he was Governor of Delaware. Another Harlan helped settle Kentucky and had Harlan County named for him. Our Harlan was born fifty-five years ago in Chicago, where his father was a prominent lawyer and political figure, serving as alderman for several terms and twice running unsuccessfully for mayor. Judge Harlan's only judicial experience has been his

few months in the Second Circuit. Still, his grandfather was even worse off judicially when he reached the Supreme Court: He had been a county judge for a year in his twenties. The old Justice has gone down in legal history for his dissent in the case of Plessy v. Ferguson, 1896. He denounced the majority decision, which endorsed the constitutionality of Jim Crow on railroads, with the vivid aphorism "Our Constitution is color-blind." Justice Holmes once described him as "the last of the tobacco-spitting Justices." When we paid a call on *our* Judge Harlan a few days ago, in his chambers at the United States Courthouse, on Foley Square, he assured us that his grandfather's marksmanship was indeed prodigious. "He could hit a spittoon dead center at thirty paces," he said.

The new appointee is tall, spare, and gray-haired, with dark brows slanting down over wary blue eyes, and—well, let's say that we've never seen a man fitter to be on the Supreme Court in our life. We went over the facts of his life briefly with him, and they all turned out to be fit for the Supreme Court, too. He graduated from Princeton in the class of 1920, was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, where he studied law, passed his bar exam in 1924, served as an Assistant United States Attorney here, and in 1932 became a partner of the distinguished firm of Root, Ballantine, Harlan, Bushby & Palmer. Served as a colonel in the Army Air Forces from 1943 to 1945. Was chief counsel of the New York State Crime Commission in 1951 and 1952. Has a wife and a married daughter. Owns a seven-room apartment on East Fifty-first Street, with a view of the river, and a nine-room house in Weston, Connecticut. Is a golfer. Fisherman. Republican. Presbyterian. "It does sound awfully tame and correct, doesn't it?" he remarked, with an apologetic smile. "If it helps any, we don't have a terribly *good* view of the river—sort of an on-an-angle one—and I don't play golf at all well. Professionally, there have been very few lurid moments, though I did prosecute Earl Carroll for perjury in connection with that matter of a lady bathing in champagne at one of his parties."

Judge Harlan said that as a child he used to visit his celebrated grandfather in Washington, but he couldn't recall that anyone had ever patted him on the head and prophesied, "Little man, you, too, someday . . ." "Still, I'm mighty glad that it appears to be working out that way," he said. "I'm also glad that I've had these in-between months on the Circuit Court, to make me realize how much I enjoy being a judge. The marvellous variety of it! Instead of dealing with a single case for a year, as one is apt to do in private practice, one has to deal with hundreds of cases in that time, and all so different! On the other hand, I hope it may prove helpful that I've been on the opposite side of the bench so recently. Whenever I argued cases before the Supreme Court, what I appreciated most was having a judge lean over and ask me questions. Then I'd be sure he was really interested. I mean to ask a lot of questions." He swung around in his chair, stretched his long legs, and lit a cigarette. "We love New York and are bound to miss it," he said. "The theatre, and the boats on the river, and all that. Then, too, young lawyers we know are bound to be shier about asking us around for a casual drink. *Everyone* is bound to be shier, I suppose, in tribute to the dignity of the Court. To some extent, a judge is, and ought to be, a man apart. Not that I have any intention of turning into a solemn old hermit. No, by heaven, I won't have that!"



Digression

DOES our mechanized society still possess the human touch? Yes. Look. "Yesterday afternoon at five-forty-five, I was on American Air Lines Flight 520, from LaGuardia Field to Boston," a reader writes us. "On takeoff, instead of heading immediately northeast, the pilot headed west, and soon announced over the loudspeaker that because it was such a beautiful early evening, he proposed to circle Manhattan Island and give the passengers, as well as himself and the rest of the crew, an unusually clear and beautiful view of the city at a time when the lights in the office buildings were still on. It was indeed a treat."

BAD CHARACTERS

UP until I learned my lesson in a very bitter way, I never had more than one friend at a time, and my friendships, though ardent, were short. When they ended and I was sent packing in unforgetting indignation, it was always my fault; I would swear vilely in front of a girl I knew to be pious and prim (by the time I was eight, the most grandiloquent gangster could have added nothing to my vocabulary—I had an awful tongue), or I would call a Tenderfoot Scout a sissy or make fun of athletics to the daughter of the high-school coach. These outbursts came without plan; I would simply one day, in the middle of a game of Russian bank or a hike or a conversation, be possessed with a passion to be by myself, and my lips instantly and without warning would accommodate me. My friend was never more surprised than I was when this irrevocable slander, this terrible, talented invective, came boiling out of my mouth.

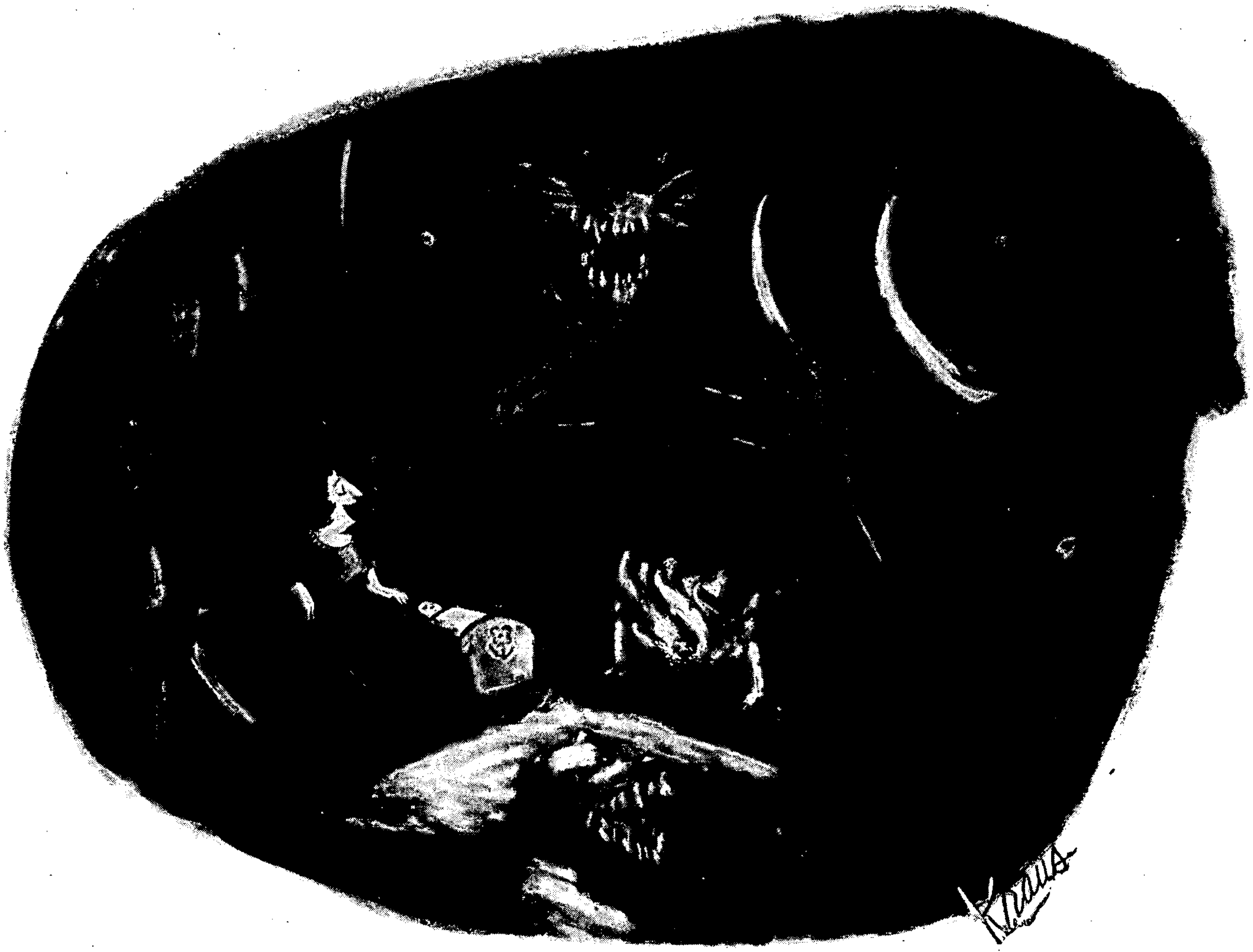
Afterward, when I had got the solitude I had wanted, I was dismayed, for I did not like it. Then I would sadly finish the game of cards as if someone were still across the table from me; I would sit down on the mesa and through a glaze of tears would watch my friend departing with outraged strides; mournfully, I would talk to myself. Because I had already alienated everyone I knew, I then had nowhere to turn, so a famine set in and I would have no companion but Muff, the cat, who loathed all human beings except, significantly, me—truly. She bit and scratched the hands that fed her, she arched her back like a Halloween cat if someone kindly tried to pet her, she hissed, laid her ears flat to her skull, growled, fluffed up her tail into a great bush and flailed it like a bullwhack. But she purred for me, she patted me with her paws, keeping her claws in their velvet scabbards. She was not only an ill-natured cat, she was also badly dressed. She was a calico, and the distribution of her colors was a mess; she looked as if she had been left out in the rain and her paint had run. She had a Roman nose as the result of some early injury, her tail was skinny, she had a perfectly venomous look in her eye. My family said—my family discriminated against me—that I was much closer kin to Muff than I was to any of them. To tease me into a tantrum, my brother Jack and my sister Stella often called me Kitty instead of Emily. Little Tess did not dare, because she knew I'd chloroform her if she did. Jack, the meanest boy I have ever known in my life, called me Polecat and talked about my mania for fish, which, it so happened, I despised. The name would have been far more appropriate for *him*, since he trapped skunks up in the foothills—we lived in Adams, Colorado—and quite often, because he was careless and foolhardy, his clothes had to be buried, and even when that was done, he sometimes was sent home from school on the complaint of girls sitting next to him.

Along about Christmastime when I was eleven, I was making a snowman with Virgil Meade in his back yard, and all of a sudden, just as we had got around to the right arm, I had to be alone. So I called him a son of a sea cook, said it was common knowledge that his mother had bedbugs and that his father, a dentist and the deputy marshal, was a bootlegger on the side. For a moment, Virgil was too aghast to speak—a little earlier we had agreed to marry someday and become millionaires—and then, with a bellow of fury, he knocked me down and washed my face in snow. I saw stars, and black balls bounced before my eyes. When finally he let me up, we were both crying, and he hollered that if I didn't get off his property that instant, his father would arrest me and send me to Canon City. I trudged slowly home, half frozen, critically sick at heart. So it was old Muff again for me for quite some time. Old Muff, that is, until I met Lottie Jump, although "met" is a euphemism for the way I first encountered her.

I SAW Lottie for the first time one afternoon in our own kitchen, stealing a chocolate cake. Stella and Jack had not come home from school yet—not having my difficult disposition, they were popular, and they were at their friends' houses, pulling taffy, I suppose, making popcorn balls, playing casino, having fun—and my mother had taken Tess with her to visit a friend in one of the T.B. sanitariums. I was alone in the house, and making a funny-looking Christmas card, although I had no one to send it to. When I heard someone in the kitchen, I thought it was Mother home early, and I went out to ask her why the green pine tree I had pasted on a square of red paper looked as if it were falling down. And there, instead of Mother and my baby sister, was this pale, conspicuous child in the act of lifting the glass cover from the devil's-food my mother had taken out of the oven an hour before and set on the plant shelf by the window. The child had her back to me, and when she heard my footfall, she wheeled with an amazing look of fear and hatred on her pinched and pasty face. Simultaneously, she put the cover over the cake again, and then she stood motionless as if she were under a spell.

I was scared, for I was not sure what was happening, and anyhow it gives you a turn to find a stranger in the kitchen in the middle of the afternoon, even if the stranger is only a skinny child in a moldy coat and sopping-wet basketball shoes. Between us there was a lengthy silence, but there was a great deal of noise in the room: the alarm clock ticked smugly; the teakettle simmered patiently on the back of the stove; Muff, cross at having been waked up, thumped her tail against the side of the terrarium in the window where she had been sleeping—contrary to orders—among the geraniums. This went on, it seemed to me, for hours and hours while that tall, sickly girl and I confronted each other. When, after a long time, she did open her mouth, it was to tell a prodigious lie. "I came to see if you'd like to play with me," she said. I think she sighed and stole a sidelong and regretful glance at the cake.

Beggars cannot be choosers, and I had been missing Virgil so sorely, as well as all those other dear friends forever lost to me, that in spite of her flagrance (she had never clapped eyes on me before, she had had no way of knowing there was a creature of my age in the house—she had come in like a hobo to steal my mother's cake), I was flattered and consoled. I asked her name and, learning it, believed my ears no better than my eyes: Lottie Jump. What on earth! What on earth—you surely will agree with me—and yet when I told her mine, Emily Vanderpool, she laughed until she coughed and gasped. "Beg pardon," she said. "Names like them always hit my funny bone. There was this towhead boy in school named Delbert Saxonfield." I saw no connection and I was insulted (what's so funny about Vanderpool, I'd like to know), but Lottie Jump was, technically, my guest and I *was* lonesome, so I asked her, since she had spoken of playing with me, if she knew how to play Andy-I-Over. She said "Naw." It turned out that she did not know how to play any



"Bye baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting . . ."

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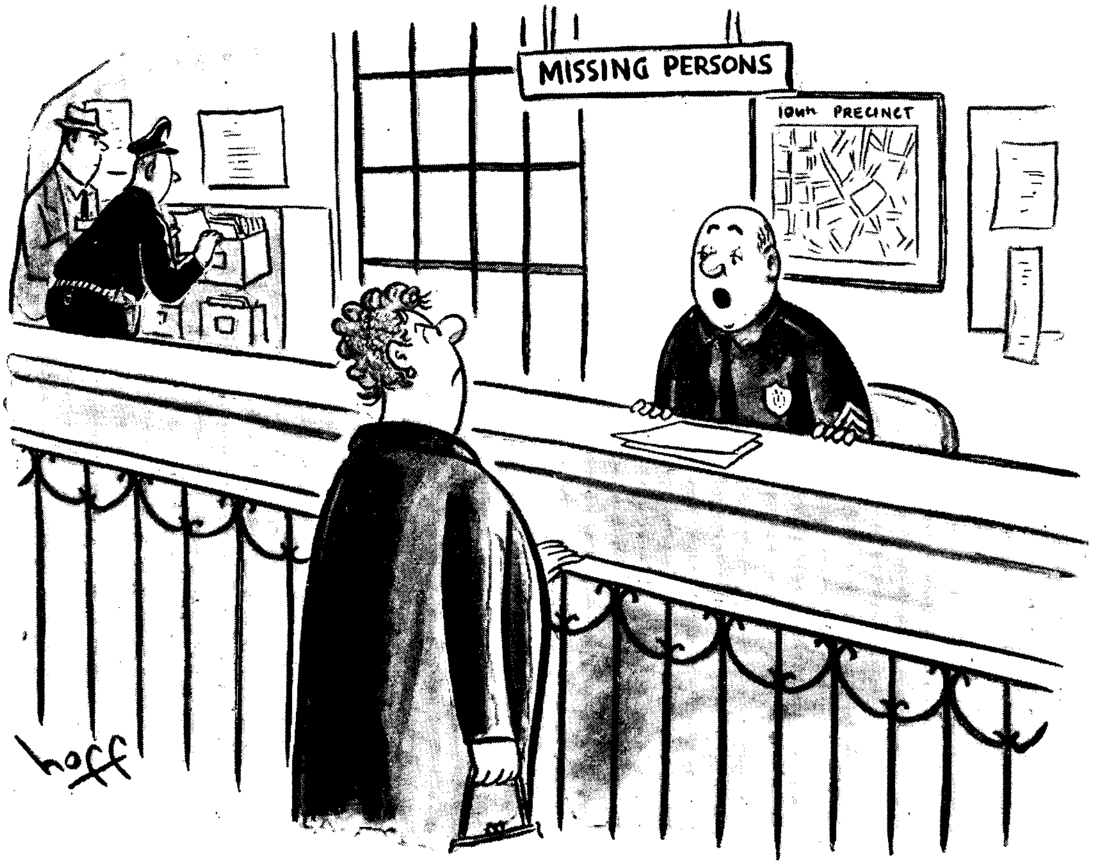
games at all; she couldn't do anything and didn't want to do anything; her only recreation and her only gift was, and always had been, stealing. But this I did not know at the time.

As it happened, it was too cold and snowy to play outdoors that day anyhow, and after I had run through my list of indoor games and Lottie had shaken her head at all of them (when I spoke of parche si, she went "Ugh!" and pretended to be sick), she suggested that we look through my mother's bureau drawers. This did not strike me as strange at all, for it was one of my favorite things to do, and I led the way to Mother's bedroom without a moment's hesitation. I loved the smell of the lavender she kept in gauze bags among her chamois gloves and linen handkerchiefs and filmy scarves; there was a pink fascinator knitted of something as fine as spider's thread, and it made me go quite soft—I wasn't soft as a rule, I was as hard as nails and I gave my mother a rough time—to think of her wearing it around her head as she waltzed on the ice in the bygone days. We examined stockings, nightgowns, camisoles, strings of beads, and mosaic pins, keepsake buttons from dresses worn on memorial occasions, tortoise-shell combs, and a transformation made from Aunt Joey's hair when she had racily had it bobbed. Lottie admired particularly a blue cloisonné perfume flask with ferns and peacocks on it. "Hey," she said, "this sure is cute. I like thing-daddies like this here." But very abruptly she got bored and said, "Let's talk instead. In the front room." I agreed, a little perplexed this time, because I had been about to show her a remarkable powder box that played "The Blue Danube." We went into the parlor, where Lottie looked at her image in the pier glass for quite a while and with great absorption, as if she had never seen herself before. Then she moved over to the window seat and knelt on it, looking out at the front walk. She kept her hands in the pockets of her thin dark-red coat; once she took out one of her dirty paws to rub her nose for a minute and I saw a bulge in that pocket, like a bunch of jackstones. I know now that it wasn't jackstones, it was my mother's perfume flask; I thought at the time her hands were cold and that that was why she kept them put away, for I had noticed that she had no mittens.

Lottie did most of the talking, and while she talked, she never once looked at me but kept her eyes fixed on the approach to our house. She told me that her family had come to Adams a month before from Muskogee, Oklahoma, where her father, before he got tuberculosis, had been a brakeman on the Frisco. Now they lived down by Arapahoe Creek, on the west side of town, in one of the cottages of a wretched settlement made up of people so poor and so sick—for in nearly every ramshackle house someone was coughing himself to death—that each time I went past I blushed with guilt because my shoes were sound and my coat was warm and



"Madam, I'm sure that to you he was just like a person, but to us *he's still a parakeet."*

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I was well. I wished that Lottie had not told me where she lived, but she was not aware of any pathos in her family's situation, and, indeed, it was with a certain boastfulness that she told me her mother was the short-order cook at the Comanche Café (she pronounced this word in one syllable), which I knew was the dirtiest, darkest, smelliest place in town, patronized by coal miners who never washed their faces and sometimes had such dangerous fights after drinking dago red that the sheriff had to come. Laughing, Lottie told me that her mother was half Indian, and, laughing even harder, she said that her brother didn't have any brains and had never been to school. She herself was eleven years old, but she was only in the third grade, because teachers had always had it in for her—making her go to the blackboard and all like that when she was tired. She hated school—she went to Ashton, on North Hill, and that was why I had never seen her, for I went to Carlyle Hill—and she especially hated the teacher, Miss Cudahy, who had a head shaped like a pine cone and who had killed several people with her ruler. Lottie loved the movies ("Not them Western ones or the ones with apes in," she said. "Ones about hugging and kissing. I love it when they die in that big old soft bed with the curtains up top, and he comes in and says 'Don't leave me, Marguerite de la Mar' "), and she loved to ride in cars. She loved Mr. Goodbars, and if there was one thing she despised worse than another it was tapioca. ("Pa calls it fish eyes. He calls floating island horse spit. He's a big piece of cheese. I hate him.") She did not like cats (Muff was now sitting on the mantelpiece, glaring like an owl); she kind of liked snakes—except cottonmouths and rattlers—because she found them kind of funny; she had once seen a goat eat a tin can. She said that one of these days she would take me downtown—it was a slowpoke town, she said, a one-horse burg (I had never heard such gaudy, cynical talk and was trying to memorize it all)—if I would get some money for the trolley fare; she hated to walk, and I ought to be proud that she had walked all the way from Arapahoe Creek today for the sole solitary purpose of seeing me.

Seeing our freshly baked dessert in the window was a more likely story, but I did not care, for I was deeply impressed by this bold, sassy girl from Oklahoma and greatly admired the poise with which she aired her prejudices. Lottie Jump was certainly nothing to look at. She was tall and made of skin and bones; she was evilly ugly, and her clothes were a disgrace, not just ill-fitting and old and ragged but dirty, unmentionably so; clearly she did not wash much or brush her teeth, which were notched like a saw, and small and brown (it crossed my mind that perhaps she chewed tobacco); her long, lank hair looked as if it might have nits. But she had personality. She made me think of one of those self-contained dogs whose home is where his handout is and who travels alone but, if it suits him to, will become the leader of a pack. She was aloof, never looking at me, but amiable in the way she kept calling me "kid." I liked her enormously, and presently I told her so.

At this, she turned around and smiled at me. Her smile was the smile of a jack-o'-lantern—high, wide, and handsome. When it was over, no trace of it remained. "Well, that's keen, kid, and I like you, too," she said in her downright Muskogee accent. She gave me a long, appraising look. Her eyes were the color of mud. "Listen, kid, how much do you like me?"

"I like you loads, Lottie," I said. "Better than anybody else, and I'm not kidding."

"You want to be pals?"

"Do I!" I cried. So *there*, Virgil Meade, you big fat hoot-nanny, I thought.

"All right, kid, we'll be pals." And she held out her hand for me to shake. I had to go and get it, for she did not alter her position on the window seat. It was a dry, cold hand, and the grip was severe, with more a feeling of bones in it than friendliness.

Lottie turned and scanned our path and scanned the sidewalk beyond, and then she said, in a lower voice, "Do you know how to lift?"

"Lift?" I wondered if she meant to lift *her*. I was sure I could do it, since she was so skinny, but I couldn't imagine why she would want me to.

"Shoplift, I mean. Like in the five-and-dime."

I did not know the term, and Lottie scowled at my stupidity.

"*Steal*, for crying in the beer!" she said impatiently. This she said so loudly that Muff jumped down from the mantel and left the room in contempt.

I was thrilled to death and shocked to pieces. "Stealing is a sin," I said. "You get put in jail for it."

"Ish ka bibble! I should worry if it's a sin or not," said Lottie, with a shrug. "And they'll never put a smart old whatsis like *me* in jail. It's fun, stealing is—it's a picnic. I'll teach you if you want to learn, kid." Shamelessly she winked at me and grinned again. (That grin! She could have taken it off her face and put it on the table.) And she added, "If you don't, we can't be pals, because lifting is the only kind of playing I like. I hate those dumb games like Statues. Kick-the-Can—phooey!"

I was torn between agitation (I went to Sunday school and knew already about morality; Judge Bay, a crabby old man who loved to punish sinners, was a friend of my father's and once had given Jack a lecture on the criminal mind when he came to call and found Jack looking up an answer in his arithmetic book) and excitement over the daring invitation to misconduct myself in so perilous a way. My life, on reflection, looked deadly prim; all I'd ever done to vary the monotony of it was to swear. I knew that Lottie Jump meant what she said—that I could have her friendship only on her terms (plainly, she had gone it alone for a long time and could go it alone for the rest of her life)—and although I trembled like an aspen and my heart went pitapat, I said, "I want to be pals with you, Lottie."

"All right, Vanderpool," said Lottie, and got off the window seat. "I wouldn't go braggin' about it if I was you. I wouldn't go telling my ma and pa and the next-door neighbor that you and Lottie Jump are going down to the five-and-dime next Saturday aft and lift us some nice rings and garters and things like that. I mean it, kid." And she drew the back of her forefinger across her throat and made a dire face.

"I won't. I promise I won't. My *gosh*, why would I?"

"That's the ticket," said Lottie, with a grin. "I'll meet you at the trolley shelter at two o'clock. You have the money. For both down and up. I ain't going to climb up that ornery hill after I've had my fun."

"Yes, Lottie," I said. Where was I going to get twenty cents? I was going to have to start stealing before she even taught me how. Lottie was facing the center of the room, but she had eyes in the back of her head, and she whirled around back to the window; my mother and Tess were turning in our front path.

"Back way," I whispered, and in a moment Lottie was gone; the swinging door that usually squeaked did not make a sound as she vanished through it. I listened and I never heard the back door open and close. Nor did I hear her, in a split second, lift the glass cover and remove that cake designed to feed six people.

I WAS restless and snappish between Wednesday afternoon and Saturday. When Mother found the cake was gone, she scolded me for not keeping my ears cocked. She assumed, naturally, that a tramp had taken it, for she knew I hadn't eaten it; I never ate anything if I could help it (except for raw potatoes, which I loved) and had been known as a problem feeder from the beginning of my life. At first it occurred to me to have a tantrum and bring her around to my point of view: my tantrums scared the living daylights out of her because my veins stood out and I turned blue and couldn't get my breath. But I rejected this for a more sensible plan. I said, "It just so happens I didn't hear anything. But if I had, I suppose you wish I had gone out in the kitchen and let the robber cut me up into a million little tiny pieces with his sword. You wouldn't even bury me. You'd just put me on the dump. *I* know who's wanted in this family and who isn't." Tears of sorrow, not of anger, came in powerful tides and I groped blindly to the bedroom I shared with Stella, where I lay on my bed and shook with big, silent *weltschmerzlich* sobs. Mother followed me immediately, and so did Tess, and both of them comforted me and told me how much they loved me. I said they didn't; they said they did. Presently, I got a headache, as I always did when I cried, so I got to have an aspirin and a cold cloth on my head, and when Jack and Stella came home, they had to be quiet. I heard Jack say, "Emily Vanderpool is the biggest polecat in the U.S.A. Whyn't she go in the kitchen and say, 'Hands up'? He woulda lit out." And Mother said, "Sh-h-h! You don't want your sister to be sick, do you?" Muff, not realizing that Lottie had replaced her, came in and curled up at my thigh, purring lustily; I found myself glad that she had left

RECTOR
CHIEF
B. Wiseman

the room before Lottie Jump made her proposition to me, and in gratitude I stroked her unattractive head.

Other things happened. Mother discovered the loss of her perfume flask and talked about nothing else at meals for two whole days. Luckily, it did not occur to her that it had been stolen—she simply thought she had mislaid it—but her monomania got on my father's nerves and he lashed out at her and at the rest of us. And because I was the cause of it all and my conscience was after me with red-hot pokers, I finally *had* to have a tantrum. I slammed my fork down in the middle of supper on the second day and yelled, "If you don't stop fighting, I'm going to kill myself. Yammer, yammer, nag, nag!" And I put my fingers in my ears and squeezed my eyes tight shut and screamed so the whole county could hear, "Shut *up!*" And then I lost my breath and began to turn blue. Daddy hastily apologized to everyone, and Mother said she was sorry for carrying on so about a trinket that had nothing but sentimental value—she was just vexed with herself for being careless, that was all, and she wasn't going to say another word about it.

I never heard so many references to stealing and cake, and even to Oklahoma (ordinarily no one mentioned Oklahoma once in a month of Sundays) and the ten-cent store as I did throughout those next days. I myself once made a ghastly slip and said something to Stella about "the five-and-dime." "The five-and-*dime!*" she exclaimed. "Where'd you get *that* kind of talk? Do you by any chance have reference to the *ten-cent store?*"

The worst of all was Friday night—the very night before I was to meet Lottie Jump—when Judge Bay came to play two-handed pinochle with Daddy. The Judge, a giant in intimidating haberdashery—for some reason, the white piping on his vest bespoke, for me, handcuffs and prison bars—and with an aura of disapproval for almost everything on earth except what pertained directly to himself, was telling Daddy, before they began their game, about the infamous vandalism that had been going on among the college students. "I have reason to believe that there are girls in this gang as well as boys," he said. "They ransack vacant houses and take everything. In one house on Pleasant Street, up there by the Catholic Church, there wasn't anything to take, so they took the kitchen sink. Wasn't a question of taking everything *but*—they took the kitchen sink."

SUBJECTIVITY AT SESTOS

To Hero nightly, wet and rather cold,
  Leander came at last from the dark sea,
A little breathless, if the truth be told,
  And needing towels and a pot of tea.
  But she, purblind to the low comedy,
Rated her own reaction at its cost,
  Finding him more than man-size because she
Seven times since sunset had assumed him lost.

Conversely, parting, she assumed him home,
  And slept. Myself, in spite of what is said,
    I think he sank seeking the Asian shore.
Next night she cried because he did not come,
  Not knowing, when at dawn she found him dead,
    He had in fact been drowned the night before.

—P. M. Hubbard

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"What ever would they want with a kitchen sink?" asked my mother.

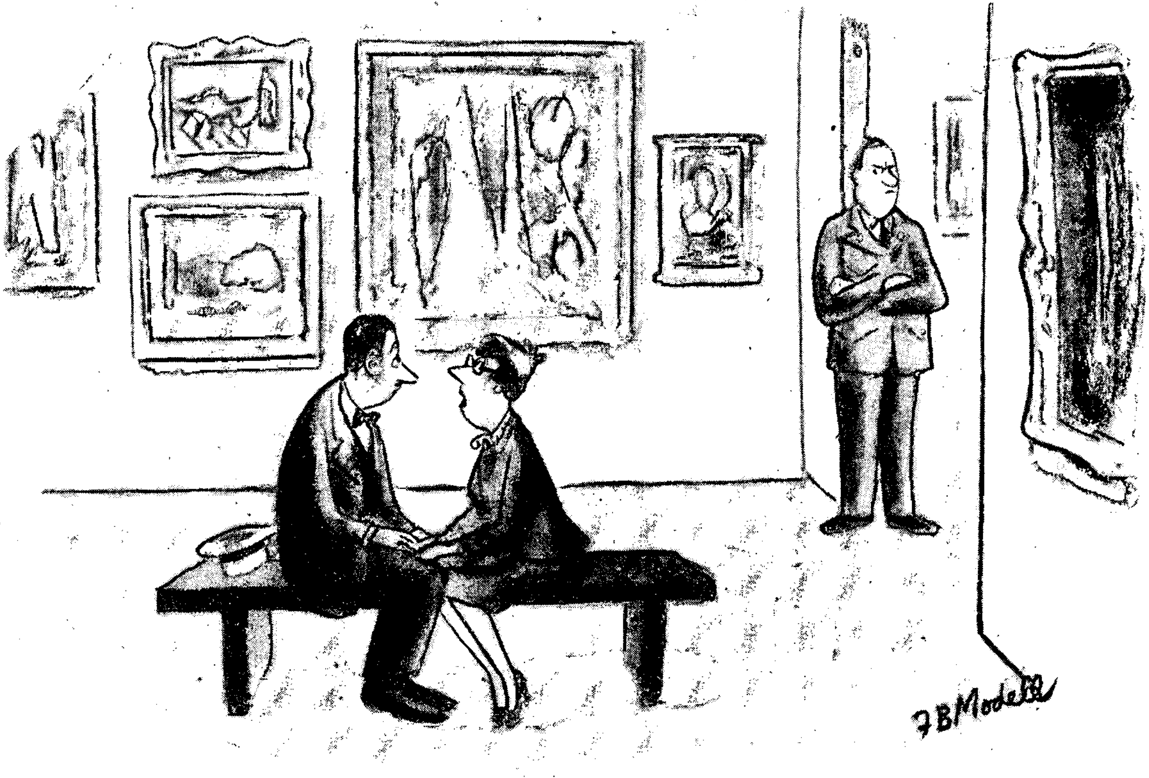
"Mischief," replied the Judge. "If we ever catch them and if they come within my jurisdiction, I can tell you I will give them no quarter. A thief, in my opinion, is the lowest of the low."

Mother told about the chocolate cake. By now, the fiction was so factual in my mind that each time I thought of it I saw a funny-paper bum in baggy pants held up by rope, a hat with holes through which tufts of hair stuck up, shoes from which his toes protruded, a disreputable stubble on his face; he came up beneath the open window where the devil's food was cooling and he stole it and hotfooted it for the woods, where his companion was frying a small fish in a beat-up skillet. It never crossed my mind any longer that Lottie Jump had hooked that delicious cake.

Judge Bay was properly impressed. "If you will steal a chocolate cake, if you will steal a kitchen sink, you will steal diamonds and money. The small child who pilfers a penny from his mother's pocketbook has started down a path that may lead him to holding up a bank."

It was a good thing I had no homework that night, for I could not possibly have concentrated. We were all sent to our rooms, because the pinochle players had to have absolute quiet. I spent the evening doing cross-stitch. I was making a bureau runner for a Christmas present; as in the case of the Christmas card, I had no one to give it to, but now I decided to give it to Lottie Jump's mother. Stella was reading "Black Beauty," crying. It was an interminable evening. Stella went to bed first; I saw to that, because I didn't want her lying there awake listening to me talking in my sleep. Besides, I didn't want her to see me tearing open the cardboard box—the one in the shape of a church, which held my Christmas Sunday-school offering. Over the door of the church was this shaming legend: "My mite for the poor widow." When Stella had begun to grind her teeth in her first deep sleep, I took twenty cents away from the poor widow, whoever she was (the owner of the kitchen sink, no doubt), for the trolley fare, and secreted it and the remaining three pennies in the pocket of my middy. I wrapped the money well in a handkerchief and buttoned the pocket and hung my skirt over the middy. And then I tore the paper church into bits—the heavens opened and Judge Bay came toward me with a double-barrelled shotgun—and hid the bits under a pile of pajamas. I did not sleep one wink. Except that I must have, because of the stupendous nightmares that kept wrenching the flesh off my skeleton and caused me to come close to perishing of thirst; once I fell out of bed and hit my head on Stella's ice skates. I would have waked her up and given her a piece of my mind for leaving them in such a lousy place, but then I remembered: I wanted *no* commotion of any kind.

I couldn't eat breakfast and I couldn't eat lunch. Old Johnny-on-the-spot Jack kept saying, "*Poor* Polecat. Polecat wants her fish for dinner." Mother made an abortive attempt to take my temperature. And when all



"This can't go on, Henry. He's beginning to suspect we're not all this crazy about modern art."

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that hullabaloo subsided, I was nearly in the soup because Mother asked me to mind Tess while she went to the sanitarium to see Mrs. Rogers, who, all of a sudden, was too sick to have anyone but grownups near her. Stella couldn't stay with the baby, because she had to go to ballet, and Jack couldn't, because he had to go up to the mesa and empty his traps. ("No, they *can't* wait. You want my skins to rot in this hot-one-day-cold-the-next weather?") I was arguing and whining when the telephone rang. Mother went to answer it and came back with a look of great sadness; Mrs. Rogers, she had learned, had had another hemorrhage. So Mother would not be going to the sanitarium after all and I needn't stay with Tess.

By the time I left the house, I was as cross as a bear. I felt awful about the widow's mite and I felt awful for being mean about staying with Tess, for Mrs. Rogers was a kind old lady, in a cozy blue hug-me-tight and an old-fangled boudoir cap, dying here all alone; she was a friend of Grandma's and had lived just down the street from her in Missouri, and all in the world Mrs. Rogers wanted to do was go back home and lie down in her own big bedroom in her own big, high-ceilinged house and have Grandma and other members of the Eastern Star come in from time to time to say hello. But they wouldn't let her go home; they were going to kill or cure her. I could not help feeling that my hardness of heart and evil of intention had had a good deal to do with her new crisis; right at the very same minute I had been saying "Does that old Mrs. Methuselah *always* have to spoil my fun?" the poor wasted thing was probably coughing up her blood and saying to the nurse, "Tell Emily Vanderpool not to mind me, she can run and play."

I HAD a bad character, I know that, but my badness never gave me half the enjoyment Jack and Stella thought it did. A good deal of the time I wanted to eat lye. I was certainly having no fun now, thinking of Mrs. Rogers and of depriving that poor widow of bread and milk; what if this penniless woman without a husband had a dog to feed, too? Or a baby? And besides, I didn't want to go downtown to steal anything from the ten-cent store; I didn't want to see Lottie Jump again—not really, for I knew in my bones that that girl was trouble with a capital "T." And still, in our short meeting, she had mesmerized me; I would think about her style of talking and the expert way she had made off with the perfume flask and the cake (how had she carried the cake through the streets without being noticed?) and be bowled over, for the part of me that did not love God was a black-hearted villain. And apart from these considerations, I had some sort of idea that if I did not keep my appointment with Lottie Jump, she would somehow get revenge; she had seemed a girl of purpose. So, revolted and fascinated, brave and lily-livered, I plodded along through the snow in my flopping galoshes up toward the Chautauqua, where the trolley stop was. On my way, I passed Virgil Meade's house; there was not just a snowman, there was a whole snow family in the back yard, and Virgil himself was throwing a stick for his dog. I was delighted to see that he was alone.

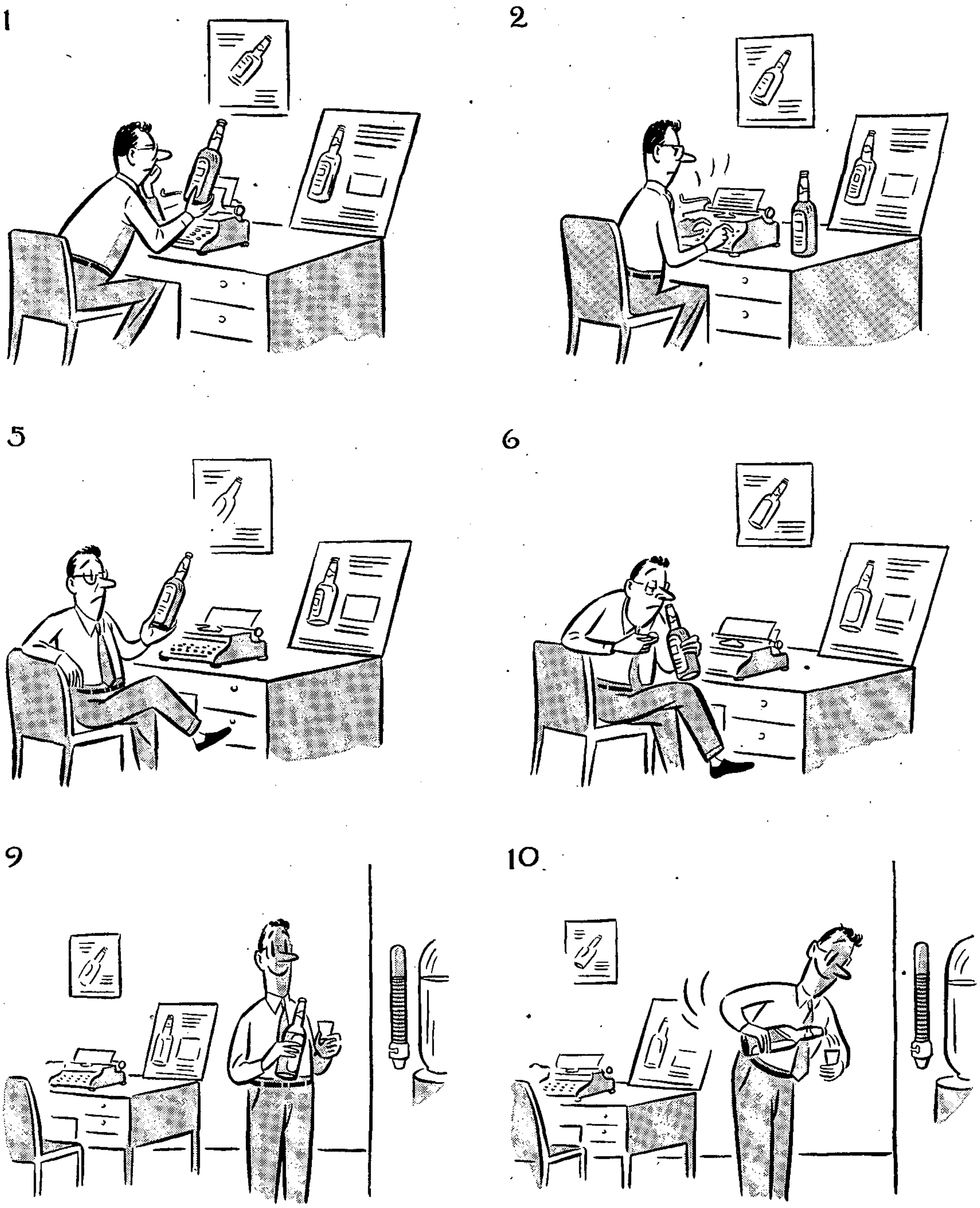
Lottie, who was sitting on a bench in the shelter eating a Mr. Goodbar, looked the same as she had the other time except that she was wearing an amazing hat. I think I had expected her to have a black handkerchief over the lower part of her face or to be wearing a Jesse James waistcoat. But I had never thought of a hat. It was felt; it was the color of cooked meat; it had some flowers appliquéd on the front of it; it had no brim, but rose straight up to a very considerable height, like a monument. It sat so low on her forehead and it was so tight that it looked, in a way, like part of her.

"How's every little thing, bub?" she said, licking her candy wrapper.

"Fine, Lottie," I said, freshly awed.

A silence fell. I drank some water from the drinking fountain, sat down, fastened my galoshes, and unfastened them again.

"My mother's teeth grow wrong way to," said Lottie, and showed me



what she meant: the lower teeth were in front of the upper ones. "That so-called trolley car takes its own sweet time. This town is blah."

To save the honor of my home town, the trolley came scraping and groaning up the hill just then, its bell clanging with an idiotic frenzy, and ground to a stop. Its broad, proud cowcatcher was filled with dirty snow, in the middle of which rested a tomato can, put there, probably, by somebody who was bored to death and couldn't think of anything else to do—I did a lot of pointless things like that on lonesome Saturday afternoons. It was the custom of this trolley car, a rather mysterious one, to pause at the shelter for five minutes while the conductor, who was either Mr. Jansen or Mr. Peck, depending on whether it was the A.M. run or the P.M., got out and stretched and smoked and spit. Sometimes the passengers got out, too, acting like sightseers whose destination was this sturdy stucco gazebo instead of, as it really was, the Piggly Wiggly or the Nelson Dry. You expected them to take snapshots of the drinking fountain or of the Chautauqua meeting house up on the hill. And when they all got back in the car, you expected them to exchange intelligent observations on the aborigines and the ruins they had seen.

Today there were no passengers, and as soon as Mr. Peck got out and began staring at the mountains as if he had never seen them before while he made himself a cigarette, Lottie, in her tall hat (was it something like the Inspector's hat in the Katzenjammer Kids?), got into the car, motioning me to follow. I put our nickels in the empty box and joined her on the very last double seat. It was only then that she mapped out the plan for the afternoon, in a low but still insouciant voice. The hat—she did not apologize for it, she simply referred to it as "my hat"—was to be the repository of whatever we stole. In the future, it would be advisable for me to have one like it. (How? Surely it was unique. The flowers, I saw on closer examination, were tulips, but they were blue, and a very unsettling shade of blue.) I was to engage a clerk on one side of the counter, asking her the price of, let's say, a tube of Daggett & Ramsdell vanishing cream, while Lottie would lift a round comb or a barrette or a hair net or whatever on the other side. Then, at a signal, I would decide against the vanishing cream and would move on to the next counter that she indicated. The signal was interesting; it was to be the raising of her hat from the rear—"like I've got the itch and gotta scratch," she said. I was relieved that I was to have no part in the actual stealing, and I was touched that Lottie, who was going to do all the work, said we would "go halvers" on the take. She asked me if there was anything in particular I wanted—she herself had nothing special in mind and was going to shop around first—and I said I would like some rubber gloves. This request was entirely spontaneous; I had never before in my life thought of rubber gloves in one way or another, but a psychologist—or Judge Bay—might have said that this was most significant and that I was planning at that moment to go on from petty

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DAVID
LANGDON

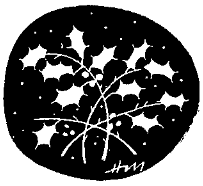
larceny to bigger game, armed with a weapon on which I wished to leave no fingerprints.

On the way downtown, quite a few people got on the trolley, and they all gave us such peculiar looks that I was chickenhearted until I realized it must be Lottie's hat they were looking at. No wonder. I kept looking at it myself out of the corner of my eye; it was like a watermelon standing on end. No, it was like a tremendous test tube. On this trip—a slow one, for the trolley pottered through that part of town in a desultory, neighborly way, even going into areas where no one lived—Lottie told me some of the things she had stolen in Muskogee and here in Adams. They included a white satin prayer book (think of it!), Mr. Goodbars by the thousands (she had probably never paid for a Mr. Goodbar in her life), a dinner ring valued at two dollars, a strawberry emery, several cans of corn, some shoelaces, a set of poker chips, countless pencils, four spark plugs ("Pa had this old car, see, and it was broke, so we took 'er to get fixed; I'll build me a radio with 'em sometime—you know? Listen in on them ear muffs to Tulsa?"), a Boy Scout knife, and a Girl Scout folding cup. She made a regular practice of going through the pockets of the coats in the cloakroom every day at recess, but she had never found anything there worth a red cent and was about to give that up. Once, she had taken a gold pencil from a teacher's desk and had got caught—she was sure that this was one of the reasons she was only in the third grade. Of this unjust experience, she said, "The old hoot owl! If I was drivin' in a car on a lonesome stretch and she was settin' beside me, I'd wait till we got to a pile of gravel and then I'd stop and say, 'Git out, Miss Priss.' She'd git out, all right."

Since Lottie was so frank, I was emboldened at last to ask her what she had done with the cake. She faced me with her grin; this grin, in combination with the hat, gave me a surprise from which I have never recovered. "I ate it up," she said. "I went in your garage and sat on your daddy's old tires and ate it. It was pretty good."

THERE were two ten-cent stores side by side in our town, Kresge's and Woolworth's, and as we walked down the main street toward them, Lottie played with a Yo-yo. Since the street was thronged with Christmas shoppers and farmers in for Saturday, this was no ordinary accomplishment; all in all, Lottie Jump was someone to be reckoned with. I cannot say that I was proud to be seen with her; the fact is that I hoped I would not meet anyone I knew, and I thanked my lucky stars that Jack was up in the hills with his dead skunks, because if he had seen her with that lid and that Yo-yo, I would never have heard the last of it. But in another way I *was* proud to be with her; in a smaller hemisphere, in one that included only her and me, I was swaggering—I felt like Somebody, marching along beside this lofty Somebody from Oklahoma who was going to hold up the dime store.

There is nothing like Woolworth's at Christmastime. It smells of peanut brittle and terrible chocolate candy, Djer-Kiss talcum powder and Ben Hur perfume—smells sourly of tinsel and waxily of artificial poinsettias. The crowds are made up largely of children and women, with here and there a deliberative old man; the women are buying ribbons and wrappings and Christmas cards, and the children are buying asbestos pot holders for their mothers and, for their fathers, suède bookmarks with a burnt-in design that says "A good book is a good friend" or "Souvenir from the Garden of the Gods." It is very noisy. The salesgirls are forever ringing their bells and asking the floorwalker to bring them change for a five; babies in gocarts are screaming as parcels fall on their heads; the women, waving rolls of red tissue paper, try to attract the attention of the harried girl behind the counter. ("Miss! All I want is this one batch of the red. Can't I just give you the dime?" And the girl, beside herself, mottled with vexation, cries back, "Has to be rung up, Moddom, that's the rule.") There is pandemonium at the toy counter, where things are being tested by the customers—wound up, set off, tooted, pounded, made to say "Maaaah-Maaaah!" There is very little gaiety in the scene and, in fact, those baffled old men look as if they were walking over their own dead bodies, but there is an atmosphere of carnival, nevertheless, and as soon as Lottie and I entered the doors of Woolworth's golden-and-vermilion bedlam, I grew giddy and hot—not pleasantly so. The feeling, indeed, was distinctly disagreeable, like the beginning of a stomach upset.



Lottie gave me a nudge and said softly, "Go look at the envelopes. I want some rubber bands."

This counter was relatively uncrowded (the seasonal stationery supplies—the Christmas cards and wrapping paper and stickers—were at a separate counter), and I went around to examine some very beautiful letter paper; it was pale pink and it had a border of roses all around it. The clerk here was a cheerful middle-aged woman wearing an apron, and she was giving all her attention to a seedy old man who could not make up his mind between mucilage and paste. "Take your time, Dad," she said. "Compared to the rest of the girls, I'm on my vacation." The old man, holding a tube in one hand and a bottle in the other, looked at her vaguely and said, "I want it for stamps. Sometimes I write a letter and stamp it and then don't mail it and steam the stamp off. Must have ninety cents' worth of stamps like that." The woman laughed. "I know what you mean," she said. "I get mad and write a letter and then I tear it up." The old man gave her a condescending look and said, "That so? But I don't suppose yours are of a political nature." He bent his gaze again to the choice of adhesives.

This first undertaking was duck soup for Lottie. I did not even have to exchange a word with the woman; I saw Miss Fagin lift up *that hat* and give me the high sign, and we moved away, she down one aisle and I down the other, now and again catching a glimpse of each other through the throngs. We met at the foot of the second counter, where notions were sold.

"Fun, huh?" said Lottie, and I nodded, although I felt wholly dreary. "I want some crochet hooks," she said. "Price the rickrack."

This time the clerk was adding up her receipts and did not even look at me or at a woman who was angrily and in vain trying to buy a paper of pins. Out went Lottie's scrawny hand, up went her domed chimney. In this way for some time she bagged sitting birds: a tea strainer (there was no one at all at that counter), a box of Mrs. Carpenter's All Purpose Nails, the rubber gloves I had said I wanted, and four packages of mixed seeds. Now you have some idea of the size of Lottie Jump's hat.

I was nervous, not from being her accomplice but from being in this crowd on an empty stomach, and I was getting tired—we had been in the store for at least an hour—and the whole enterprise seemed pointless. There wasn't a thing in her hat I wanted—not even the rubber gloves. But in exact proportion as my spirits descended, Lottie's rose; clearly she had only been target-practicing and now she was moving in for the kill.

We met beside the books of paper dolls, for reconnaissance. "I'm gonna get me a pair of pearl beads," said Lottie. "You go fuss with the hairpins, hear?"

Luck, combined with her skill, would have stayed with Lottie, and her hat would have been a cornucopia by the end of the afternoon if, at the very moment her hand went out for the string of beads, that idiosyncrasy of mine had not struck me full force. I had never known it to come with so few preliminaries; probably this was so because I was oppressed by all the masses of bodies poking and pushing me, and all the open mouths breathing in my face. Anyhow, right then, at the crucial time, I *had to be alone.*

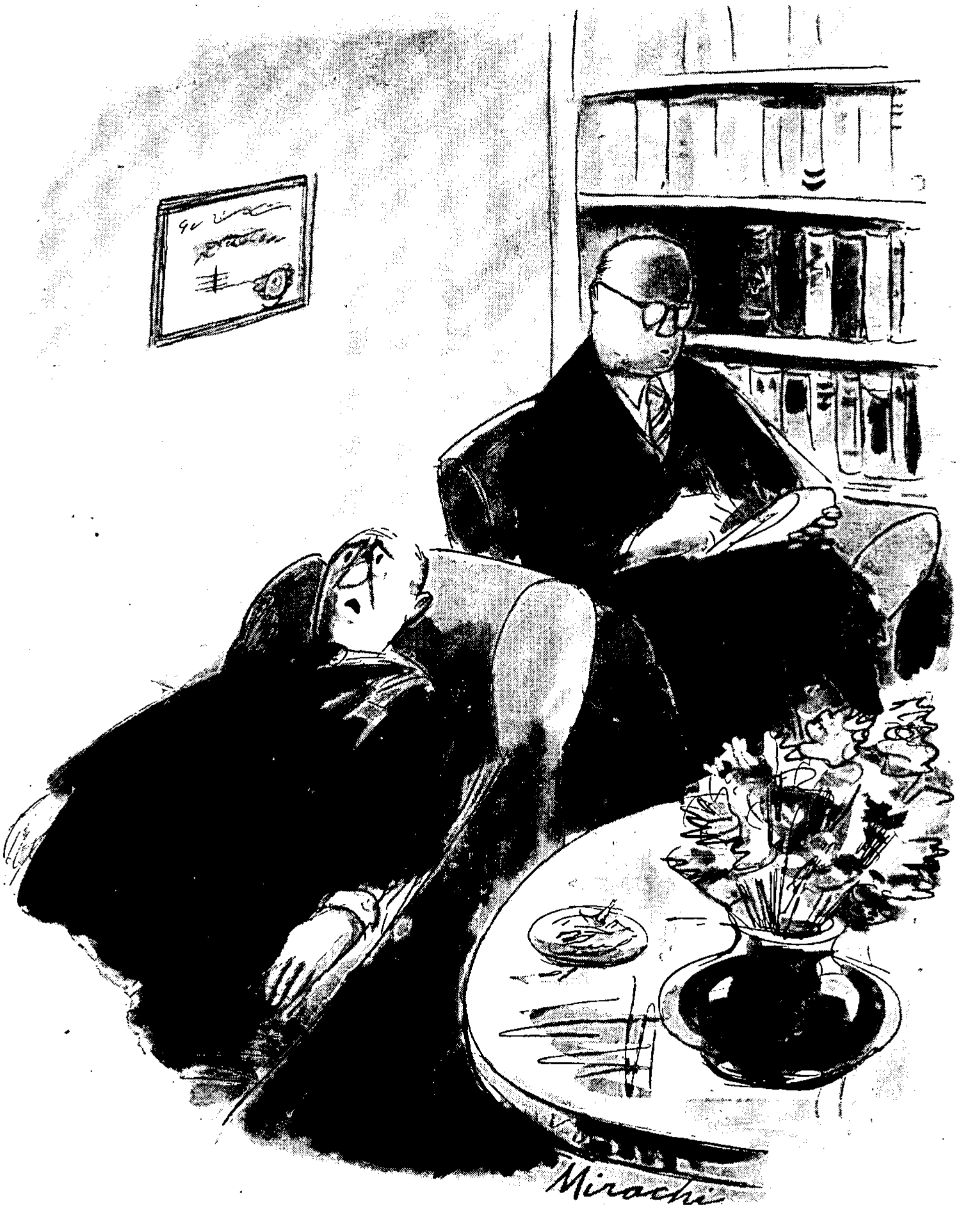
I stood staring down at the bone hairpins for a moment, and when the girl behind the counter said, "What kind does Mother want, hon? What color is Mother's hair?," I looked past her and across at Lottie and I said, "Your brother isn't the only one in your family that doesn't have any brains." The clerk, astonished, turned to look where I was looking and caught Lottie in the act of lifting up her hat to put the pearls inside. She had unwisely chosen a long strand and was having a little trouble; I had the nasty thought that it looked as if her brains were leaking out.

The clerk, not able to deal with this emergency herself, frantically punched her bell and cried, "Floorwalker! Mr. Bellamy! I've caught a thief!"

Momentarily there was a violent hush—then such a clamor as you have never heard. Bells rang, babies howled, crockery crashed to the floor as people stumbled in their rush to the arena.

Mr. Bellamy, nineteen years old but broad of shoulder and jaw, was instantly standing beside Lottie, holding her arm with one hand while with the other he removed her hat to reveal to the overjoyed audience that incredible array of merchandise. Her hair all wild, her face a mask of innocent bewilderment, Lottie Jump, the scurvy thing, pretended to be deaf and dumb. She pointed at the rubber gloves and then she pointed at me, and Mr. Bellamy, able at last to prove his mettle, said "Aha!" and, still holding Lottie, moved around the counter to me and grabbed *my* arm. He gave the hat to the clerk and asked her kindly to accompany him and his redhanded catch to the manager's office.

I DON'T know where Lottie is now—whether she is on the stage or in jail. If her performance after our arrest meant anything, the first is quite as likely as the second. (I never saw her again, and for all I know she lit out of town that night on a freight train. Or perhaps her whole family decamped as suddenly as they had arrived; ours was a most transient population. You can be sure I made no attempt to find her again, and for months I avoided going anywhere near Arapahoe Creek or North Hill.) She never said a word but kept making signs with her fingers, adlibbing the whole thing. They tested her hearing by shooting off a popgun



"I could have bought General Motors in 1949 for twenty-six dollars a share. I could have bought Boeing for six dollars a share. I could have bought Electric Boat for thirteen dollars a share. I could have . . ."

• •

right in her ear and she never batted an eyelid.

They called up my father, and he came over from the Safeway on the double. I heard very little of what he said because I was crying so hard, but one thing I did hear him say was "Well, young lady, I guess you've seen to it that I'll have to part company with my good friend Judge Bay." I tried to defend myself, but it was useless. The manager, Mr. Bellamy, the clerk, and my father patted Lottie on the shoulder, and the clerk said, "Poor, afflicted child." For being a poor, afflicted child, they gave her a bag of hard candy, and she gave them the most fraudulent smile of gratitude, and slobbered a little, and shuffled out, holding her empty hat in front of her like a beggar-man. I hate Lottie Jump to this day, but I have to hand it to her—she was a genius.

The floorwalker would have liked to see me sentenced to the reform school for life, I am sure, but the manager said that considering this was my first offense, he would let my father attend to my punishment. The old-maid clerk, who looked precisely like Emmy Schmalz, clucked her tongue and shook her head at me. My father hustled me out of the office and out of the store and into the car and home, muttering the entire time; now and again I'd hear the words "morals" and "nowadays."

What's the use of telling the rest? You know what happened. Daddy on second thoughts decided not to hang his head in front of Judge Bay but to make use of his friendship in this time of need, and he took me to see the scary old curmudgeon at his house. All I remember of that long declamation, during which the Judge sat behind his desk never taking his eyes off me, was the warning "I want you to give this a great deal of thought, Miss. I want you to search and seek in the innermost corners of your conscience and root out every bit of badness." Oh, *him!* Why, listen, if I'd rooted out all the badness in me, there wouldn't have been anything left of me. My mother cried for days because she had nurtured an outlaw and was ashamed to show her face at the neighborhood store; my father was silent, and he often looked at me. Stella, who was a prig, said, "And to think you did it at *Christmas*time!" As for Jack— well, Jack a couple of times did not know how close he came to seeing glory when I had a butcher knife in my hand. It was Polecat this and Polecat that until I nearly went off my rocker. Tess, of course, didn't know what was going on, and asked so many questions that finally I told her to go to Helen Hunt Jackson in a savage tone of voice.

Good old Muff.

It is not true that you don't learn by experience. At any rate, I did that time. I began immediately to have two or three friends at a time—to be sure, because of the stigma on me, they were by no means the élite of Carlyle Hill Grade—and never again when that terrible need to be alone arose did I let fly. I would say, instead, "I've got a headache. I'll have to go home and take an aspirin," or "Gosh all hemlocks, I forgot—I've got to go to the dentist."

After the scandal died down, I got into the Campfire Girls. It was through pull, of course, since Stella had been a respected member for two years and my mother was a friend of the leader. But it turned out all right. Even Muff did not miss our periods of companionship, because about that time she grew up and started having literally millions of kittens.

—JEAN STAFFORD

•

Mrs. Catherine Kobell, who served as matron of honor, wore a ballerina-length gown of ice cream with cap sleeves and matching mitts and cloche.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Recorder-Gazette.*

Easy to slip out of, anyway.

THE VENERABLE BUSHEL

ONE of the most tradition-bound and yet unpredictable institutions in the world is the Bodleian Library, at the University of Oxford. The Bodleian, repository of countless medieval manuscripts, has managed to adjust itself with remarkable composure to such startling innovations in library life as the invention of the printing press and the widespread use of movable type, but when it comes to things like plumbing, the Bodleian, as I shall try to demonstrate, has been decidedly evasive.

In 1949, I was a Fulbright scholar doing research in theology at Oxford, and to be able to use both the books and those mysterious areas marked "For Readers Only" I had to appear in an academic gown before a high official whose identity I never quite established, armed with credentials from the Principal of my college. When these had been duly accepted, I signed an intricate statement of promises, in return for which I was given reader privileges for one term. At the end of the term, eight weeks later, I had to go through the whole routine again. The promises themselves escape me now, save for a couple, one of them a pledge not to introduce firearms into the building.

Soon after I was accredited, I requested permission to sign a book out overnight, so that I could type out some long paragraphs in my north Oxford flat. (No typing in the Bodleian, needless to say.) I was coldly asked to recall one of my promises, which was to use books only within the walls of the library.

Firearms could not go in, books could not go out—a balanced arrangement, I decided, that was not without a kind of stern realism. Afterward, I learned just how rigidly this rule was enforced. In the seventeenth century, Charles I came to Oxford and made it his fortified headquarters for three and a half tempestuous years. He lived in Christ Church, kept his ammunition in New College, set up a mint in New Inn Hall, maintained a powder mill in Belfry Tower, and generally had things his own way. But there was one thing that Charles I was *not* able to do in Oxford. On December 30, 1645, *he* requested permission to take a book from the Bodleian Library. The request was turned down. The rule said no book should leave the library, and, king or no king, the rule stood. Charles I did not press the issue. Neither, three hundred and four years later, did I. We both knew when we were licked.

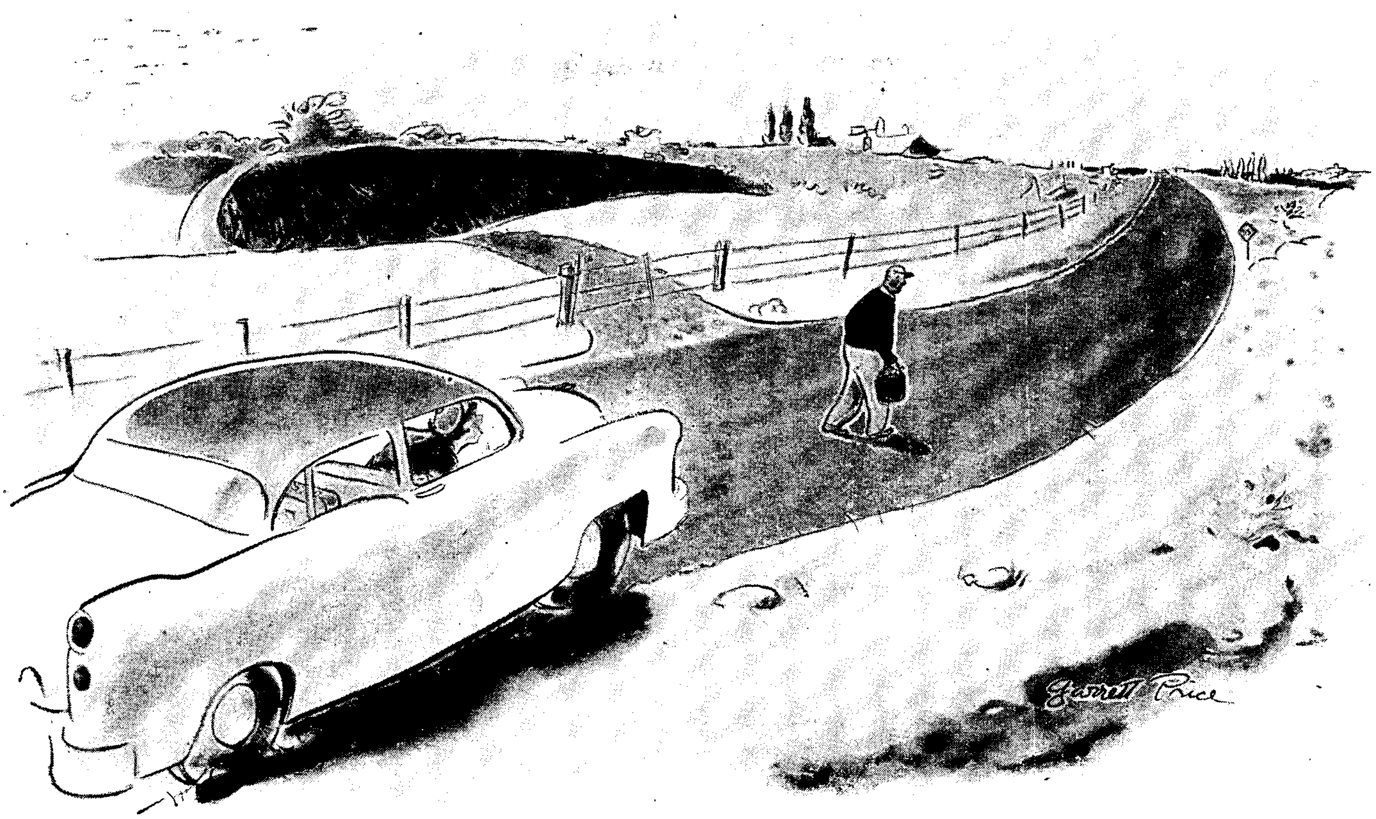
Gift COUNSELOR

"*Well then, let's see. Does he have a bagpipe?*"

To me, the most exciting section of the Bodleian was Duke Humphrey's Library, where I did my research. I came upon it almost by accident. I entered the Bodleian from Broad Street, and presently emerged into a courtyard. Most of the doorways opening off it had Latin inscriptions over them, and in one of the rooms ("Schola Medicinae," I believe the inscription said) there was a huge pile of building stones, which were being used to reface the exterior. Other rooms were equally interesting, but all were barren of books. About halfway around the courtyard, I found one door that was unmarked, and reasoned (I was getting used to things by then) that this was obviously the way to the books. I opened the door, confronted a steep stairway, which I mounted for four flights in a sheer act of faith, and was rewarded by being brought to Duke Humphrey's Library, with its painted ceiling, ancient folios, and rare manuscripts.

My project for the next few months was to gather material out of religious periodicals dating from 1896 to 1921. These were very dusty. Few people, I discovered, had felt any compulsion to examine religious periodicals between those dates. As I zealously turned the pages, spreading the dust of half a century to all corners of the room, I am afraid I was responsible for the unprecedented attacks of coughing and sneezing that disturbed the usually sepulchral atmosphere.

RATHER early on the first day, my hands became grimy from enforced intimacy with the *British Congregationalist*, the *Christian World Pulpit*, the *Expository Times*, and the *Examiner*. I decided they had better be washed. I walked over to the res-



"Try to find a station that gives those green trading stamps."

• •

ervation desk, where two girls were sitting.

"Would you please tell me," I asked one of them, in a courteous, intendedly British, and slightly embarrassed whisper, "how to get to the men's lavat'ry?"

"I beg your pardon?" the girl replied.

"Where's the men's washroom?" I asked, a little louder this time and with no pretense of Anglicized pronunciation.

She frowned, turned to the other girl, whispered to her, and finally said to me, "I don't know."

I was surprised, and even a little annoyed. Surely answering such questions was part of her job.

Just then, the man employed to fetch the books for Readers appeared at the desk. I put my problem to him. Could he tell me where to find the men's washroom? He could indeed, and proceeded to do so in such a loud voice as to embarrass me acutely. I was standing with my back to most of the room, and during his monologue I imagined curious heads peering around the corners of carrels or over the tops of folio volumes.

"Well, sir," the man said, as nearly as I can remember, "you take those stairs there, and you go down four flights to the courtyard, and then you go across to the other side of the courtyard, diagonal-like, and you'll find a little door marked 'Schola Linguarum Hebraicae et Graecae.' Just go in that little door, sir, and *there* it is."

After mumbling a word of thanks, I went down the stairs, crossed the courtyard, opened the door marked "Schola Linguarum Hebraicae et Graecae," and there, by George, it was. I have since reflected that, however inappropriate the label over the door may have been, the Schola, as I came to call it, did indeed serve me well during all the weeks that I tangled with British church history, until I finally got to my terminal research date of December, 1921, and could call it quits.

In disclosing this information, I am aware that I may have betrayed a preciously guarded secret, for in all the times I washed the grime of twenty-five to fifty years of British religious periodicals off my hands, I never once encountered another person in the "Schola Linguarum Hebraicae et Graecae" except, on one occasion, a plumber, who was repairing a leaky faucet. I questioned him, but he could not help me figure out why the Bodleian had hidden the light of this concession to modernity under so venerable a bushel.

—Robert McAfee Brown

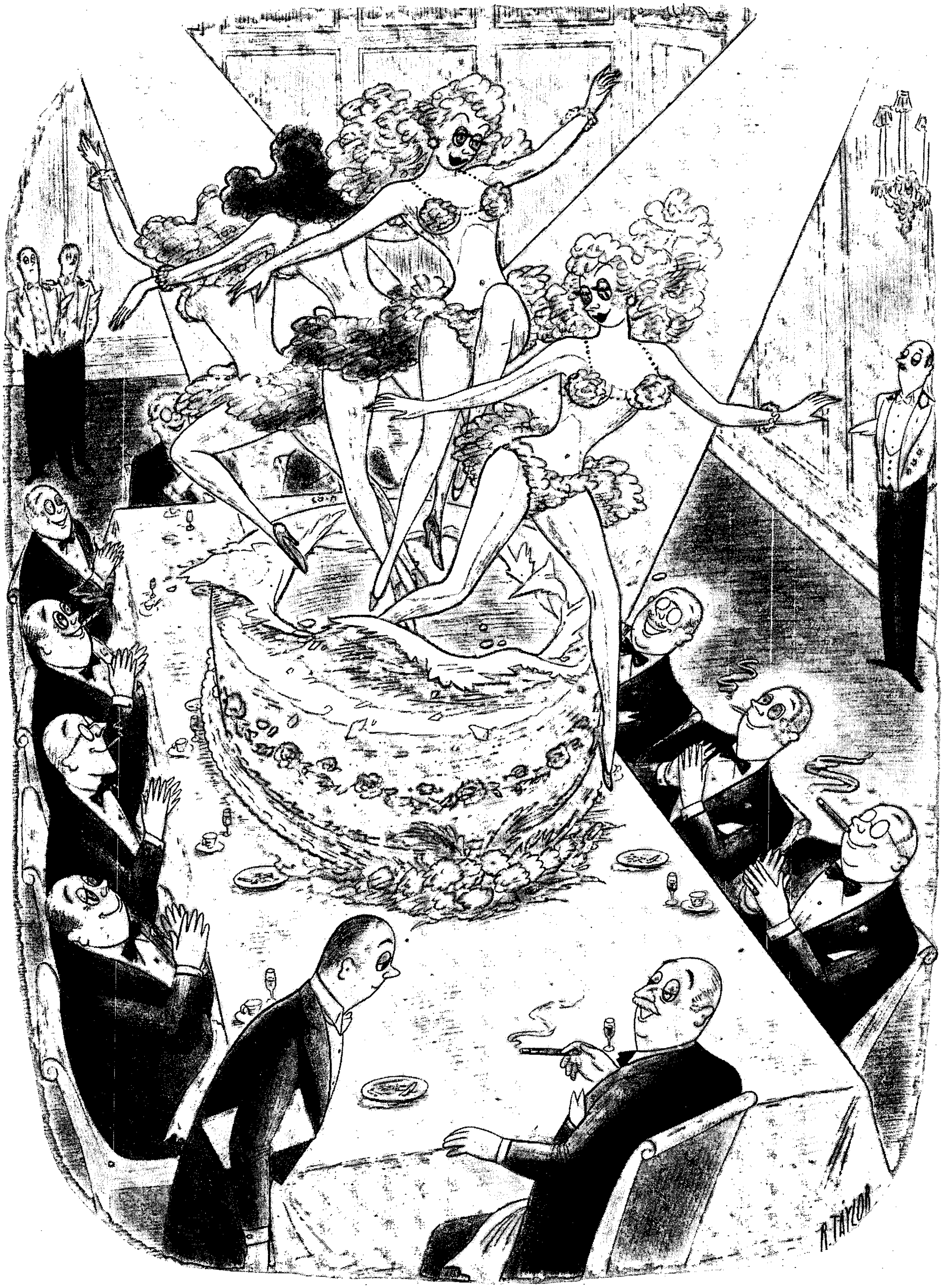
• •

IN AN OLD ORCHARD

In an old orchard, which the wasps and flickers
alone husband,
under aging trees—
their gentle lanes of gnarled and worm-eaten silence
paved with rank, rotting rubies and
ants milling cider in the sticky grass—

here's fruit most sweet, most stolen, where the ruin
of a fiftieth fall
dapples with leaves,
sun, shards, shadows some famished household,
long ladderless, still pitifully gathering all
windfalls onto its damp lap of graves.

—Peter Kane Dufault



"*My compliments to the chef.*"

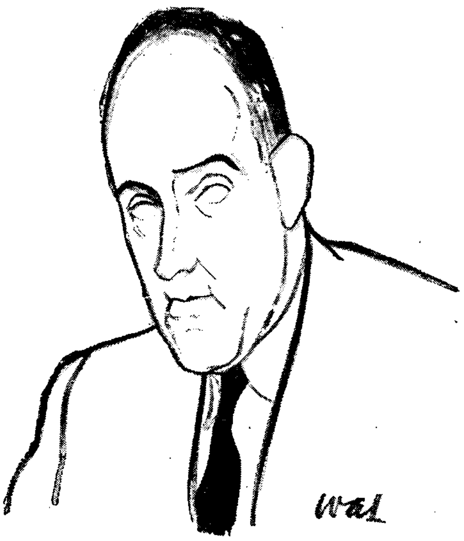
PROFILES

ARCHITECT

III—A TAXI TO THE U. N.

ON days when a strong southeast wind is whipping over Manhattan, Wallace K. Harrison, a fifty-nine-year-old New York architect, who served as director of planning for the Permanent Headquarters of the United Nations, frequently finds it hard to center his full attention on his current projects. A tall, rugged, Roman-faced man who grew up in Massachusetts and is endowed with one of that region's traditional traits, a ponderous conscience, Harrison finds his thoughts travelling irresistibly across town from his office, in Rockefeller Center, to the East River and the United Nations buildings—specifically, to the Secretariat, the thirty-nine-story slab whose broad sides are uninterrupted walls of glass. "I don't know what I could have been thinking of—a building with all that glass on such an exposed site!" he exclaimed one recent windy morning to a group of his associates in the firm of Harrison & Abramovitz. "Boy, those windows take a beating! I know as well as the next guy that the gustiest winds we get in New York are southeasters. And I know that the East River is a perfect highway for them, and they sweep right up it unimpeded. I *knew* all these things when we were working on the Secretariat, and still, somehow, I didn't do anything about it. Well, our experts tell us the windows are perfect now, and that helps, but putting them in in the first place was hardly a stroke of brilliance." Coming from the architect who is customarily regarded as the most influential American practitioner of his generation, such a declaration of personal fallibility amounts to outright eccentricity nowadays, when it has become standard operating procedure for prominent architects to reëvaluate their earlier buildings as more impeccable, more epochal, than even they conceded at the time they designed them. "Actually, it's ridiculous to compare Wally Harrison with the geniuses of our profession," the British architect Howard Robertson, who was a member of the international board of design that planned the United Nations headquarters under Harrison's leadership, said not long ago. "Wally is an entirely different breed of animal from Frank Lloyd Wright or Le Corbusier. They're pure artists, great revolutionaries. Wally's a man whose profession is architecture. There's a true strain of the dreamer and the poet and the artist in him, but his visions are always tempered by a realistic appreciation of the conditions he's operating under on any particular job—the money that's available, the men he's working with, the time factor. He's a far rarer type than a genius, and in our world, such as it is today, he's at least as valuable. He can get difficult jobs done. I suspect that if the task of building the U.N. had been placed in the hands of any of the several architects who felt that the commission should have been theirs by divine right, the U.N. delegates would still be leading a highly nomadic existence."

People who have known Harrison ever since he first came to New York, in 1916, are inclined to feel that his ability to combine dreaming with getting things done may be attributed to the extreme vicissitudes of his earlier days, which were marked by a prolonged stretch of joyless grubbing that gave him ample time to muse about things as they might be, and was followed by a swift rise to a position of responsibility in the world of affairs. Unlike most of his colleagues, who made architecture their career because it appealed to them as a means of using their creative gifts to benefit the community, Harrison stumbled into architecture by accident when, at the age of fourteen, he found himself obliged to support himself and took the first job he could get, which happened to be that of office boy for a construction company in his home town of Worcester. This job gradually led to drafting, and aroused his interest in architectural matters generally. In all, Harrison struggled along through seventeen lean years, interrupted only by a hitch in the Navy during the First World War and a couple of spells in Paris as a rather overage student at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, before he broke into the big time as a partner in an architectural firm headed by Harvey Wiley Corbett—a connection that shortly afterward gave him the opportunity to help design Rockefeller Center. When Harrison looks back on the long and painful apprenticeship that preceded his arrival—something he does no

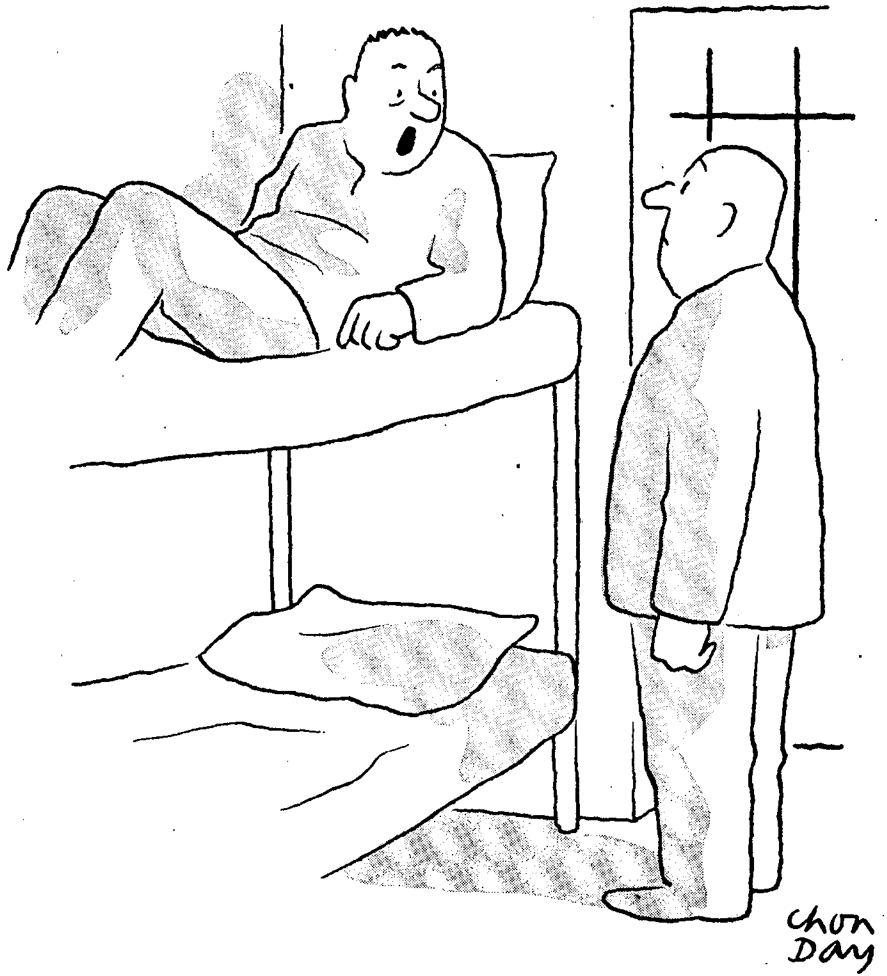


Wallace Harrison

more often than necessary—he feels sure that it accounts for the skepticism with which he now listens to some of his fellow-architects as they loftily insist that a modern building should have no connection with the past, or that it should be a machine for living, or that it should be a symbol of its own function. "I consider myself a modern architect, but a fellow like me, who has gone through the mill, never goes in for complete and uninhibited revolt," he says. "When you leave your drawing board and start getting your hands dirty, you stop thinking of buildings as a challenge to your ability to create absolute art. You're happy to settle for good buildings that get built, in the hope that they'll lead to progressively better buildings."

Harrison spent ten years working on Rockefeller Center, and in the course of that extended meeting of strong minds and hard currency he developed from a talented young designer into a mature architect. At the same time, a friendship that has had a marked bearing on his career ever since grew up between him and Nelson Rockefeller, who in 1938 became president of Rockefeller Center, Inc., and, like Harrison, is a man with a strong catalytic gift. As the thirties advanced and the world situation grew increasingly grave, these two men shared the concern of many others about the apparent inevitability of war in Europe and the possibility that such a war might spread across the Atlantic. Rockefeller, who knew Latin America well, was especially fearful about the South American republics; since the United States had been paying little attention to them for years, he felt that they might well fall to the totalitarians by default unless this country adopted a new and vigorous hemispheric policy. With the assistance of Harrison, Beardsley Ruml, and other informed friends, Rockefeller drew up an exhaustive memorandum on the subject and turned it over to Harry Hopkins, who brought it to the attention of President Roosevelt. Impressed, the President at once created a special government agency called the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, and in August, 1940, appointed Rockefeller to head it. Rockefeller suggested to Harrison that he drop everything and join him in Washington, but this proved impossible just then, what with the commitments of Harrison's firm—Harrison, Fouilhoux & Abramovitz—and a project he was working on with Rockefeller's brother Laurance and the Navy to save steel by building ships of concrete. The following June, however, Harrison turned the firm over to his two partners—André Fouilhoux and Max Abramovitz—and joined Rockefeller's agency as Assistant Coördinator in charge of its Cultural Relations Division. He subsequently became the Deputy Coördinator, and in March, 1945, after Rockefeller was transferred to the State Department, took over the job of Coördinator.

WEARY in mind and thin in wallet after nearly five years of government service, Harrison returned to New York and architecture in April, 1946. He found his firm in bad shape. Not long after Harrison had gone to Washington, Abramovitz, who was regarded by his partners as an enormously skillful designer, had joined the Air Force, and had spent two years on General Chennault's staff, building airfields in China. Fouilhoux carried on alone as best he could until shortly before the end of the war, when he was killed by a fall from the roof of a housing project the firm was putting up in Brooklyn. "He'd been terribly overworked and under a great strain for a long, long time," Harrison told a friend recently. "He was a wonderful guy, Fouilhoux—and a superb architect. We'd been partners since 1935." Harrison and Abramovitz, who was released by the Air Force early in 1946, set about reorganizing the firm, and before long they had all the business they could handle. Their first spectacular postwar commission was to draw up plans for X City, the city-within-a-city that William Zeckendorf, then executive vice-president of the real-estate brokerage firm of Webb & Knapp, was thinking of putting up on approximately the same site as that now occupied by the United Nations. Soon, however, Harrison found that he wasn't happy simply devoting himself to business as usual. "The battles were over, but the struggle was just as intense," he says. "We couldn't suddenly drop countries we'd been helping during the war and tell them to shift for themselves. There was a lot of work to be done, and among the many things we had learned while we were running the South American office was that you don't build a stable world just with propaganda and banquets." As staunch believers in the United Nations, which had voted to make its permanent headquarters somewhere in the United States and was weighing the advantages of various sites, Rockefeller and Harrison were delighted to accept appointments to a Committee of Plan and Scope that Mayor O'Dwyer had organized, with Robert Moses at its head, to present the case for New York City. The United Nations Permanent Headquarters Committee—a body appointed in January, 1946, and consisting of one representative from each of the member countries—had specified that it must have a site of at least two thousand acres (it later discarded this requirement), and the only available city-owned area that size was in Flushing Meadow, a practically subaqueous tract whose shortcomings were obvious to everybody. Rockefeller and Harrison, both of whom felt that the cosmopolitan spirit of New York and its exceptional communications facilities made it the natural home for the U.N., prepared a one-reel movie showing how the city planned to refurbish the Meadow if the United Nations would agree to settle there, but it failed to stir the members of the Permanent Headquarters Committee; during their tours of duty out there at Lake Success, then the U.N.'s temporary headquarters, they had had their fill of the region's subtle swampland aroma, and wanted no more of it, with or without improvements. By December, 1946, the Permanent Headquarters Committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel, of Colombia, had finished inspecting the various other sites that had been offered to the organization, and had just about made up its mind to take a ten-square-mile one in suburban Phila-



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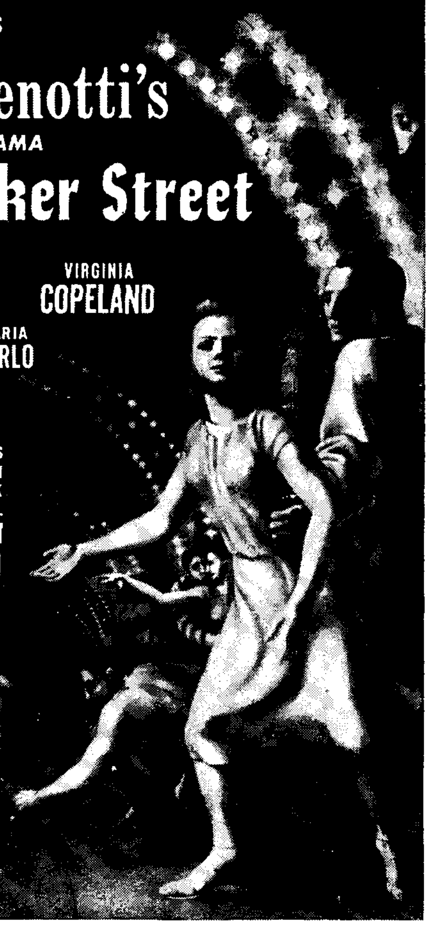

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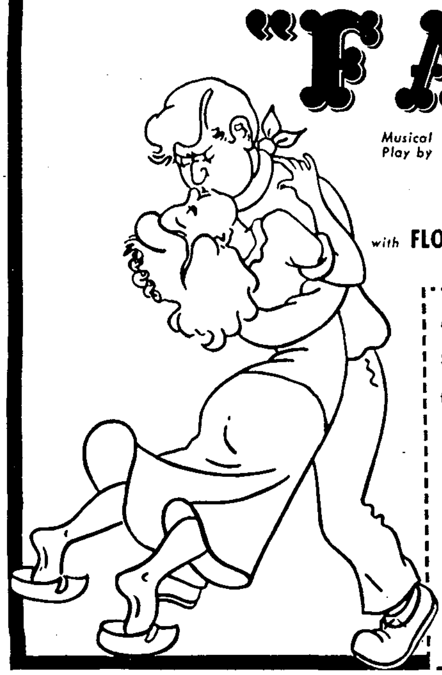
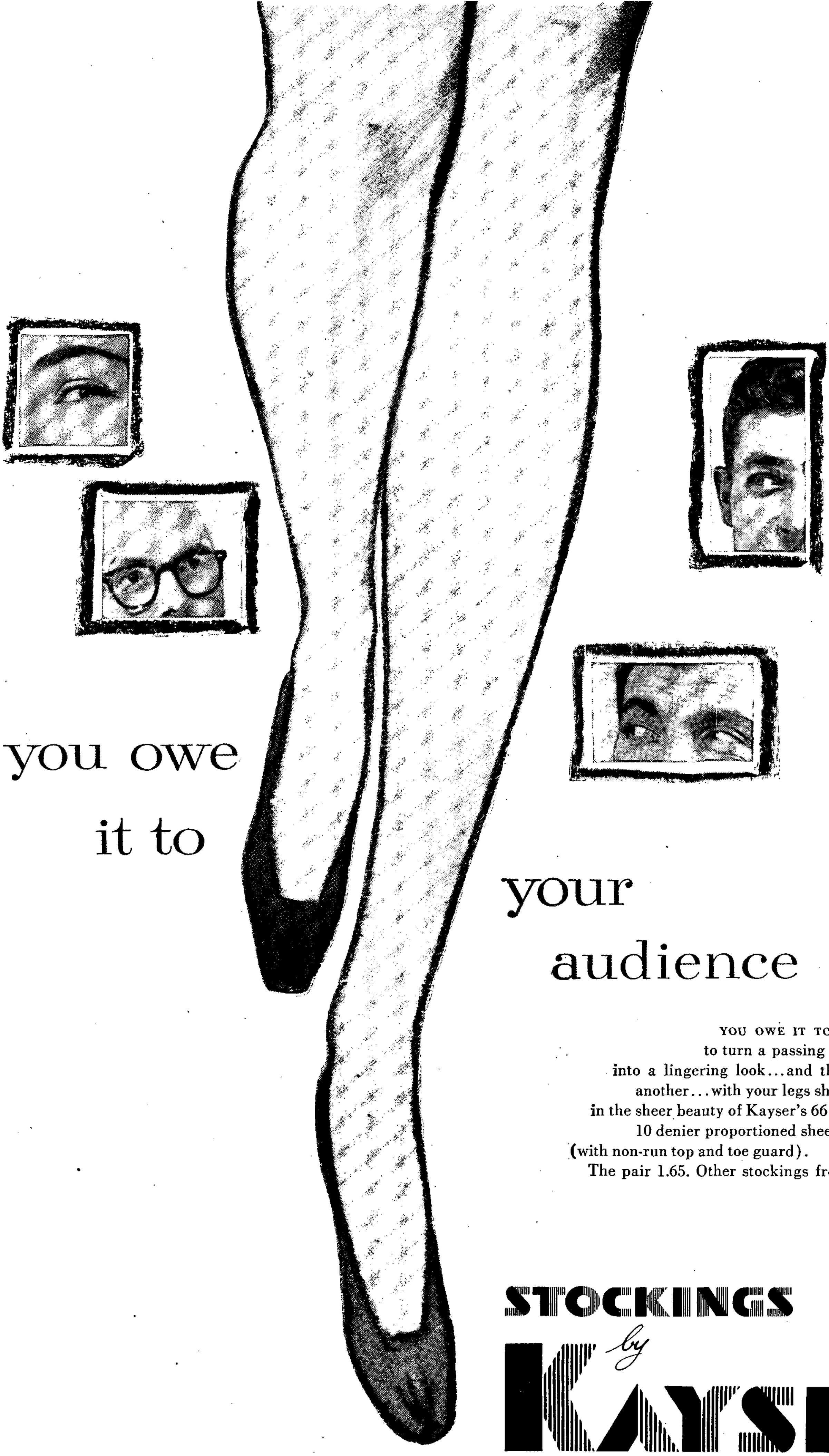


delphia. The Australian delegation and quite a few others representing countries in the Pacific area favored San Francisco, but the important European delegations, Russia among them, were dead set against the West Coast. As for the East Coast, an early preference for Connecticut's Fairfield County cooled off after several members of the Permanent Headquarters Committee had been stoned by the local inhabitants during an inspection trip there, and Boston's best offer wasn't in the same leafy league with the spacious tract that Philadelphia was prepared to make available.

On the morning of Sunday, December 8th, Nelson Rockefeller, who was in Mexico City for the inauguration of President Miguel Alemán, received a joint telephone call from Harrison and Frank Jamieson, a former Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaperman who handles the Rockefeller family's relations with the press and the public. They were calling to inform him of the Philadelphia threat and of the need for immediate action if he still had any hopes for New York. Rockefeller, who did indeed still have hopes for New York, arrived at LaGuardia Field around six that evening and was met by Harrison and Clark Eichelberger, another member of the Mayor's committee. The three men were driven directly to the United Nations' temporary headquarters at Lake Success, where, after being held up at the gates for an hour while the guards checked to see if they were who they claimed to be, they had a talk with Secretary-General Trygve Lie, Dr. Zuleta Angel, and Senator Warren Austin, the head of the American delegation to the U.N. Rockefeller asked them whether they thought the members of the Headquarters Committee might still consider settling in or around New York. Senator Austin said that he thought the minds of the delegates were still open, but that, as far as New York went, while they would not be averse to the countryside *around* the city, they would prefer a site *in* it, such as the X City plot, which Zeckendorf had not long before attempted to sell to the municipal authorities as a possible location for the headquarters. The important thing to bear in mind, Dr. Zuleta Angel put in, was that the Committee was scheduled to convene on Wednesday morning and reach a final decision then. In short, Rockefeller had two and a half days.

Rockefeller spent Monday thinking and conferring in his New York office, on the Fifty-sixth floor of the R.C.A. Building. He reached one con-



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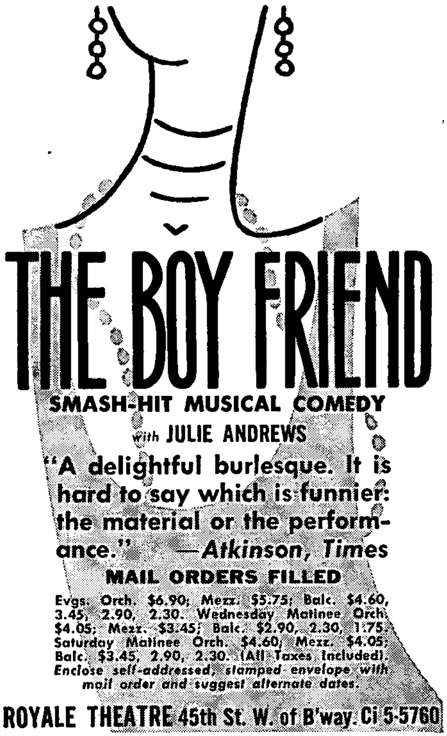

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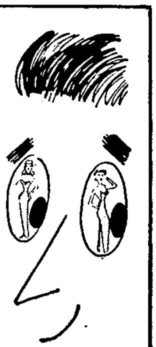

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clusion—X City was out; it would undoubtedly be too expensive for him to swing alone. The most likely alternative, he decided, was Pocantico Hills, back of Tarrytown, where he, his father, and his four brothers all had homes, and on Tuesday morning he launched an eleventh-hour drive to round up enough land for a site there. He outlined his plan to his father at lunch, and to his brothers during the afternoon, and in every case he told them of Senator Austin's appraisal of the delegates' taste in the matter of an urban versus a suburban site, but added his belief that the Pocantico Hills area was worth at least a very good try. Each of the Rockefellers volunteered to give up a considerable portion of his individual holdings at Pocantico Hills, for a total of a thousand acres. Then, spreading out large-scale maps of the region on the cocoa-colored carpet of his office, Nelson hurriedly negotiated through his Westchester real-estate broker for options on two thousand acres adjoining the Rockefellers' properties, which would bring the complete parcel to three thousand acres. He now needed only to borrow a million dollars from his father for the purchase of the land covered by the options in order to wrap up the whole shebang. At the end of the day, Nelson called Austin to inform him that he had pretty well succeeded in acquiring a site in Westchester, but to his dismay, the Senator replied that he now thought the members of the Headquarters Committee would not be interested in any New York site that was not actually in the city. Gloomily, Nelson telephoned his father at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, surrounded by an agitated group consisting of Harrison, Jamieson, Mrs. Louise Boyer, who is Nelson's assistant, and John Lockwood, one of the family's lawyers. Nelson told John D., Jr., how things stood, and then, as he listened to his father's comments, his face broke into a smile of astonished rapture. "Why, Pa!" he exclaimed. Cupping his hand over the mouthpiece, Nelson told the group around him, in a sort of whispered yodel, "He wants to know how much that site along the East River would cost! He wants to *give* it to them! . . . Wally, how much do you think it would take to get it?" Eight or eight and a half million, Harrison guessed. Upon receiving this information, Rockefeller *père* informed Rockefeller *fils* that if the river plot could be purchased, he was prepared to donate it to the United Nations, on one condition—that the United States waive the federal gift tax. (John D., Jr., pre-

"A HUMDINGER!" —KERR, H.-TRIB.
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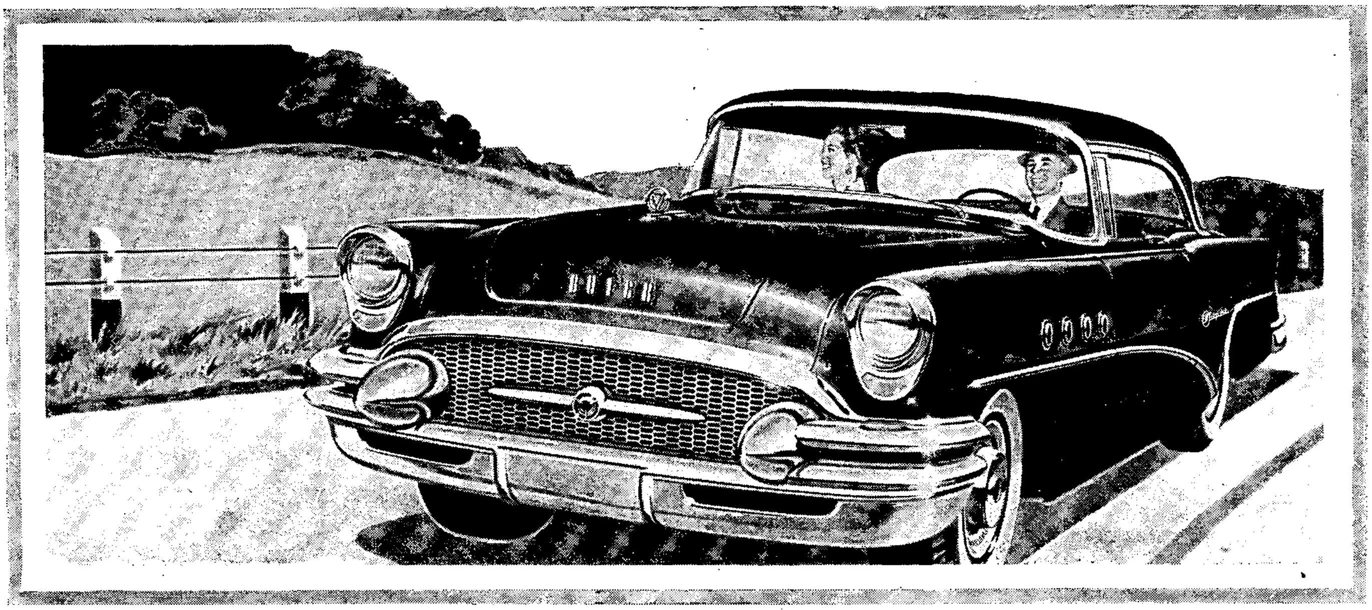

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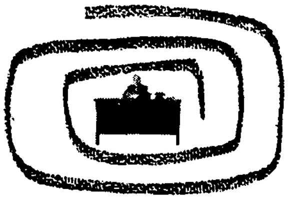
Know your company and the jobs of the people in it. Get used to taking responsibility — and doing it without becoming officious about it. Learn how to handle crises without blowing your bonnet. Gain a reputation for your willingness to work hard — to stay in the office till all hours to finish a job if need be.

Be completely at home with the language of your firm's kind of business, so you can handle communications comfortably with engineers, lawyers, doctors, Indian chiefs, or whoever it may be. A respectable knowledge of business law is an asset — as well as such bread and butter matters as insurance, taxes, pension plans and the like. Be alert to improvements. Don't be afraid to read —particularly business subjects.

Well, these are just some of the things we picked up from "Secretaries Try for Quality Control" in a recent issue of Nation's Business, a story about earning the new CPS rating — Certified Professional Secretary. Frankly, the only thing we're afraid of is, if our secretary were this good, why would the boss want us around? Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

sumably had in mind a rankling experience in the twenties, when he gave the League of Nations two million dollars for a library in Geneva and was held up for a gift tax of more than a third of a million by the United States government—a bite that rather took the joy out of his philanthropy.)

After the initial wave of exultation had subsided, Nelson and his cohorts deployed for action. Before the separate clearances with the city, county, state, and federal governments could be tackled, one piece of business, on which everything else hinged, had to be taken care of: An option had to be obtained on the river site, which consisted of seventeen acres between Forty-second and Forty-eighth Streets, and First Avenue and the East River, from Zeckendorf's firm of Webb & Knapp. Harrison was nominated for the job. He was the logical candidate, for he knew all about the site from having worked on it at the time Zeckendorf was planning to build X City there. The first step, therefore, was to find Zeckendorf. After an hour of putting in phone calls to various likely places, Harrison finally traced him to the Monte Carlo, a night club on the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street that was one of the odder properties controlled by Webb & Knapp. Zeckendorf told Harrison to come on over.

It was ten o'clock when Harrison arrived at the Monte Carlo, the pocket of his jacket bulging with a block-by-block map of the site. "I tried to assume an air of nonchalance, but I couldn't make it," Harrison recalls. "Did you ever see that Disney movie called 'Saludos Amigos'—the part where Donald Duck gets stuck high up in the Altiplano of the Andes? The air is so thin that Donald's heart is shown plunging a foot and a half out of his body every time it beats. Well, my heart was thumping just like that." Harrison found Zeckendorf in a private dining room at the rear of the club, attending a gala birthday party that was being given for one of his partners, Henry Sears. Harrison and Zeckendorf adjourned to the club's private office.

"You know that site on the river?" Harrison remembers saying, without any warmup whatsoever. "I want you to give me an option on it for the U.N."

"*Is* it for the U.N.?" Zeckendorf asked.

"Yes, it's for the U.N., and for nothing else," Harrison replied. "I'm not committing myself any further—about who I'm representing, or anything."

"O.K.," Zeckendorf said, without

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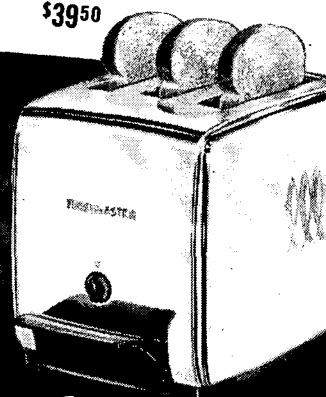

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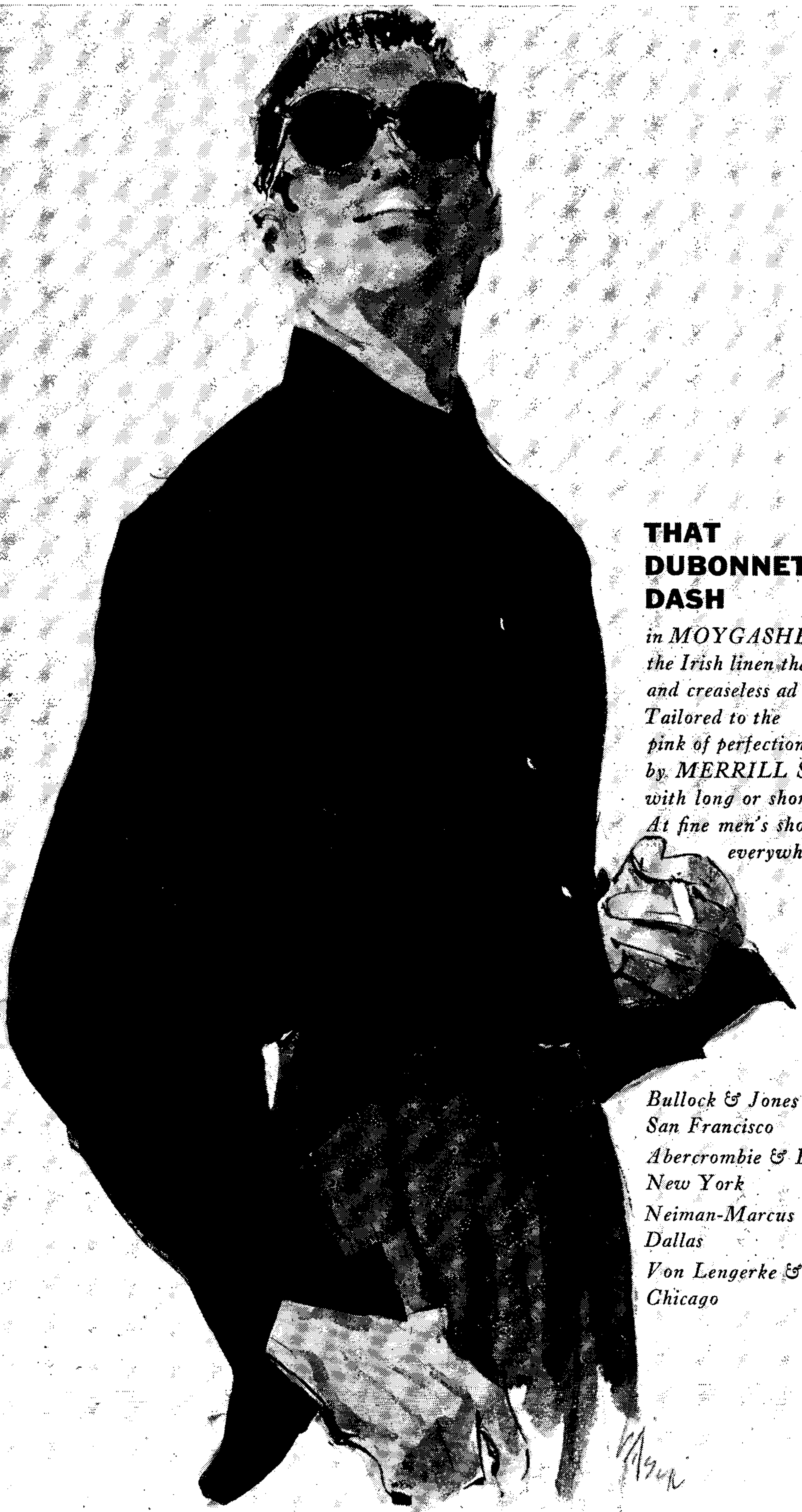

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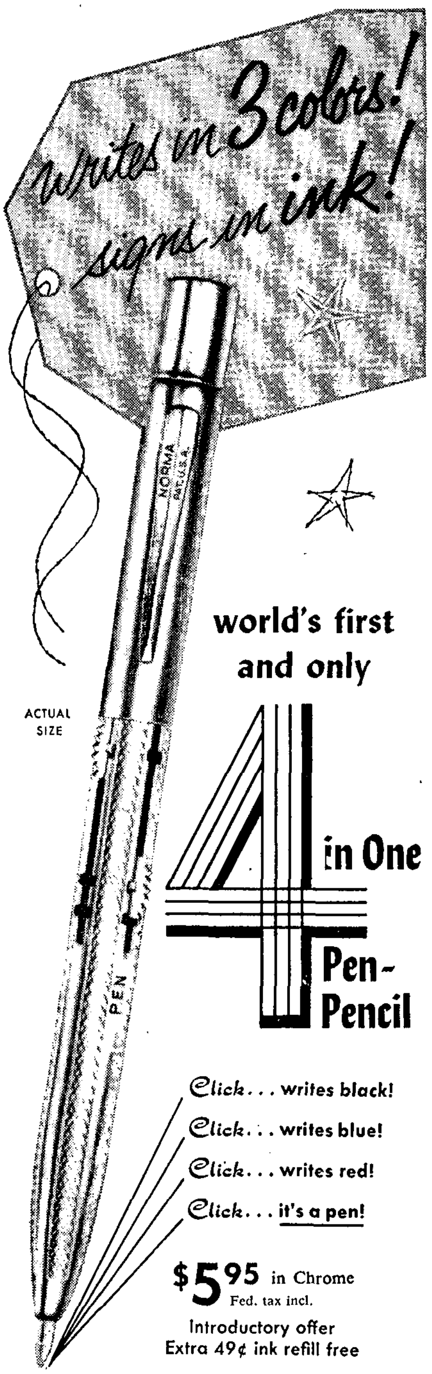

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hesitation. "I'll give you an option on it for eight and a half million."

Harrison said that this would be satisfactory, at which Zeckendorf, after consulting briefly with Sears, stretched Harrison's map out on the desk and, after outlining the six blocks involved in the site with his pen, wrote at the top:

> $8,500,000 = East side of 1st Ave., 42nd to 43rd—Sq. Block 43-44 + 44-45 1st Ave. to East River + Sq. Block 46-47 NE Cor. 47 and 1st Ave. + 100 × 100 North Side 47th at Consolidated Garage = $8,500,000, to United Nations only.

On a side margin of the map he wrote an additional note: "$8,500,000 to U.N. Dec. 10 for 30 days," and then both he and Sears signed their names.

Suppressing an impulse to grab the telephone on the desk and report the good news then and there to the group that was sweating it out in Nelson Rockefeller's office, Harrison tucked the map back in his pocket and walked out into the December night and over to the St. Regis Hotel, where he dialled his associates from a pay station in the lobby. "Nelson told me to pick up a bottle of champagne," he recalls. "He said a celebration was in order. Well, I fished in my pockets when I got out of the booth and found I had only a dollar and eleven cents on me. That struck me as funny as hell. Here's a guy who's just closed a deal for eight and a half million dollars and he hasn't got enough dough to buy a dozen bottles of Moxie."

In the end, the party got its champagne—two quarts of it—by sending out to "21." They polished off a quart (the other is still aging commemoratively in a pantry adjacent to Rockefeller's office) and then got down to business again. In one corner of the room, Lockwood, the lawyer, studied Zeckendorf's scrawled notations on the map and, after an hour's pondering, solemnly declared that he thought it would hold up as a valid option. In the meantime—it had become Wednesday by then—a number of telephone calls were put through. One was to Robert Moses, who agreed to see Mayor O'Dwyer the first thing that morning about getting the city to cede its rights to the streets, the river bulkheads, and various strips of land it controlled within the site. Another call was to Senator Austin, who was staying at the Pennsylvania Hotel, now the Statler. Austin is not particularly noted as a man of rapid action, but on this occasion he performed like an Ohio State scatback. He called Washington, awakened

(*Advertisement*)

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE HIGHLANDS

The Napoleonic Wars strained the British exchequer to the limit and, in its search for additional revenues, Parliament drastically advanced the tax on Scotch whisky.

Whether the higher taxes increased revenues appears doubtful; but they definitely gave new impetus to the game of hide and seek which the Scottish "smugglers" had been playing with the English excisemen for many years, and at which they had developed great skill and daring. Smugglers in those days were simply operators of unlicensed distilleries, and their lasting fame rests on the fact that they maintained a standard of quality which might otherwise have been lost.

Because of the complex and unrealistic nature of the British tax laws, the only way the legal distiller could stay in business was to maintain a large output and rush it to market as quickly as possible.

The smuggler, on the other hand, could take his time. To him, distilling whisky was as much an art as playing the bagpipe, and he took a conscientious pride in maintaining the quality of his product. The public preferred "smuggler" whisky for the very sound reason that it was better whisky.

Today, Old Smuggler Brand*—the Scotch with a history—is carrying on the quality traditions associated with the smugglers of old, much to the delight of discriminating Americans. Developed with patience and scruple, Old Smuggler has earned the reputation of being so fine that whenever it is poured, one man frequently says to another, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

**Blended Scotch Whisky—86 proof*

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IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
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1835
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86 PROOF

"Careful, don't waste a drop-that's Old Smuggler"

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Such people clearly are due some recognition, so we asked the distinguished artist, Abner Dean, to create the certificate illustrated above. It portrays Mr. Dean's concept of the days when the Scottish smugglers played hide and seek with the English excisemen, as described more fully on the opposite page.

All friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to send us interesting stories about Old Smuggler or tell how they discovered it. Your letter will entitle you to a handsome membership certificate in THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean and inscribed with your name. Size, 14 x 17 inches. Send your letter to W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York, Dept. Y-4.

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the general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and obtained his substantial opinion that the government would exempt John D., Jr., from paying a gift tax if the United Nations accepted his offer. Later that morning, at about eight, while Moses was on his way to see Mayor O'Dwyer and Lockwood was calling Albany to negotiate clearances with the state authorities, Nelson Rockefeller—after breakfasting with his father—picked up Harrison and they went up to the Harkness Pavilion of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, where Dr. Zuleta Angel, who was in poor health, had spent the night. They informed him of their last-minute entry in the competition.

At a meeting of the Headquarters Committee at Lake Success at ten o'clock that Wednesday morning, Dr. Zuleta Angel recognized Senator Austin, and the Senator made a dramatic announcement of the Rockefeller offer. Before adjourning, in a flurry of excitement, the Headquarters Committee instructed a subcommittee to inspect the land in question that afternoon. The next morning, following an enthusiastic report by the subcommittee, the Headquarters Committee voted, thirty-three to seven, to draft a resolution recommending that the General Assembly, then in session, accept the gift. Two days later, on Saturday, December 14th, the General Assembly voted, forty-six to seven, to adopt the resolution. "When it was all over, and we had won, I think we saw for the first time why we'd been successful," Harrison says. "It was very simple, really. The delegates had wanted New York all along."

SOME three weeks later, on January 2, 1947, Secretary-General Lie appointed Harrison director of planning for the United Nations Permanent Headquarters. "Harrison was only one of a number of architects who were under consideration," a veteran United Nations official stated recently. "There was some talk at the time that he went with the deal—that he was given the appointment because of his connection with the Rockefellers. That isn't so. The Secretary-General solicited recommendations from many sources. He decided on the basis of these recommendations that Harrison was the architect best qualified for the post. Harrison knew a great deal about the site, he was well versed in the special problems of building in New York, and he had had experience working with governmental officials and with men from foreign

LETTER TO MRS. RICHARDS
FROM WHITE FLOWER FARM

DEAR MRS. RICHARDS:

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countries. In fact, he was uniquely qualified."

Harrison and Lie got together in mid-January for the first of innumerable meetings they were to hold during the nearly six years it took to design and build the headquarters. Routine matters, such as the chain of command (Harrison would report directly to Lie or to Byron Price, an Assistant Secretary-General) and Harrison's salary (the same as that of the head of any large department of the U.N.—twelve thousand dollars a year, plus another six thousand to help out on income taxes), were quickly disposed of. Then came the delicate matter of how to select the architects who would design the buildings, and in this Harrison and Lie were guided by the knowledge that the old League of Nations had got off to a woefully bad start when, in seeking a design for its Geneva headquarters, it held a competition open to architects from all its member countries, failed to reach a clear-cut decision as to the winner, and, in the course of seven years of wrangling, managed to affront individuals and nations alike in wholesale lots before it at last erected a building that no one was happy about. "Lie and I tried to make the machinery as simple and foolproof as possible," Harrison says. "We decided we'd have an international board of design that would collaborate on drawing up plans for the headquarters buildings. First off, we sent notices to all the member countries of the U.N., inviting them to nominate architects to serve on the board. In a few cases—like Soilleux, from Australia, I remember, and Liang, from China—when we felt we didn't know enough about the men who were nominated, we asked them to submit samples of their work. Then the question was how many members the board should have. We finally figured that we'd need about ten, to take care of all the areas that we thought ought to be represented—somebody from Western Europe, somebody from Eastern Europe, somebody from Scandinavia, at least one from the British Commonwealth, one from South America, one from the Far East, and so on. We picked the members of the board partly for their talent and partly for geographical and political considerations. We couldn't pick Alvar Aalto, who's a wonderful architect, because Finland wasn't a member of the U.N. We had to pass up Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius, because they were too closely identified with prewar Germany. The sixty-four-dollar question was whether

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or not we should pick Le Corbusier. When you have to deal with matters of opinion and problems of personality—and, you may be sure, Le Corbusier is a man who can contribute plenty of both—it complicates the job. A good many people strongly advised against having him. On the other hand, there were some good reasons why we *should* have him—he was a great architect, of course, and besides he'd been given such a dirty deal in that League of Nations competition when his plan, although it was the choice of the majority of the judges, was finally thrown out on the absurd technicality that it had been drawn up with the wrong kind of ink. When all was said and done, we decided Corbu was better in than out." In addition to Le Corbusier, who, of course, represented France, the board was made up of G. A. Soilleux, of Australia; Gaston Brunfaut, of Belgium; Oscar Niemeyer, of Brazil; Ernest Cormier, of Canada; Ssu-ch'eng Liang, of China; Sven Markelius, of Sweden; N. D. Bassov, of Russia; Howard Robertson, of Great Britain; and Julio Vilamajó, of Uruguay. To supplement this group, seven special consultants were later added: Josef Havlíček, of Czechoslovakia; Vladimir Bodiansky, of France; John Antoniades, of Greece; Matthew Nowicki, of Poland; Peter Noskov, of Russia; Hugh Ferriss, of the United States; and Ernest Weissmann, of Yugoslavia. "Two-thirds of the board turned out to be marvellous architects," Harrison says. "The other third were good architects."

The first of the architects arrived in New York in early March—Robertson, a methodical-minded, well-tailored Londoner with a solid air of affability; Liang, who was an archeologist at heart and was overwhelmed by the newness of New York; Bassov, a stocky, middle-aged Russian engineer-architect, who had made his reputation during the war, when he was entrusted with relocating his nation's heavy industry east of the Urals; and Le Corbusier, crisp, high-pitched, and garrulous as a blue jay, his lean face dominated by thick-bowed, heavy-lensed spectacles—and the others trickled in, one at a time, during the next three or four weeks. Meanwhile, a group of architects from Harrison's office, headed by Harmon Goldstone, Abel Sorensen, and George Dudley, had started developing a "program," which is what architects call the documented study they make to determine the space and facilities a proposed building will need in order to fulfill its specified func-

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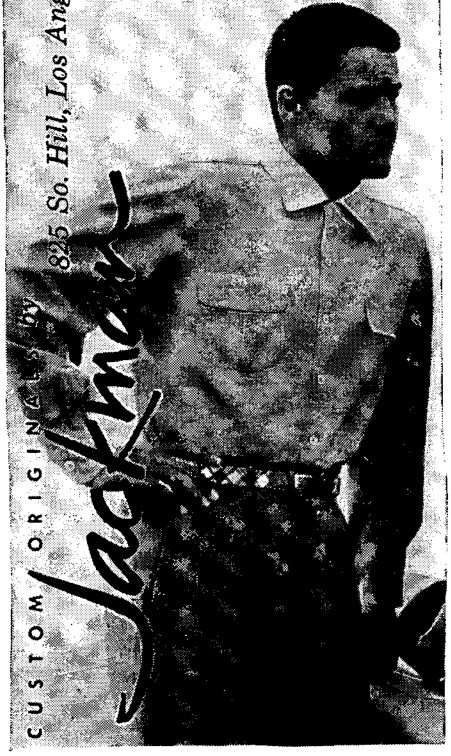
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tions. Harrison's men interviewed dozens of Secretariat officials and members of the General Assembly, and then converted their mass of information into architectural facts and figures; for example, estimating that in time as many as 5,265 people might be employed in the various divisions and departments of the Secretariat, they came to the conclusion that the building to house it would require 439,595 square feet of office space, 25,033 square feet of meeting rooms, and 351,483 square feet for "other services." The program, printed in English and French, made everything as plain as day from an architect's point of view, and Harrison says he believes it helped put everybody in a hopeful frame of mind. In any event, the members of the board were in a conspicuously amiable mood when they began exchanging ideas at their first regular meeting, held early in April in the Headquarters Planning Office, which Harrison had set up on the twenty-seventh floor of the R.K.O. Building. Harrison picked this midtown location because he thought it would be a good plan for the board to be physically separated from the other activities of the United Nations, at Lake Success, and therefore less exposed to any possible oblique political pressures.

After studying the program, the board voted unanimously in favor of putting up three buildings—one for the General Assembly, one to house the Secretariat, and one for conferences of the various councils and committees. From the beginning, the Secretariat Building was visualized by practically everybody as a skyscraper, since no smaller structure could provide the needed office space and still leave enough room on the site for walks, grass, and trees. The amiability of the visiting architects visibly increased as they contemplated this obvious need for at least one skyscraper, since, as they were not reluctant to admit, they had come to New York with the hope of getting a crack

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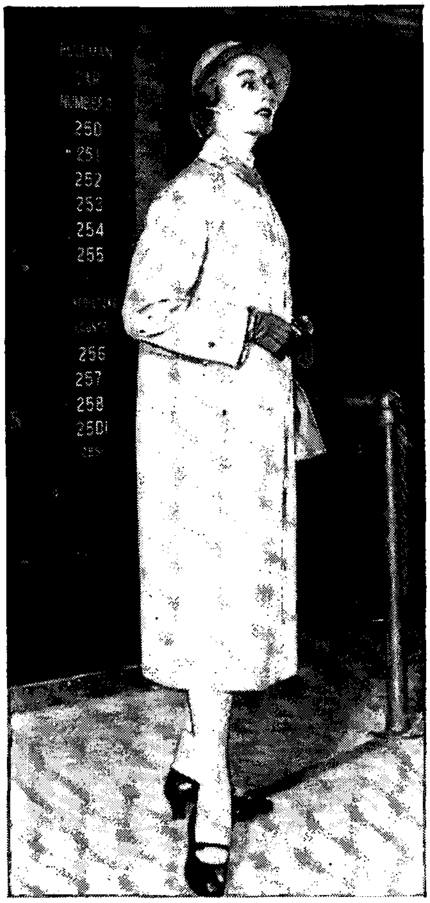

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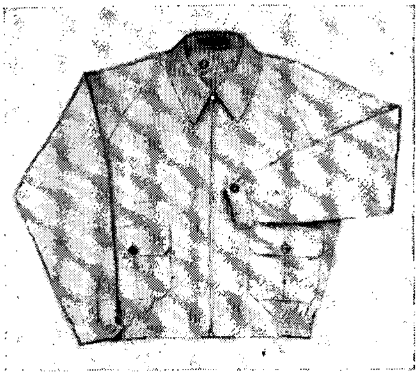

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at designing a real American cloud-buster—an opportunity none of them had ever had back home, and quite possibly never would have. To familiarize them with the problems of building skyscrapers, Harrison appointed six American engineers and three American architects to serve as technical consultants. However, since these consultants popped in only when they were asked to and since few of the board members had been able to arrange to stay in New York for more than two or three weeks at a time—incoming architects were always bumping into outgoing ones at Idlewild—the group that collected each morning in the planning office usually was small, averaging, perhaps, eight or nine men. Their workroom was an orthodox office, about forty feet by thirty, with four cubbyholes along one wall, to which members could repair whenever they wanted a little privacy. The board met around a table in the center of the room—it nearly always held plasticine models of various projected designs—and traded their views in a mixture of French and English. All of them except Bassov could speak at least one of these languages. Since no one else spoke Russian, Bassov did the best he could with an interpreter and what little English he was able to pick up as he went along. When he liked an idea, he said so with a brusque "Okay;" when he didn't, his response was an explosive "Nokay." At lunchtime, the members took turns escorting their colleagues to restaurants that specialized in their native cooking. "Brunfaut, the Belgian, preferred to eat at the Brussels," Harrison recalls. "He knew the proprietor. And Havlíček took us all to Lüchow's when a new kind of Czechoslovakian beer came in. Mostly, though, they dug up wonderful little spots I'd never even heard of in all the years I'd spent in New York. I've never eaten better." The afternoons had no set pattern; some of the members rambled about the city studying skyscrapers at first hand, some went to their hotel rooms to work in private, and others returned to the planning office and worked there. In the evenings, most of the members visited with countrymen of theirs or went out on the town.

Under no circumstances were the members at any time permitted to enter the drafting room, which was next door to their workroom. The drafting room, where the rough sketches that were approved by the board were translated into working designs, was manned by a staff of draftsmen, designers, and modellers under the direction of Abramovitz, who

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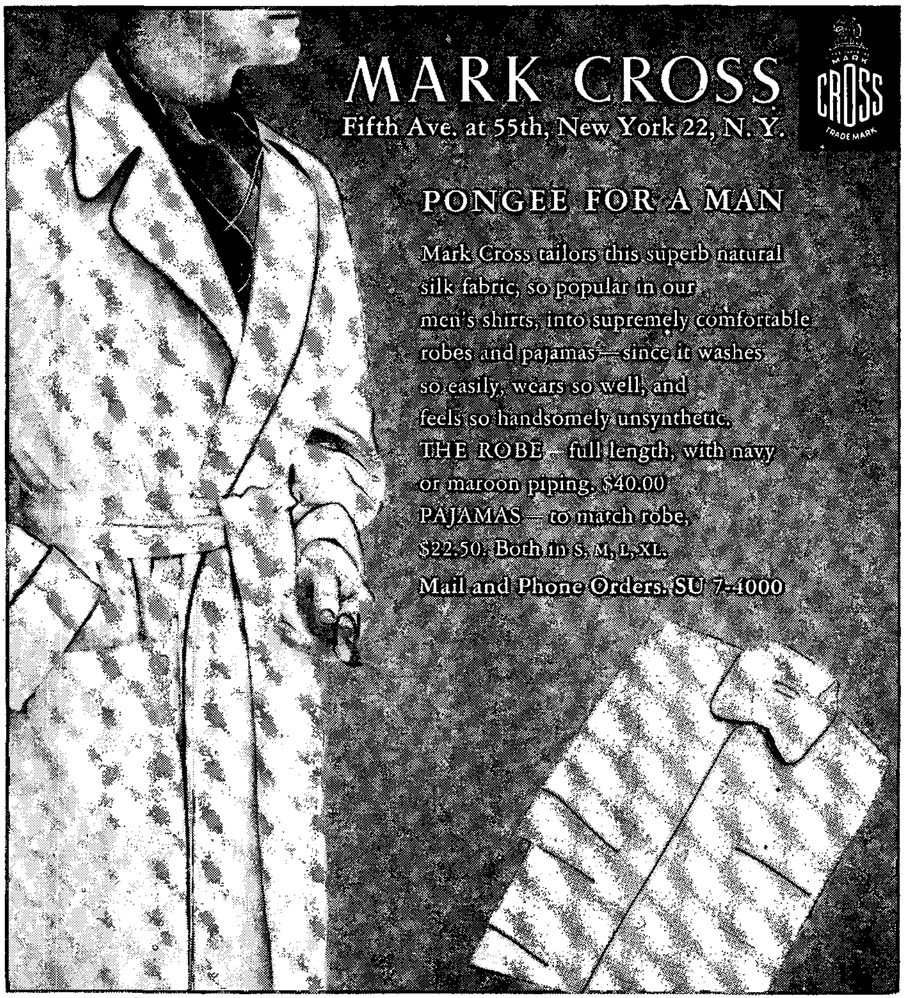

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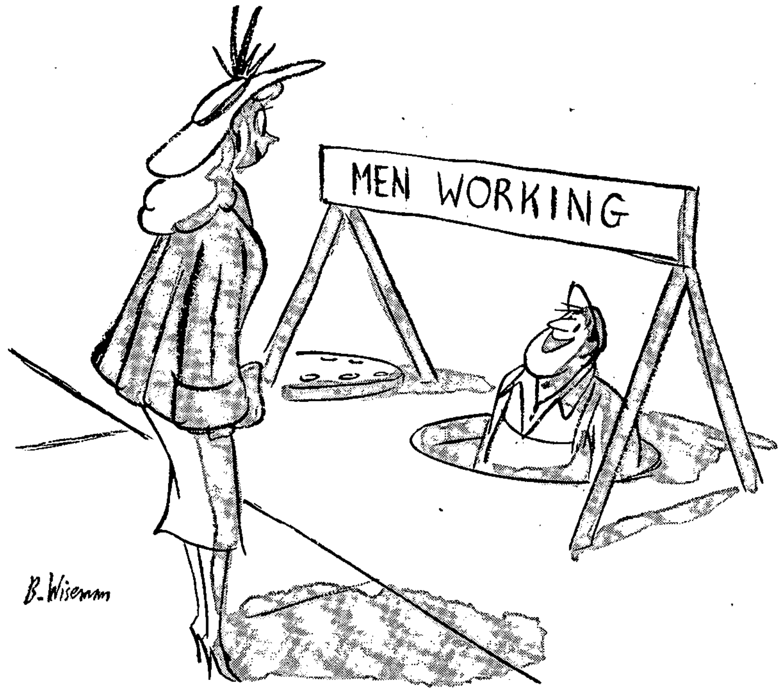

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had been made Harrison's deputy director of planning. "It's never a picnic when several creative minds are brought together to work on one project," Abramovitz says. "The rivalry for individual credit is always hovering over things. It can be ruinous. We were determined that the U.N. was going to represent an authentic group effort. That was the reason Wally declared the drafting room out-of-bounds—to prevent any member from getting his own idea drawn up into one of the plans before the rest of the members had a chance to pass on it. All ideas went into one common pot. All sketches were unsigned. That way, everything that was sent to the drafting room came from the group as a whole."

During the first two months, the board of design chugged along at a steady clip. "It was an exhilarating experience," Robertson, the British member, has since said. "When we started, each of us had his own pet idea of what the whole project or some part of it should look like. Liang proposed that the Secretariat be built on an axis running due east and west. The important buildings in China had always been built that way, he told us. It insured good luck. Liang also thought the entire site should be enclosed by a wall. Antoniades couldn't see any virtue in a wall. He preferred a continuous colonnade. You see, a good many of our concepts were quite atavistic. I was the courtyard fiend, which was proper for an Englishman, I suppose. Cormier, the Canadian, was for the conservative, solid, Anglo-French approach. And Le Corbusier, of course, was for Le Corbusier. He wanted the headquarters group to be one gigantic terraced block raised on stilts, or *pilotis*—Corbu's trademark. Bassov detested stilts. 'Chicken legs!' he'd snort. 'Nokay!' The design *he* had in mind was something like that of a power plant. That's how it went. But all of us gradually subdued our personal vanities and gave up the preconceived visions we'd come with, and as the project took shape the feeling of group unity grew. This was very noticeable to me. I went back to England for a couple of weeks, and when I returned I found the members of the board had knitted together into a sort of architectural jury. Each individual was still expected to express himself without reservation, but he was also expected to abide by the group verdict, and not go into any tantrums. Harrison was what you might call the foreman of the jury. The important thing to bear in mind is that

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Wally Harrison never submitted a design of his own. That's what made Wally's position so strong."

In late April, a mild crisis occurred. Some of the delegates, with Le Corbusier as their self-appointed spokesman, favored having all the lounges and the committee and council rooms in the Conference Building on one floor, while the rest favored having them on two floors, one right above the other, to make everything more compact. The debate reached its climax when Le Corbusier read a prepared statement consisting of thirty-six points. A number of these supported his single-level thesis, but some of the members found others weirdly irrelevant, such as Point 6: "I was sent by the French to defend the ideas of modern architecture and am responsible to the world at large for (a) undisputed function and (b) certain beauty," and Point 31: "Architectural splendor comes from the great books." In essence, Le Corbusier's statement amounted to a request for a vote on the two schemes. Harrison answered it at the next meeting. "There can be a decision by a vote, or I can make the decision," he told the members. "I have explained the difficulty of a vote: After a vote, you have the winners and the losers. If I make the decision, I am the only loser." He then recommended further study of the problem, but when the stalemate continued and there seemed no other solution, he ruled in favor of the two-level scheme, on the ground that while it was a little less beautiful, it would provide a little more convenience. It was the only time that Harrison ever exercised the final authority that was his as chairman of the board.

This brief squall over, the members quickly pushed ahead again, and in mid-May, less than three months after the start of the deliberations, a final plan was unanimously agreed upon—a feat of collaborative international design comparable to the four-minute mile. The plan was then presented to the Headquarters Advisory Committee of the General Assembly which unanimously approved it on May 21st. In November, the General Assembly formally accepted the plan, and excavation of the site was started on September 14, 1948. Perhaps the most significant, or at any rate the most exuberant, footnote to the life and times of the board of design was a five-hundred-word statement, entitled "A Declaration," that Le Corbusier released to the press shortly before it was disbanded. "A wonderful result has been achieved and one that

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Getting an advertisement from start to Starch takes a multitude of business forms, reams of paper, hundreds of pencils, and a mile or so of typewriter ribbon—plus man-hours. It takes Mr. Brown to be sure this hard-working, fast-moving agency doesn't trip over an empty shelf in the stockroom.

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There are many men and women at Campbell-Ewald doing the little, seemingly unglamorous jobs—like Mr. Brown's, if you will—and doing them as well and with as much enthusiasm as if they were producing a great TV show or the most elaborate large-space ad.

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is worth noting: we are all of the same opinion," it read, in part. "To those outside who question us we can reply: we are united, we are a team, the World Team of the United Nations laying down the plans of world architecture. . . . We are a homogeneous block. There are no names attached to this work. . . . Each of us can be legitimately proud of having been called upon to work in this team, and that should be sufficient for us." It *was* sufficient for Le Corbusier for a time, but a year later, with his rambunctious ego once again in the ascendant, he began claiming credit for the whole plan, and was miffed when officials of the United Nations would not arrange a press conference at which he could elaborate on this theme. He had, however, in the opinion of his colleagues on the board, made a considerable contribution, of which, in his own words, he could be legitimately proud.

ON the southwestern corner of the United Nations site, near the junction of First Avenue and Forty-second Street, there stood, and still stands, a six-story concrete building of no particular architectural distinction that was nearing completion at the time the U.N. acquired the site and was originally intended to provide office space for the New York City Housing Authority. During their deliberations in the spring of 1947, the members of the board of design briefly discussed the question of whether to raze this brand-new building, which would have to be bought from the city in any event, or try to work it into the scheme of things as best they could. They ended up by tossing the problem into Harrison's lap. His decision was to keep it. Nowadays, if the subject of this stepchild, which is currently serving as the United Nations library, happens to come up, Harrison is likely to frown and to confess that he has concluded it was a mistake to leave the building standing; he considers it a jarring note in the otherwise architecturally harmonious headquarters. Actually, at the time Harrison decided not to raze the building, he could hardly have decided otherwise, for the problem arose just when Secretary-General Lie was diligently paring his proposed budget for the headquarters, in an effort to persuade Congress to lend the U.N. the money to build it. In the course of three fruitless months of trying to round up funds, during which he had been turned down cold by the International Bank, Lie had already appealed once to Congress—for eighty-five million

Voilà! French mustards on a tray

From France, our silver-toned metal server holds two picturesque 5½ oz. crocks of "Gray Poupon" Dijon mustard, one mild and one strong. One of many gifted ideas for the gourmet. Set, **5.95**

Delicacies Shop, 59th Street Near Lexington Avenue
Also at New Rochelle, Fresh Meadows and Stamford

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See the West Indies and South America in sumptuous comfort! Airy outside staterooms, 2 swimming pools, roomy decks and lounges, all cruise sports, dining, dancing, nightclub life! Plus Canadian Pacific's famous service and food!

FEB. 11, 19 days: San Juan, St. Thomas, Bridgetown, Port of Spain, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cristobal, Havana—$475 up.

MARCH 4, 20 days: Port-au-Prince, San Juan, St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cristobal, Kingston, Havana—$495 up.

No passport, visa or U. S. transportation tax.

BOOK NOW! Passenger list for each sailing limited to insure plenty of room for all!

Canadian Pacific

See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada

Tang
Here's How
Tone
GOURIELLI

Important news from Gourielli for men only

Gourielli opens new Men's Shop as headquarters for the World's first integrated line of male grooming essentials.

GOURIELLI is a world specialist in male grooming—and in grooming *successful* men, at that.

The continuing task of satisfying these hard-to-satisfy clients has kept Gourielli searching (and researching) for years—seeking the *exact* products all men need to maintain their good looks and to make the most of them.

This was a big order, and it has taken time to fill it. Now, with great pride, Gourielli opens a new Men's Shop at 16 East 55th Street in Manhattan.

Our handsome new shop is headquarters for all Gourielli products. Here you will find the superlative, *personal* preparations called Tang. These form the world's first full-range, integrated line of grooming aids for a man's skin, scalp and hair. They really do a man honor.

Here, too, is the Gourielli Groom Shop for the sort of hair cuts, hair treatments, scalp consultations, skin treatments, sun-lamping and relaxation that fastidious men have long hoped to find one day all under one roof. The feeling of well-being extends to our counters of exclusive-for-Gourielli gentlemen's apparel, styled by John Hatton and L. Baker Case.

And here, sir, you will be pleased to make your choice from our bright galaxy of gifts for your favorite lady.

The superb Gourielli line of man-tailored toiletries is also available outside New York at better department and drug stores. You'll enjoy the renowned Tang and Here's How groomers, and a new masculine comfort—Tone, *the revolutionary new scientific skin build-up.* GOURIELLI, 16 East 55th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

dollars—and had met with no success; now he was asking for only sixty-five million, and on August 11th, Congress granted the loan. The U.N. had to pay the City of New York about a million and a half for the Housing Authority Building, and Harrison felt that the additional money that would be needed to tear it down could be better spent elsewhere. The building served for some time as a base of operations for the Headquarters Planning Office and, as Harrison frequently points out, whatever its architectural shortcomings, it was ideal for this purpose, since it was not only right on the site but, unlike any other available building that would have provided equal facilities, remarkably handy to several restaurants on or near Second Avenue, such as the Imperiale, Colombo's, and the Palm, where, he finds, the easygoing atmosphere does wonders for a man whose head is too full of girders, spandrels, beams, and the ultimate failing point of steel.

Lie engaged Harrison & Abramovitz to convert the international board's plans into drawings for the contractors—a choice that was far from unexpected, since the firm was already so closely linked to the project. This put Harrison, the director of planning, in the bizarre position of being the client of Harrison, of Harrison & Abramovitz. "He was very tough on himself," H. L. McLeod, who headed the finance department of the Headquarters Planning Office, said later. "An architectural firm doing a job such as Harrison and Abramovitz did for the U.N. buildings would ordinarily charge a fee of several million dollars. Harrison & Abramovitz insisted on doing the job for just cost plus the actual overhead. They didn't make a cent of profit."

If there was any one day during the construction of the Headquarters that stood out as crucial for Harrison and his staff, it was the twenty-fifth of November, 1950. Around nine o'clock on the morning of that day—a Saturday—a hurricane blew into the New York area from the southeast and ripped full force up the East River. Harrison raced from his home on Fifth Avenue, near Sixty-fourth Street, to the half-finished Secretariat. He was soon joined there by three other members of his staff who were deeply involved in the project—McLeod, Glenn E. Bennett, and James A. Dawson—and by Byron Price, the Assistant Secretary-General who was working with the Headquarters Planning Office. "It was a real storm," Dawson has since said. "About thirty yards in front of the Secretariat stood

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its shape, smooth as all the ships at sea.
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Really, there's nothing like them for town, country, spectator sportswear. You'll actually seek opportunities to wear your Westchester—and you'll find plenty—because it's so smart, so stunningly styled, so beautifully tailored and, above all, so luxuriously warm and casually comfortable.

Outer shell is tailored from water-repellent, extremely high grade gabardine, imported from England. Body is fully insulated with 100% northern waterfowl down—nature's own best insulator. A large, luxuriously warm mouton collar is provided. Colors: Fawn or Hunter's Scarlet. Sizes: Men's Westchester 36-52. Ladies', 10-20.

S. E. Woods sportswear—including famous sleeping robes—is manufactured and field-tested in Canada. *It cannot be duplicated in the United States.* See it at Abercrombie and Fitch Co.—exclusive Manhattan distributors. *Write today for free illustrated catalog.*

Westchester Down Insulated Coats

S. E. Woods Limited, Canada
In the U. S. A.—**700 Chateau LaFayette, Greenwich, Conn.**

a platform used for mixing concrete. It was around twelve feet by twenty, and made of two-inch planks. Well, the hurricane lifted that platform up out of the mud and right into the air like a toy, and almost tossed it against the building. It dropped a couple of yards short of where we were standing, right at the entrance. A little later, Harrison and Price and the rest of us went up on the roof to see if we could measure the sway. We didn't have a level with us, so we used the crudest of all measuring devices; we dropped a paper match into a puddle of water and watched how much it moved—really the same as the bubble-in-water principle. By our computations, the Secretariat was performing beautifully; she wasn't swaying any more than three-quarters of an inch. We doubled the figure, to be on the safe side, but that's still darn good, you know." Harrison, who was also worried about how the vast expanse of glass on the Secretariat's east side would hold up (it did), remained at the site until well after dark, when the storm finally blew itself out. "It was a pretty rough day for me," he said later. "Every time you get a building up, there's always one day when the full consciousness of your responsibility as an architect hits you. It's the day when the building has to work. This was it."

The Secretariat was finished first, then the Conference Building, and, finally, the General Assembly. In the summer of 1950, when the last two buildings were still far from completed, Harrison and his staff suddenly found themselves faced with the problem of inflation resulting from the outbreak of war in Korea. Two years earlier, in lining up its sources of construction materials, the Headquarters Planning Office had contracted to buy its structural steel from the American Bridge Division of the United States Steel Corporation, and Benjamin Fairless, the corporation's president, had agreed to give the United Nations "preferential treatment." Delivery dates on steel at that time were ordinarily from twelve to sixteen months after the receipt of an order, but Fairless guaranteed Harrison delivery within six months. When the war in Korea began, and steel became even harder to get than before, Fairless stood by his guarantee, and most of the other companies supplying materials to the United Nations came through in the same manner, but the cost of steel and other building materials rose sharply—an average of around twenty per cent—and this threw the

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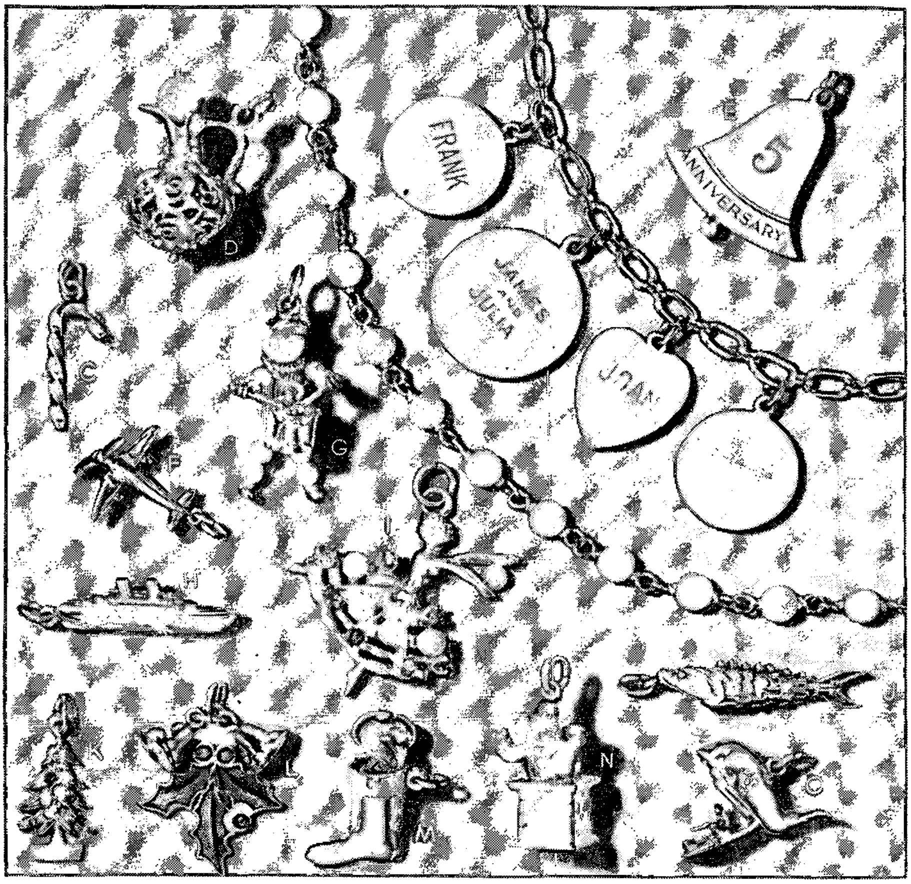
Two bracelets that are favorites with the young-in-heart of all ages . . . charms so gay and debonair they make sparkling conversation. *Send for the Caldwell Gift Book.*



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A.	Bracelet. Cultured pearls linked with gold	$34.00
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	⅝" disc, each 7.50 ¾" disc, each 9.25	
	Three letters hand engraved free on each charm. Additional letters 10c each.	

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I.	Dancing Girl, cultured pearls, sapphires, rubies	48.00
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The wines you loved in Paris are here!

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B&G *Sauternes* . . . classic white wine of France—long an American favorite.
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Yours for the asking—
FRENCH WINE SELECTOR
Handy pocket dial to help you choose wine. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to B&G, Dept. N, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

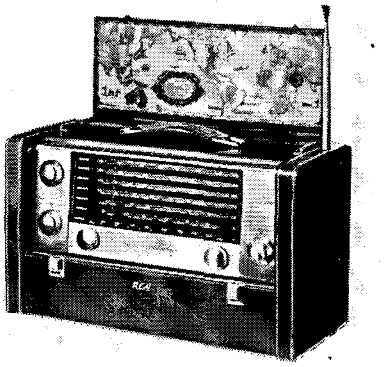
B&G
The finest wines of FRANCE
By BARTON & GUESTIER, *Est. 1725*
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N. Y. C.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

closely figured budget of the Headquarters Planning Office badly out of kilter. Lie succeeded in negotiating an additional loan of three million dollars from Congress, but from there on it was up to Harrison to scale down the original plans as best he could to complete the project without exceeding the total appropriation of sixty-eight million dollars. This meant some fairly drastic changes. Four committee rooms were eliminated from the Conference Building, and the General Assembly was redesigned no fewer than nine times, each design being more economical than the one before. As originally conceived, the General Assembly was to have been a thin-waisted structure with an assembly hall at either end; now one of the two halls had to be abandoned, a lounge area for the delegates was chopped in half, the height of the ceiling of the remaining hall was dropped fifteen feet, and the length of the north lobby was diminished by some twenty feet—a loss that, in Harrison's eyes, severely impaired the looks of the entrance. All along the line, less expensive materials were substituted for the ones specified in the early plans—terrazzo and carpeting for marble flooring, fabric for wood on the walls of several committee rooms, marbleized glass for marble, and so on. "Wally was very ingenious about it all," Michael Harris, a member of Harrison's executive staff, said later. "For instance, there was the matter of some columns in the lobby of the Assembly. They were to be made of concrete, and we'd been planning to cover them with plaster instead of the marble facing originally called for. When Wally saw how the columns shaped up in concrete, he told us, 'Forget the plaster. We can save a little dough here. We'll just paint the concrete.' "

In October, 1952, four years and one month after construction began, the General Assembly Building was completed and the job was done. Counting the funds set aside for the landscaping of the site, the total cost had been sixty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars.

AROUND nine o'clock one Monday morning early this fall, Harrison arrived in town from his country place at Huntington, Long Island, and made for his office, in Rockefeller Center, in a state of high good humor. He had just spent the kind of weekend he thrives on. At Huntington, he had read a mystery by Ellery Queen, one of his favorite contemporary writers, and bal-

SAYS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" IN ANY LANGUAGE



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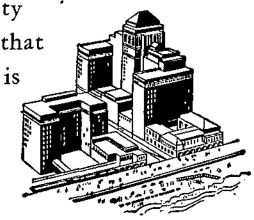
HOSPITALITY

This is a place where every guest has difficulty forgetting that he himself is not the host.



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anced this with some poems by Dylan Thomas, whose rich, tumbling language fascinates him. He had enjoyed a first-class argument on the future shape of the City of New York with one of his favorite conversational sparring partners, Robert Moses, who has a place in nearby Babylon. On Saturday evening, he and Mrs. Harrison had entertained a fairly large group at dinner, and during the meal he had instigated the sending of a cablegram to Fernand Léger—whose professed Communism none of his old associates take very seriously—congratulating him on the opening of a new exhibition and signed "Your capitalist friends." In addition, Harrison had worked for some time on an abstract painting he has been trying to finish for two years, pruned some fruit trees on his property, and put in three reviving hours sketching a bright, lively design for a new combination office building and opera house that may or may not go up someday on Broadway at Sixty-fourth Street.

Upon reaching his office, Harrison whipped through his mail in ten minutes, spent a half hour cleaning out a closet with Vinnie, the firm's general factotum, and went over his sketches for the opera house with Abramovitz, and then the two partners discussed plans for an office building that the Commercial Investment Trust expects to erect on Madison Avenue, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets. Presently, a young architect from the Middle West arrived to keep an appointment with Harrison, and in the ensuing chitchat it developed that the visitor had not yet seen the United Nations Headquarters. Harrison rarely visits the United Nations these days unless some maintenance problem there calls for his attention or he wants to talk over with Lie's successor, Dag Hammarskjöld, the touchy business of accepting or rejecting gifts of art proffered by member nations, but on this morning he impulsively offered to take the young man over and show him around. The offer being eagerly accepted, Harrison slapped on a narrow-brimmed brown felt hat he once picked up in Oslo, and the two men headed for the street, where Harrison hailed a taxi. "The United Nations Headquarters, skipper," he said to the driver, who nodded and swung into the stream of traffic. As the cab made its way across town, Harrison said he felt that New York needed a club to supplement the present Architectural League by providing a comfortable, natural gathering place for painters, sculptors, and archi-

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Best of all, Southwick's virtues are now obtainable in clothes for *every* occasion . . . suits, sports jackets and tuxedos, as well as a complete selection of coordinated Southwick slacks, walking shorts and waistcoats.

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BONWIT TELLER

White Christmas . . .

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Bonwit's enchanting little jacket-shrug in a wonderful fleecy alpaca. Light as a feather, warm as toast, a picture above her pretty party skirts, or after-ski clothes. P.S. She wants it for Christmas, we know. In black, white, beige or gray Junior sizes 7 to 13 Mail and phone orders

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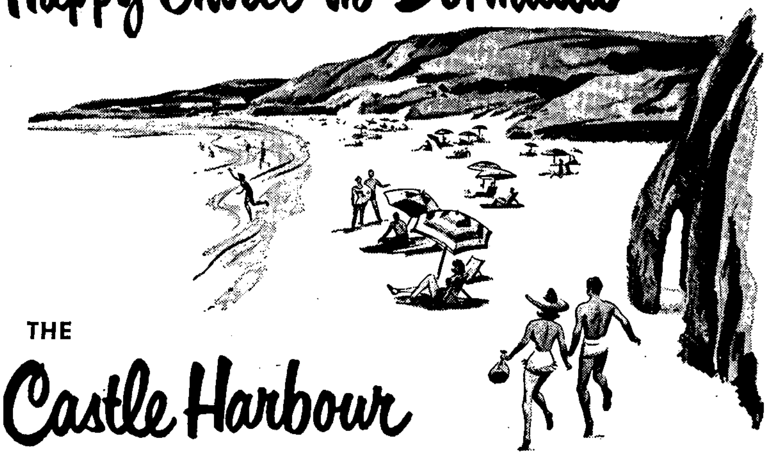
Happy Choice in Bermuda



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tects, as the Café de Flore does in Paris, and then turned to discuss the increasingly important role that he believes optics will play in the architecture of the future. "Since Cézanne, painters have studied every possible method of intensifying the human being's reaction to the forms depicted on flat surfaces," he said. "In architecture, we're dealing with the same problem. What is the effect on the little guy when he looks at a building, or walks through it, or lives in it? How do we intensify his visual experience by simplifying form and color? No architect of the future will be any good unless he's a painter and a sculptor, too."

When the two men reached the Headquarters site, Harrison took his companion for a stroll around the grounds. "We were talking about optics," he said. "Well, see that little break up there?" He pointed to the top of the Secretariat, where the marble framing along the sides is slightly recessed. "We did that to pull the building in at the top. You know how the Greeks and Romans used to build their walls slanting inward, so that the buildings wouldn't look top-heavy? We couldn't do that here, of course—the Secretariat is too high—so we stepped in those sides instead." Harrison turned, and his eye fell on the old New York City Housing Authority Building that is now the library. He sighed. "That was sure a mistake, leaving that building up," he said. "It doesn't fit at all. But it's a complicated story, and anyway it's too late now." A few yards farther on, he came to a sudden halt. "The corner of that neck over there," he said, waving a hand toward the narrow, rectangular passageway that connects the General Assembly with the Conference Building. "You've probably heard a hundred and one criticisms of these Headquarters buildings, but somehow no one has ever jumped on that neck. I don't know how they missed it. It's not right—not right at all." The two men entered the Secretariat Building, and Harrison led the way down a back staircase. "If anyone was looking for something to criticize, that neck is certainly lousy," he said as he guided his companion into a subbasement, two stories below street level, where a battery of clerks were sorting mail. "This ceiling should have been at least a foot higher, too," he continued in a mournful tone. "None of us realized that those overhead pipes would take up so much space. It doesn't give the guys enough room."

The tour moved on briskly—a brief

Make-up by Helena Rubinstein, "Gauguin Pink Lipstick, *naturally*."

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Noa Noa Perfume, 3.00, 10.00, 17.50. Cologne Concentrate, 2.25, 3.75, 8.00. Dusting Powder, 5.00. Prices plus tax.

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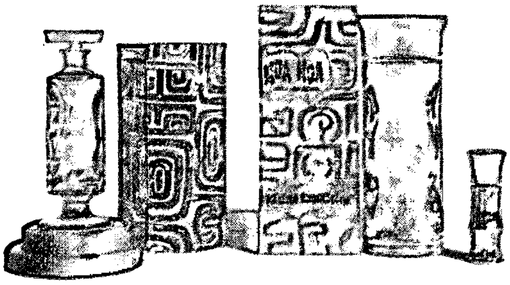

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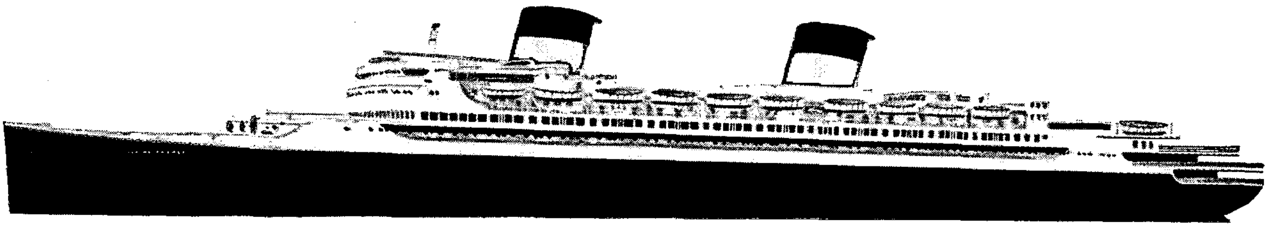

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610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

examination of the twenty-third floor, which is a typical service floor, housing elevator, air-conditioning, and ventilating machinery, on to several office floors, then earthward by elevator and escalator and into the Conference Building, with its three council chambers, its numerous committee rooms and lounges, and its two restaurants, and finally, via the offensive neck, to the General Assembly Building. For the most part, Harrison was content to point out things that "we might have done better," but he was openly pleased when the young architect expressed his admiration for certain features of the buildings, such as the movable partitions in the Secretariat, which make it possible to rearrange the whole layout of a floor in a couple of days, and the parabolic sweep of the walls of the Assembly Hall, which gives an effect of intimacy to a domed auditorium that is only a little smaller than the Radio City Music Hall.

At the end of the tour, Harrison and his companion stood at the curb on First Avenue, waiting for a cab. "There'll be one along in a minute," Harrison said. "Six years ago, there wouldn't have been one in half an hour in this part of town. I don't suppose you noticed when we got in the taxi coming over that the driver knew right away where the United Nations was. Probably seemed to you the most natural thing in the world. But, silly as it may sound, that always makes me feel good—I mean the fact that the cab-drivers all know now where the United Nations is. Hell, back in '48, when we were starting the U.N., none of them knew what we were talking about."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

(*This is the last of three articles on Mr. Harrison.*)

•

Dr. Frank Willard Libby, the newly-appointed scientist member of the Atomic Energy Commission, is known as the inventor of the "atomic time clock," a device by which he has been able to determine the ages of objects up to 20,000 years old. This device will be used in Egypt as well. . . .

Thus it will be possible to determine the age of the mommies in Egypt.

—*Beirut* (*Lebanon*) *Star.*

The red-hot ones?

•

NON-SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Springfield* (*Mass.*) *News*]

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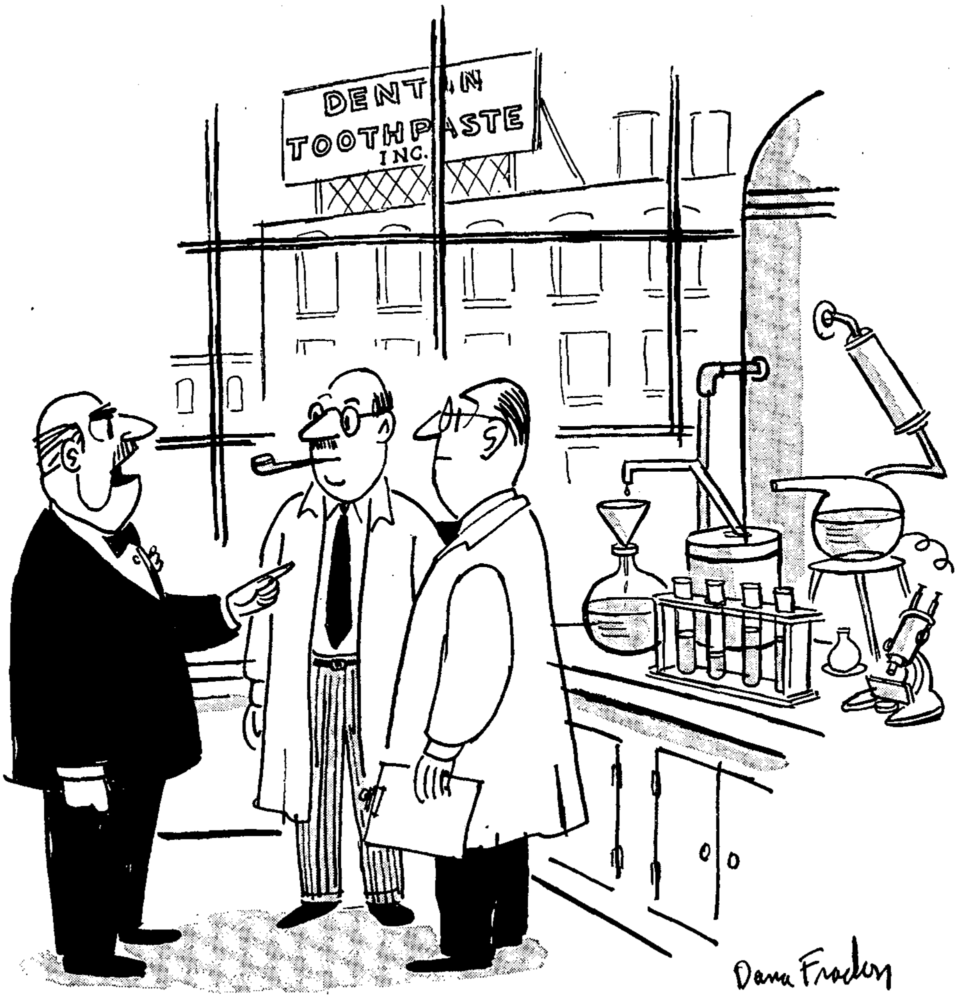
THE THEATRE

THE HARD WAY TO HOBOKEN

A PLAY with music, called "Sandhog," which its authors, Earl Robinson and Waldo Salt, describe as "a ballad in three acts," began an engagement at the Phoenix Theatre last week. It is based on a story ("St. Columba and the River") by Theodore Dreiser, who, along with many other people in the final quarter of the last century and the opening years of this one, took a strong rooting interest in the progress of the work of building tunnels beneath big rivers, like the Hudson. The interest was natural then, considering that the techniques of the engineers were new and, to the lay mind, magical, and that the workmen were pioneers in their field, who gambled their lives each time they went down into the river beds, by way of air locks, or compression chambers, to push the holes a little farther along through the deep mud. When the Greathead annular shield, the latest thing in the subaqueous tunnelling business, was brought here from England to help keep the Hudson off the sandhogs' necks, public excitement ran higher than it did this year when the Queen sent her race horse over to run at Laurel. In 1954, however, the Queen's horse might seem at first thought to be a likelier theme for the musical stage than the making of the first Hudson tunnel. (The tunnel, for the record, eventually connected Hoboken with Manhattan, at Morton Street.) As it turns out, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Salt, with the aid of a superior cast, clean, brisk direction by Howard Da Silva, and first-class staging by Howard Bay, have produced what strikes me as an entertaining show. I can easily see how it may fail to entertain admirers of the art of Milton Berle; I can even see how it may bore the sweetbreads out of Cole Porter cultists. Just the same, there are substantial points in its favor, such as freshness of form, modesty, and music that is not sawed up into thirty-two-bar refrains.

I don't think the authors' classification of "Sandhog" as a ballad is entirely accurate. The quality of the best ballads, including Mr. Robinson's own well-known "Joe Hill," is folkish, but it is also personal; such songs celebrate individual rather than mass performances. The story of "Sandhog" does have a leading man, an Irish immigrant named Johnny O'Sullivan, who works in the tunnel, and it ends on a balladlike note—personal and prodigious—when O'Sullivan, in trying to protect the lives of a labor gang, is sucked out of the tunnel by the river and thrown high into the air over the heads of the crew and passengers of a Hoboken ferryboat, and survives to become a hero of local folklore. But he and the other individuals in the play are less important on the whole than the mass act of tunnel-building. "Sandhog" is a work poem rather than a ballad. It is also, in a sense, a documentary play—a historical documentary, set to music. One of its more unusual achievements is that, inadequate entertainment as the piece would be without its singing and dancing, it makes it possible, through an expert combination of lights, music, and plausible mechanical props, for the spectator to believe that the men on the stage are digging a great tunnel, at real peril to their lives. He can even work up an interest, probably transitory, in the Greathead annular shield.

Undeniably, the story suffers from a certain woodenness of tone, and its character drawing is stilted and unimaginative. These are common enough faults in what might be called the human-gamut stories—labor stories, Army stories, all kinds of group stories—of our time, in which measured rations of courage, fear, treachery, virility, gaiety, and other standard characteristics are distributed among a selection of types, usually of contrasting national backgrounds. The sum of the characteristics is "humanity," and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Salt, like other proletarian artists, tend to credit humankind with a richer,



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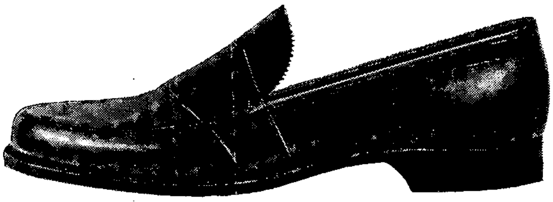

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lovelier brand of humanity than perhaps it actually possesses. The formula, which inhibits creativeness and obstructs brilliance in writing, accounts for the stiffness of the play's joints. "Sandhog" is neither creative nor brilliant. But it offers a number of compensations. It is full of fine, if derivative, songs, in odd shapes and sizes—among them, "Good Old Days," "Johnny's Cursing Song," and an intricate, skillful four-way part song called "Fugue on a Hot Afternoon in a Small Flat.". It conveys the sounds and the flavor of street scenes, of everyday city byplay, more convincingly than any other musical show I can remember. Its chorus, composed of five supple and gravely sardonic children, is far and away the most attractive chorus in town. Betty Ageloff, the smallest member of the group, bouncing a ball in the street as she sings "Come and Be Married," is downright wonderful. The principal adult parts are all well played and well sung. I particularly liked the work of Jack Cassidy, Alice Ghostley, Gordon Dilworth, and Betty Oakes.

IF you feel in the mood for a romping farce comedy about inter-prison baseball, a Yale alumni reunion, and love in a renovated barn in Wilton, Connecticut, it's too bad. "One Eye Closed," which answered that description, ended its run at the Bijou last Thursday night, after three performances. The play was written by Justin Sturm. For farce fans who missed it, here's a jest that appeared to go down as well as any with the farce fans who were at the Bijou on the night I was. "I'll get you a whole new wardrobe," an escaped convict said to the girl he loved, "as soon as the stores close."

—JOHN LARDNER

•

The seal, which made its first appearance at a Pentagon hearing Thursday, is round and green with a white border. In the center is a large silver trident, symbolic of the God of the waters, Neptune, and it is flanked by a small gold eagle, representing the United States, and a small gold oak leaf, representing Canada.—*Watertown (N.Y.) Times.*

Well, the Rangers always beat the Oak Leafs.

•

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[*From the Buffalo Courier-Express*]

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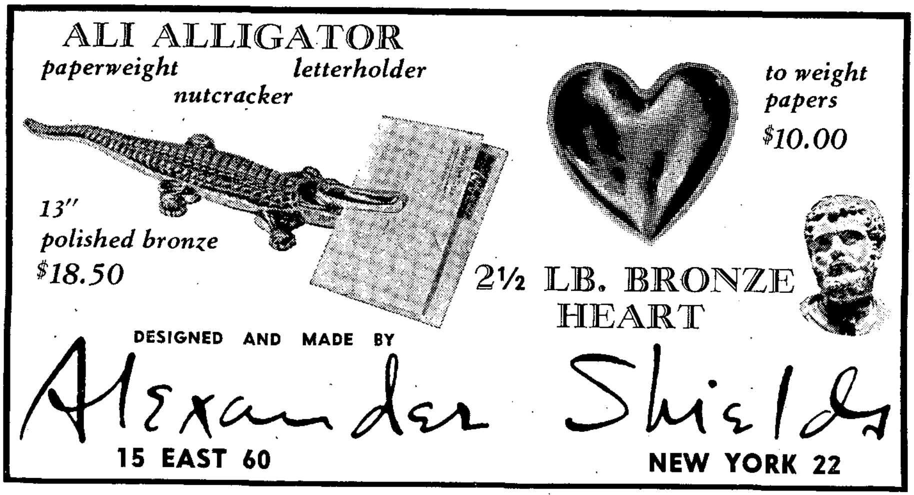
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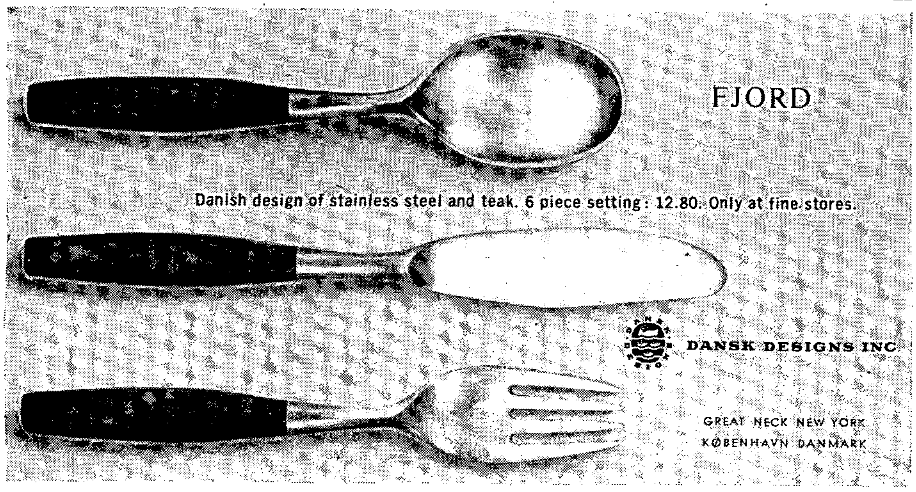
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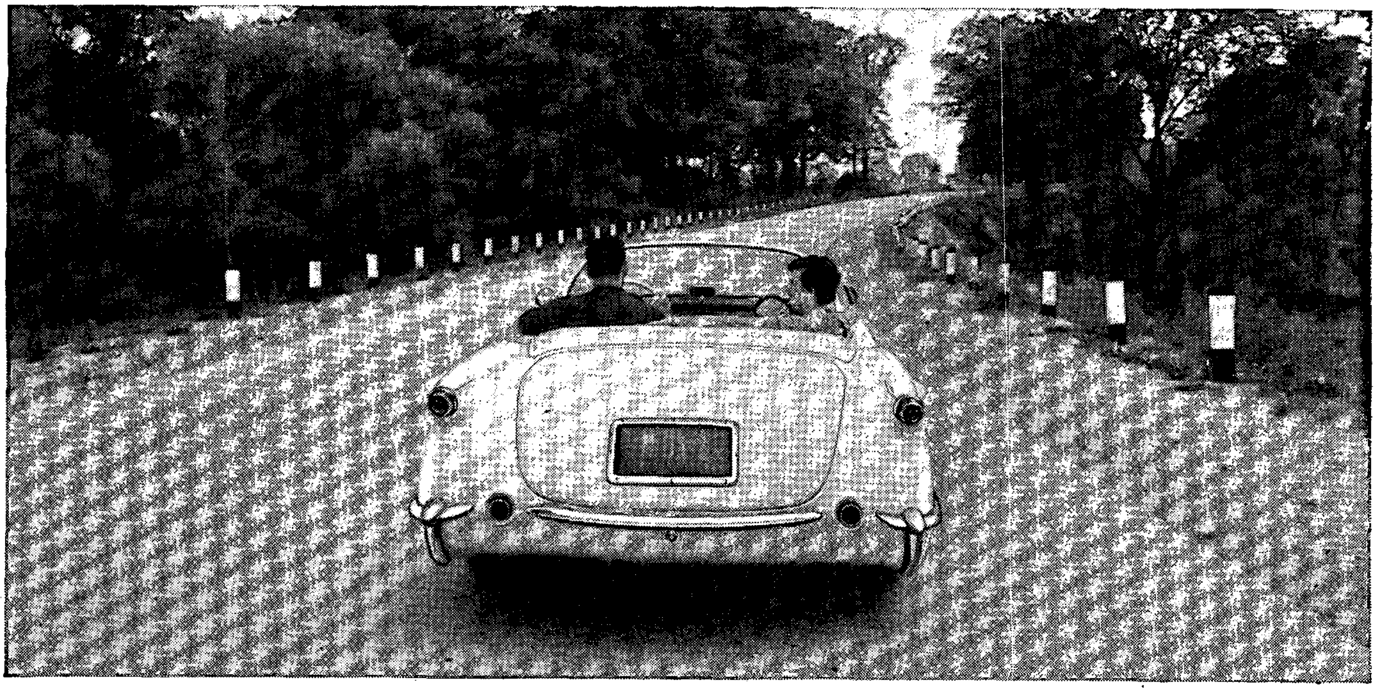

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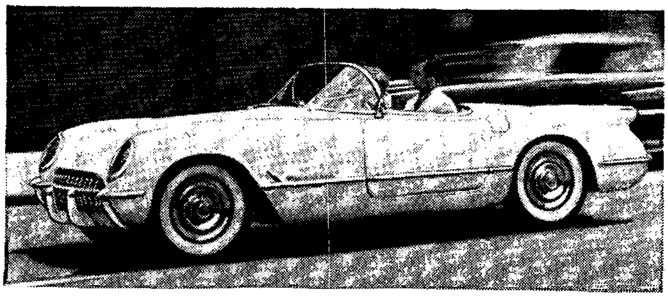

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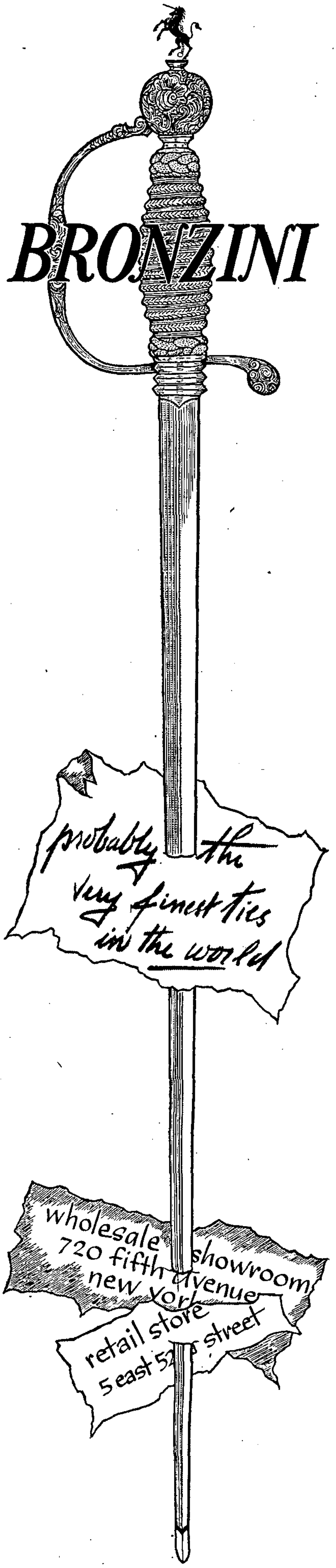

FOOTBALL

Navy Day

OF the hundred thousand man-hours that players expended on the lately departed in-and-out, up-and-down season, the hour contributed by George Welsh to the match between Army and Navy in Philadelphia last Saturday may have been the most shining of all. The reason could be that, for just about the first time this year, Welsh was sure he was Navy's top quarterback. Army and Navy were the only two squads in this sector of the world who were equipped with such luxuries as complete first, second, and third teams, and as they went about cutting down their opponents with unrelenting fierceness, there were times when it was hard to tell which team was which. However, the Army and Navy players who started the game last Saturday spent most of the afternoon at their posts, so great were the hazards of putting one's second-best foot forward. Navy won, 27–20, after being as much as eight points ahead and then six points behind, and the reason was mainly Welsh. All season, Welsh had been glorious in victory (as when, under his direction, Navy ran Pennsylvania ragged) and in defeat (he handled the ball constantly in the long Navy drive that fell one foot short of tying Notre Dame). On Saturday, Army's crack backfield—Vann, Bell, Kyasky, and Uebel—was superb; Army's crack end, Holleder, and Navy's crack end, Beagle, were superb; and all the other linemen were close to superb. Welsh was supreme.

There were times when the show looked like a reprint of the Navy-Notre Dame game—Navy putting up a fine argument against a physically superior team but losing out because of its deep-rooted fondness for dropping the ball. Navy had fumbled away its chance to tie Notre Dame, and here was Navy fumbling all over again, dropping the ball the first time on its twelve-yard line and then, after Army had fumbled the ball back to Navy, dropping it once more on its three-yard line, which led to an instantaneous Army touchdown. But Welsh, keeping his head, as well as a much firmer hold on the ball than some of his teammates could manage, refused

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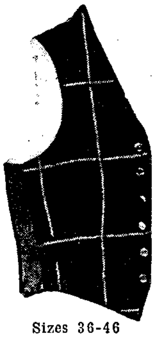

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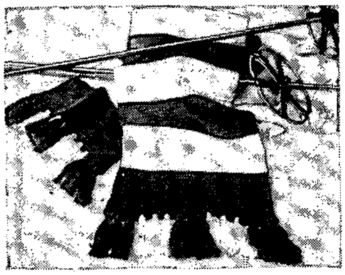

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to be downhearted, and, probably because of him, so did the rest of his team. And toward the end, when Navy suddenly seemed to tire and the Army attack, always powerful, suddenly seemed invincible, the breaks began going the other way—first Army lost the ball on a fumble, and then Army lost the ball when Weaver, a Navy back, grabbed a pass intended for Holleder. All this must have made the game look to the Army squad like a reprint of the Army-Virginia game. Army, only one point ahead of Virginia in the fourth quarter, was after another touchdown, just for insurance, and Virginia was starting to tire, exactly like Navy on Saturday. Holleder had been making some pretty catches of Vann's passes, and things were going well until Army lost the ball, only six yards from Virginia's goal, on a fumble by Vann. Army got the ball back again, and then, as Holleder, who is the sort of end that gets All-America nominations year after year, was about to make another of his pretty catches, a young man named Polzer, playing guard for Virginia, snatched the ball from under Holleder's All-America nose. Army didn't get that extra touchdown against Virginia, and Army didn't get the touchdown that would have tied up the game with Navy.

THE beginning of Philadelphia's Golden Week, which starts with the annual Thanksgiving Day meeting of Pennsylvania and Cornell, was considerably more tame. Twenty-seven thousand people—a quarter of the number that attended the Army-Navy game—showed up, probably in disbelief that any Pennsylvania team could manage to lose all nine games of its season. Penn could, though, and did, dropping a rather subdued match to Cornell, which is a vastly improved team, by a score of 20–6. Penn didn't go down to disaster without trying; Chaplin turned in some fine running plays, and Hynoski, a back without whom next year's Penn team may look even more subdued, put on a handsome demonstration of how to return a kickoff. His demonstration won't go into the record books, however, because a teammate had broken some rule or other.

COLUMBIA, winding up a dingy season by losing to Rutgers—yes, Rutgers—by a score of 45–12, didn't do quite as badly as Penn. The weakest team in the Ivy League, Columbia happened to win one game, beating Harvard, 7–6. Just for that, Harvard went on to beat both Cornell and Yale, which

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share this year's Ivy League championship, and to win the Big Three championship, since Harvard had already beaten Princeton before it beat Yale. What looked, against Harvard, like the most dispirited Princeton team in twenty-five years spent the next two Saturdays beating Yale, 21–14, and Dartmouth, 49–7. The game with Dartmouth was played beneath a Hollywood version of a cloudburst, wind machine and all, and Princeton, a fumble-prone team on the driest of fields, ran and passed the wet football with the aplomb you'd expect of a water-polo team. Well, it was a good year anyway, even if it hardly ever made a grain of sense. —J. W. L.

•

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Especially if he happens to get bumped off early in the game.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Charleston (W.Va.) Gazette, which arrived here rather late*]

Washington, June 26 (AP)—Secretary of State Dulles confessed to British Foreign Minister Eden today that he has a "bad habit"—doodling.

The two were posing for photographers. They were sitting side by side behind a big table and trying rather self-consciously to look relaxed and cordial. They tried a lot of small talk about such things as what a nice time they had had at last night's White House dinner for Prime Minister Churchill.

Finally Dulles, who was idly drawing a kind of circle—or something—on a sheet of paper, waggled a yellow pencil at Eden and said: "Doodling is a bad habit of mine, I guess."

It is not his only "bad habit."

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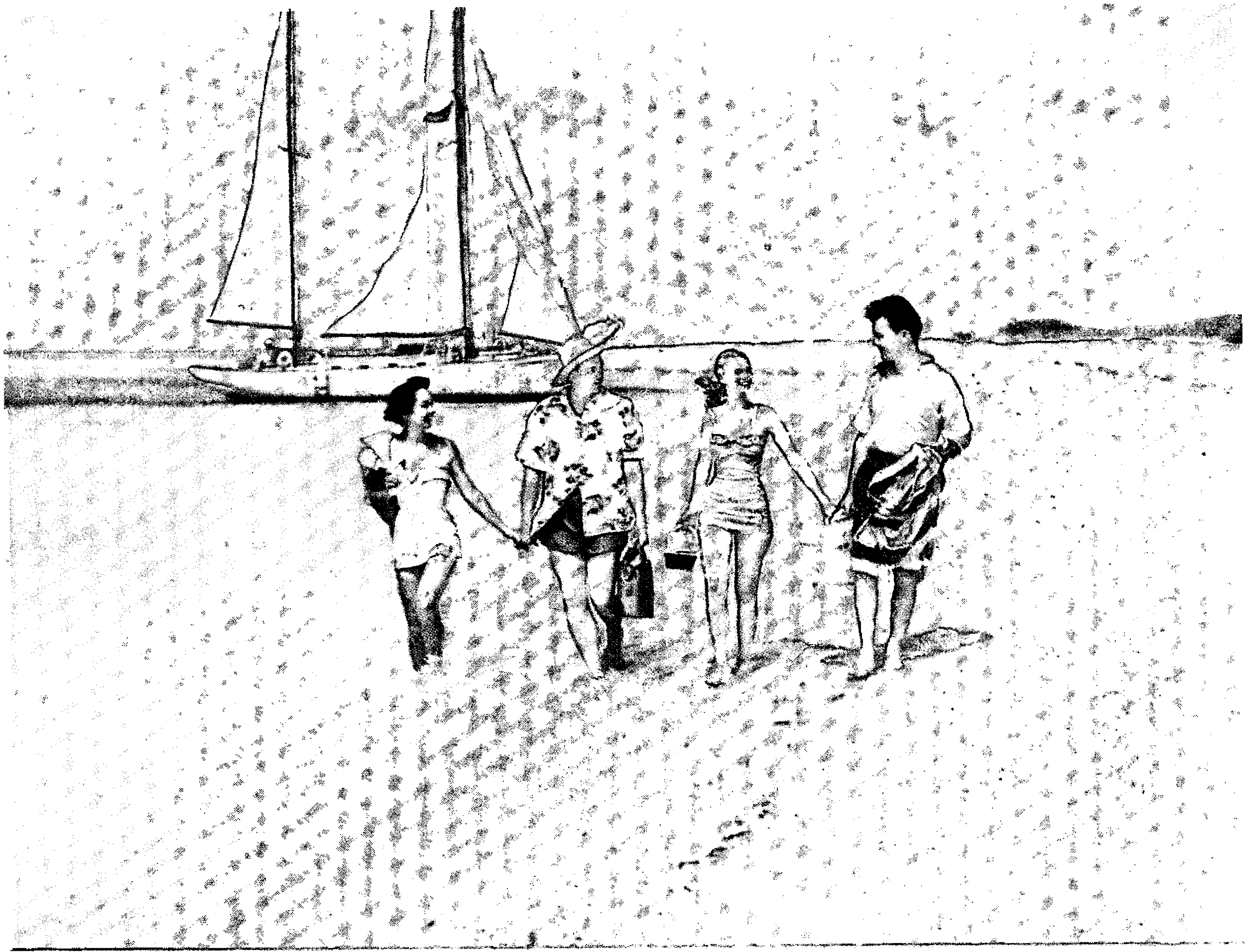

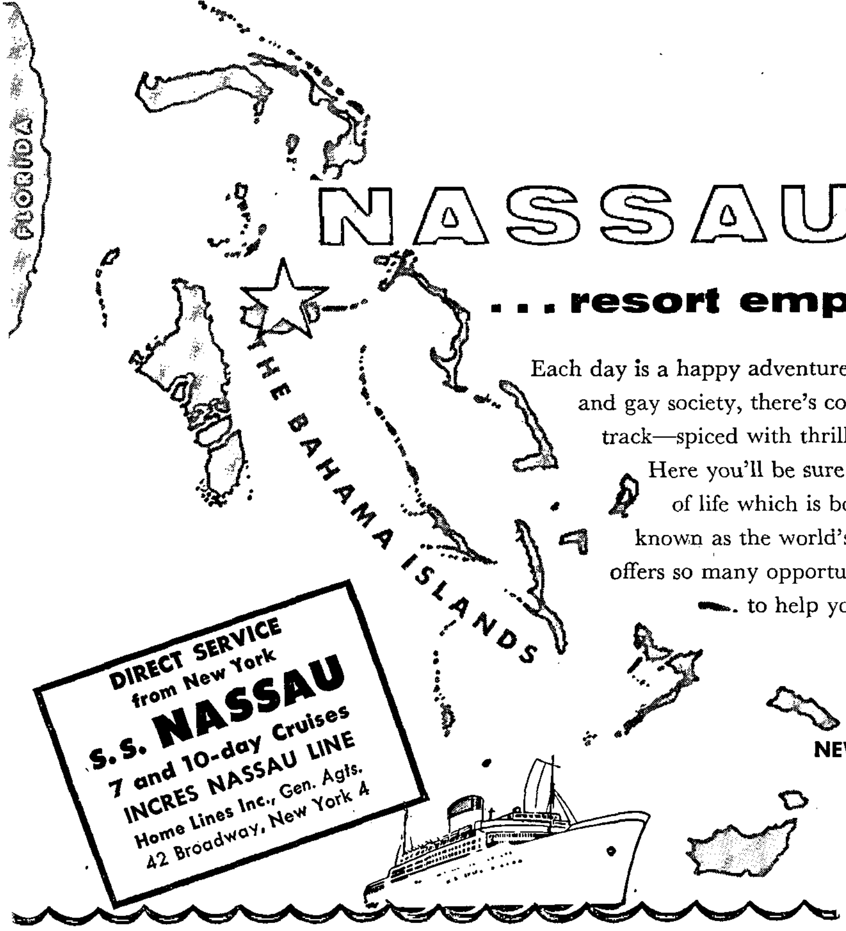

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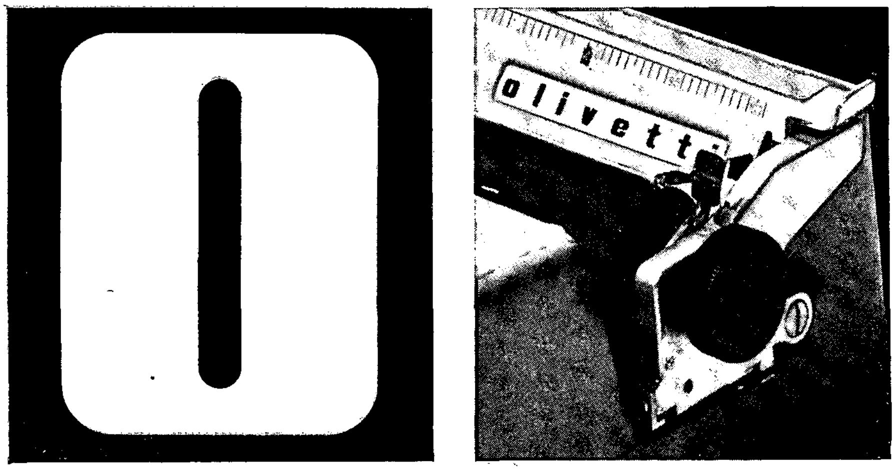

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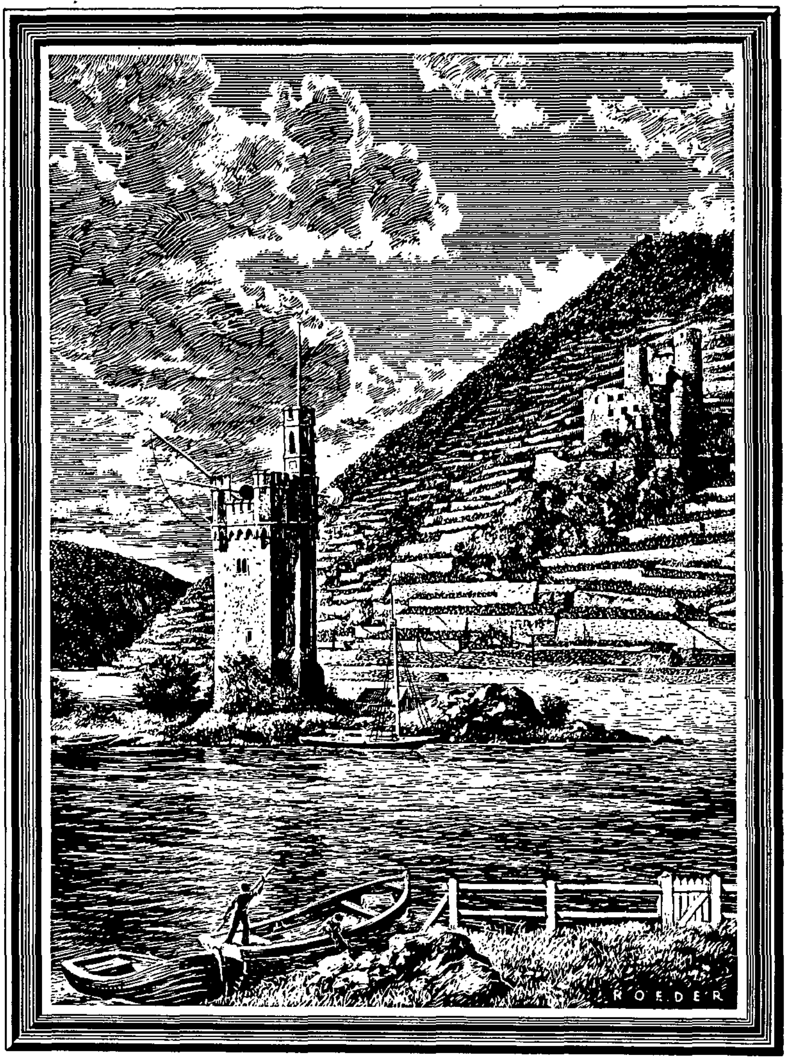
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 23

SALVADOR DALI may have passed his apogee as a scandalizing painter, but his ability to shock in diamonds and rubies is something new. It has brought crowds to the Galerie Bernheim Jeune to see an exhibition of twenty pieces of jewelry he designed, all bearing his signature incised in their gold—needlessly, since nobody else could have dreamed them up. All the pieces are named. Most consternating is "The Royal Heart." This is a crown-topped heart, nearly four inches high, of rough gold, containing in a niche an inch-high convex heart of loosely spaced rubies, which expands and contracts with a slight gasping sound when set to beating by electric current. The next shocker is a life-size pair of ruby-red lips, made of rubies, over pearly-white teeth, made of graduated pearls. Third is "The Eye of Time," a life-size enamelled blue eye that is a watch, with numerals in the iris, hands radiating from the pupil, diamond eyelids, and a diamond tear dropping from a ruby tear duct. Smaller items for ladies' wear are a finger ring representing a corset, and ruby- and emerald-tipped telephones, to be worn as ear clips. At the other extreme is "The Light of Christ," a magnificently handsome gold cross engraved to resemble wood, with a sunburst of diamonds at its center and cabochon-ruby drops of blood on its arms and its foot—barbaric, Spanish, and even holy. Most of the Dali jewelry is done with a deliberately coarsened line, and many items are merely dull, like obstinate little paradoxes insisted on by this strange artist, whose delicate linear style in painting once gave refinement and sophistication to imaginary objects big enough to decorate desert landscapes. The jewelry was designed for and made by the New York jewellers Alemany & Ertman, who showed it only to possible buyers. Last year, it was purchased by the Catherwood Foundation, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, which, according to an official folder written in French and given out at the exhibition, has been interested in purifying Pennsylvania river waters, in graduate scholarships, in psychiatric medicine, in local anesthesia in the treat-

On the Rhine...



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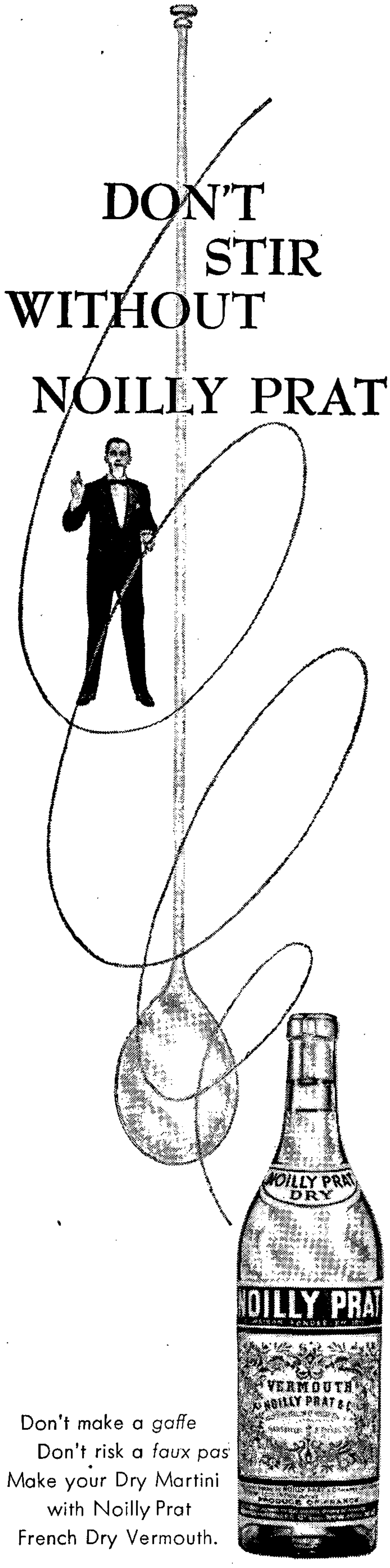

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ment of the insane, in a van Gogh art exhibit of several years back, and in various other matters. Mrs. Ellengowen Catherwood, who is blond, attractive, and the chaperone of the Dali exhibition here, says that since its opening exhibition last May in Rome, where it was viewed by thirty-six thousand five hundred and seven visitors, the collection has been displayed in Madrid, Milan, and Venice, and that, as the folder states, its function here is to show Europeans that the United States, in addition to its capacity for streamlined manufacturing, "is also capable of producing fine work by artisans, perhaps unequalled since the time of Benvenuto Cellini." Philadelphia will be the first American city to see the collection and to decide on the Cellini-Dali equation.

IT is hard to satisfy the French with a Stendhal movie, because no matter who plays in it, they think that Stendhal himself ought to be the star. Thus, the much touted new color opus "Le Rouge et le Noir," directed by the undeniably intelligent Claude Autant-Lara, who did "Le Diable au Corps," has had an extremely mixed reception. Stendhalians who think that it portrays at least some of the Master love it gratefully, those who think that it only betrays him deplore it, and the mere movie fans who go to see it because it really stars Gérard Philipe and Danielle Darrieux giggle nervously at the extravagant love scenes. (It can be said right now that Philipe is too old for Julien Sorel, who was executed for his ambitions at the age of twenty-three, but that Mlle. Darrieux is exquisite and credible as the tragic, amorous Mme. de Rênal.) Almost nothing happens in the film the way it happened in the book, where, for any Stendhalian, there is painted that precise, unchangeable early picture of Julien in his white peasant shirt, carrying his violet-colored jacket and standing alone in his first meeting with the elegant Mme. de Rênal. In the film, he is wearing a sort of golf shirt with yellow stripes under a brown jacket, and is accompanied by the old priest—and where is the opening of a fatal 1830 romance in all that? Julien's precious Napoleonic volume "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène," described in the novel as being thrown in the river by old Sorel, turns up in the film in Julien's hands as he reads it in bed in the château. In the film, M. Valenod, the key to the anonymous blue-paper poison-pen letters, is simply left out. No Stendhalian, however fervent,

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JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
CONRAD JANIS
Childs
PARAMOUNT

could expect the book's end to be filmed, especially in color—that terrific scene of Mathilde's carriage drive with Julien's severed head on her knees. Still, in omitting Mathilde, the prison scenes, and, indeed, the whole last part of the book, the film certainly goes too far in the opposite direction. "La Chartreuse de Parme," also with Gérard Philipe, as Fabrice, was the first major gallant French failure to star Stendhal in the movies. It is to be hoped nobody has the pluck to try "La Vie d'Henri Brulard" or "Lucien Leuwen."

THE French Communist press has just suffered a highly informative attack of self-criticism, filling two full pages of *L'Humanité* with a blast by the Central Committee bosses on the way their most important newspaper, which is *L'Humanité* itself, has been mismanaged—a blast that would chill a capitalist newspaper editor's very blood. It is supposed that the formerly powerful Etienne Fajon, *Huma's* director, who had the anguish of drawing up the *autocritique*, will now be pushed off into limbo. After wasting a couple of preliminary sentences on the need of bread and peace for French workers, he painfully got down to the long line of brass tacks. He had to state that today *Huma* has half the circulation it had before the war, though the Communist vote has risen from a million and a half to five million, and that the paper has dropped ten thousand in circulation this year, being now down to a hundred and twenty-one thousand copies daily, with the biggest falling off of readers and buyers right here in Paris. Next came the reasons for all this, to wit: *Huma* is not "lively or human enough, and in tone is generally severe and often dull; our journalistic language is exaggeratedly poor." Then Fajon suddenly added, "But a newspaper is not a package of merchandise"—the well-known severe touch for Comrades who want more sports news and less Party line. The report said that *Huma's* foreign political reporting should feature its foreign correspondents more; criticized *Huma's* leading editorial writer, Courtade; said that the home political reporting needs basic reorganization; noted that getting a good women's column that the men Comrades would not sneer at was a real problem; said that the *Huma* reports on what goes on culturally in Paris are really "an affliction;" admitted that it had been a mistake two weeks before to take out the children's column, which must now

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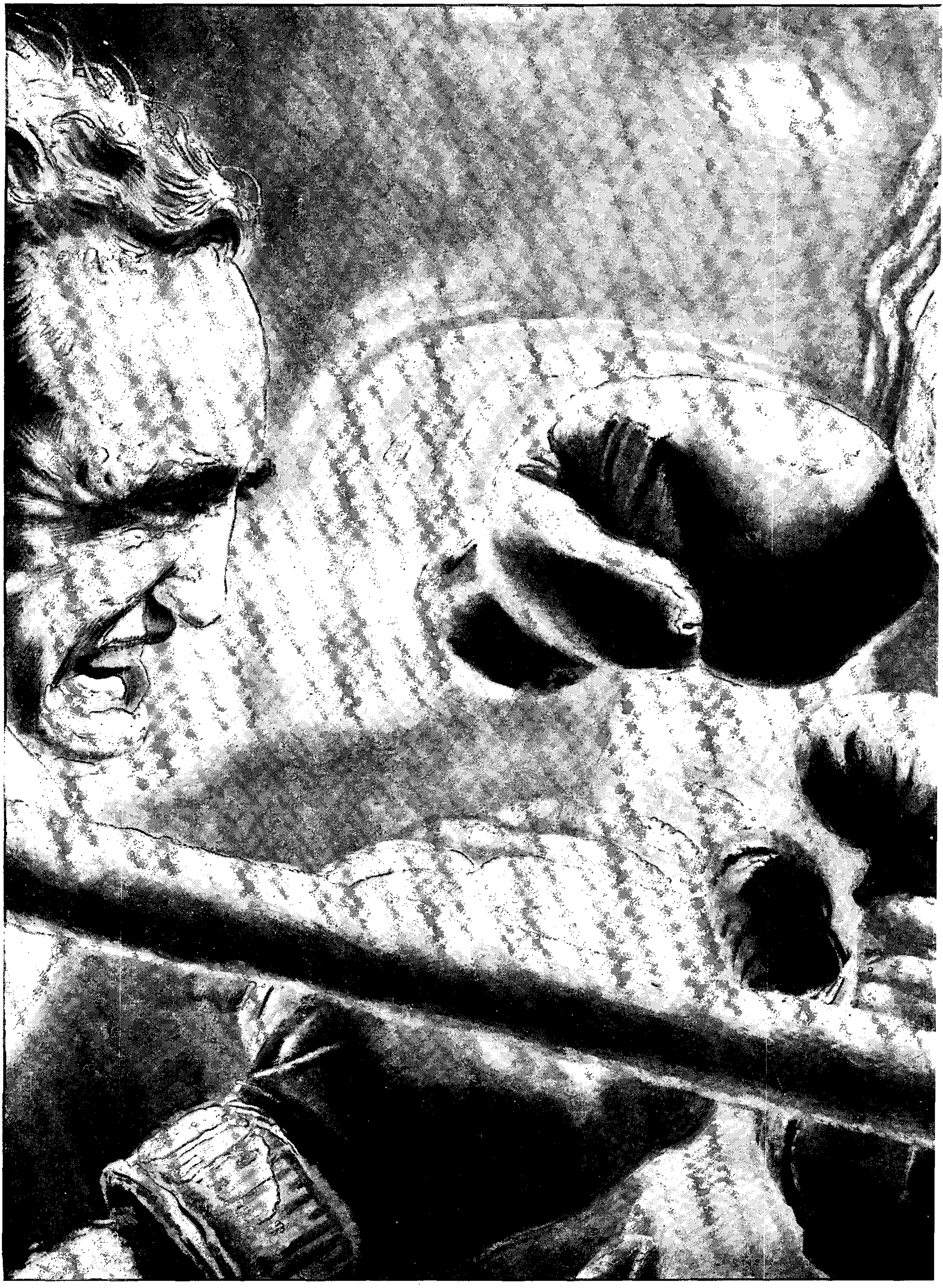

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H. O. O.

— *or, how old is old enough, for a connoisseur of rare Scotch?*

ON THE subject of age (we mean the age of a *man*, not the age of his whisky), we have had as many jolts as any other fellow who has turned the not-so-magical corner of fifty. For instance, there was the day when our teen-age daughter was describing one of her teachers: "He's an old man, daddy, about your age."

Again, there was the time when our secretary was pining around the office after the collapse of an ill-starred romance. We murmured something sympathetic. She only sighed and said, "I guess I'll never be married." We protested. She sighed again and said, "You don't seem to realize I'm getting *old.* Why, I'm almost *twenty-seven.*"

As we say, we've had our share of shocks on this subject of age. But we were not quite prepared, the other day, for the most dubious compliment we have ever received. It was in the men's bar of a distinguished hotel. We ordered Chivas Regal Scotch and water. The barman—a dignified representative of the old school—looked at us a moment, then said, "I'm glad to say, sir, I've a little on hand. It's a pleasure to serve Chivas Regal to *a man of your age,* who can appreciate it."

Well, that was flattery of a soft. But we know more than a few men considerably younger than ourself who esteem 12 year old Chivas Regal, Scotland's Prince of Whiskies — because they have developed a taste worthy of this rare and mellow liquid treasure of the Highlands.

And that thought increased our regret that the supply of Chivas Regal is still far from adequate to meet the demand of all those connoisseurs, young and old, who respect nobility. If your retailer or barman is out of Chivas Regal next time you order it, please give him another chance. We're really trying *hard* to keep him supplied.

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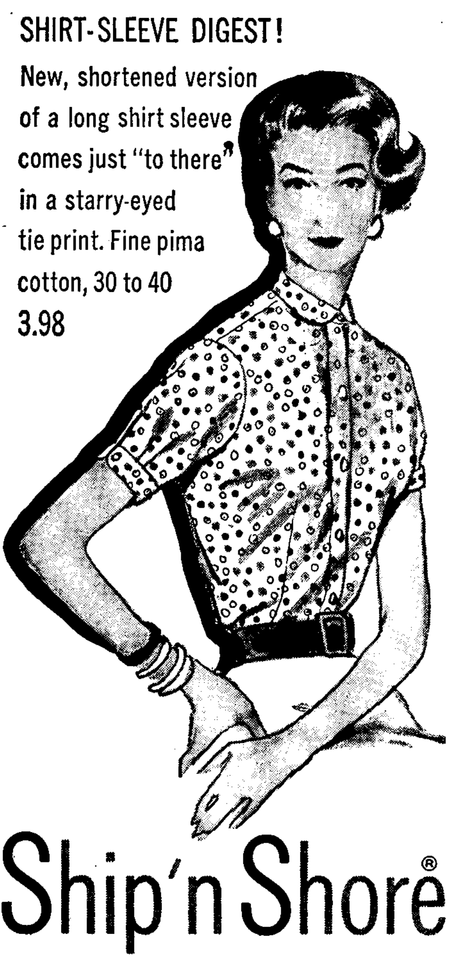
go right back in; and then naïvely concluded that none of this explained why "three-quarters of our voters in the Paris region—including many Party members—read not *L'Humanité* but some anti-Communist paper that greatly confuses their thinking." Poor Fajon's only protest at having to list his humiliations was his bitter comment that to hear some of the militants talk, you would think *Huma* in the old days "did not have a fault, and was practically perfection."

As all editors of the non-Communist Paris papers know, this recent self-criticism—whether in the Moscow *Pravda* or here, and on whatever topic—is simply one part of the new Malenkov line, and the plunge in *Huma's* influence and circulation among Party members is nothing that the bourgeois editors should necessarily pat themselves on the back for. Nevertheless, they obviously sense a big opportunity in the French Party's own testimony that the French working class has greatly slipped away from Party discipline, brain-washing, and press propaganda. In editorial milieus, and especially in Mendès-France's political circle, there is a strong feeling that this winter may be the most appropriate, propitious season in five years for France, by means of intelligent forward measures, to strengthen its republican appeal and decrease its class rift.

IT was foreseen that even in the brief absence of Premier Mendès-France in America the French political mice would begin to play. However, unexpected activity has broken out in the shape of a top-level squabble between the editors of *Le Figaro* and *Le Monde*—Messieurs Pierre Brisson and Hubert Beuve-Méry. Both of them have haughtily used only their initials in conducting a little war over interpretation of the supposed Eastern policies of the Premier, whom, actually, neither of them especially approves of anyhow, and whom neither of their journals wholeheartedly supports. *Figaro* started it by saying, in a "P.B."-signed special editorial, that prior to Mendès-France's success with the Paris treaty that replaced the lost E.D.C., France's status in Washington and New York had been at its lowest ebb and suspicion had reigned everywhere; that the Premier had gone to the United States with the particular mission of "dissipating these alarms and removing frowns from faces;" and that "everything indicates his success, including the . . . embarrassment of our



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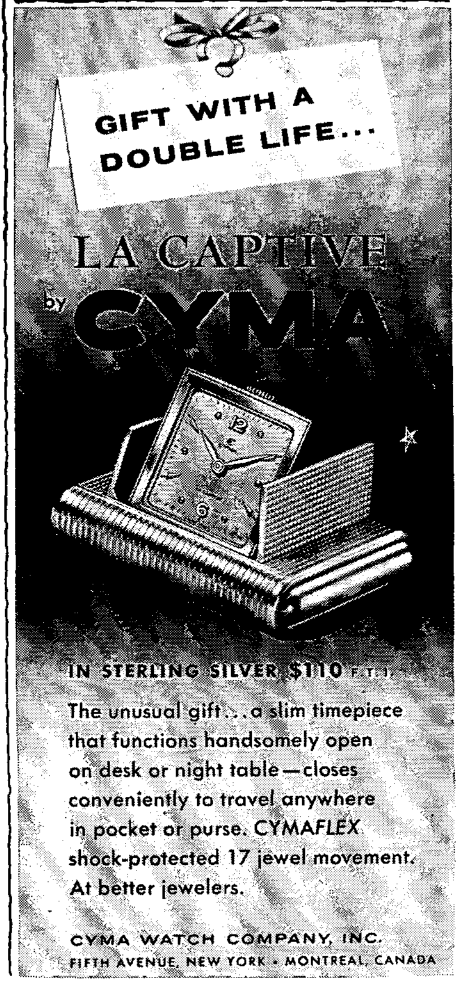

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colleague *Le Monde*, whose heart, as everyone knows, sighs and languishes in hopeful dreams of smiles from the Kremlin." P.B. genially went on to add that Mendès-France's visit had been dreaded in Washington—as if he might turn up with a dagger in his sleeve—but that on his arrival he had simply called for a glass of milk, drunk bottoms up to Franco-American friendship, and received "ovations as a superman," but the fat was in the fire in any case, because of the Kremlin reference. The neutralist policy of *Le Monde* and its early insistence on talks with Moscow—something that other Western policy-makers have only recently become warmer to and that Moscow has just requested again for the *n*th time—have inevitably drawn upon it the characterization of an appeaser, which it has always vigorously denied being. H.B.-M., in a very tart answering editorial in *Le Monde*, after wondering if "malicious stupidity" such as *Figaro's* is not really what makes Moscow smile most happily, added that the thing he himself feared was that "*Figaro's* efforts, united with those of the extremists on both continents, would finally force Mendès-France *à se soumettre ou à se démettre*"—to resign himself to their will or to resign his Premiership. The increasingly clear emergence of the extremist political and social forces, gathering in strength against the Premier, begins to look like the bad old days of France, with their rising and falling Premiers. It is this, along with the freshly renewed internal splintering of already disparate French parties and social levels, that is disturbing and disgusting the Mendès-France public, more impatient today than the French people have been in a long time for a government permitted to govern from some elevation more stable than that of a tightrope.

IN the past, the Salon des Tuileries was always the big autumn art event—or so people insisted, though they were lately beginning to be less positive about the aesthetic pleasures or refreshments that it afforded. This year, not only the title of that annual show but its contents have been changed. Called "L'Ecole de Paris 1954," made up exclusively of pictures painted this year, and including and, indeed, featuring *les jeunes*, the show, now on view at the Galerie Charpentier, has been regarded as an exceptional event, apparently because the famous old successful modern masters deigned to be seen side

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by side with young hopefuls such as they once were themselves. The sad news is that the old gentlemen of modern art are still the more interesting, if one is to judge by this exhibition, and especially if one excepts Picasso's contribution, called "Woman and Dog Playing," which is a singularly angular, and even ugly, artistic contortion. Shown also are a Léger, "Two Green Doves;" a Villon of airplanes, called "Le Bourget;" a couple of Van Dongen parlor nudes wearing their big picture hats in the house; some Dunoyer de Segonzacs, with their perpetual, lovely brown landscapes; a Chagall of somebody floating in the air; and an excellent Giacometti of a standing nude—all reliable, properly notable, distinct styles of work. From the work of the already fairly famous younger painters there are shown two huge, rather unattractive edibles by Buffet—"Calf's Head" and "Fish"—and a first-rate Gischia in the Braque manner. The place of honor, on the wall over the stairs, is significantly given to Lorjou and his "La San Isidro de Jesús de Córdoba," an extremely well-executed picture, almost Impressionist in painting and manner, of a wretched bullfighter, high in the air and about to fall on the waiting horns of the bull. It is impossible to describe any particular, positive tendency in the style of the hundred or more unknown young painters also showing. Negatively, it can be said that the unknowns are certainly not Cubists and not *tachistes*, and not Mondrianesque or Braqueish either. They seem, perhaps, to be moving with dignity slightly backward into recognizable connections with reality, and even to be using the palette of Impressionism, with its shaded colors. Lorjou, who is forty-six, has been referred to as the "*chef de file*" of the 1954 Ecole de Paris. There has been a lot of talk recently in Paris art circles on the question of whether nature is coming back into French art. Well, maybe in another year or so she will have a chance to show her pretty face again. —GENÊT

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Too Many Bottles," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding*]

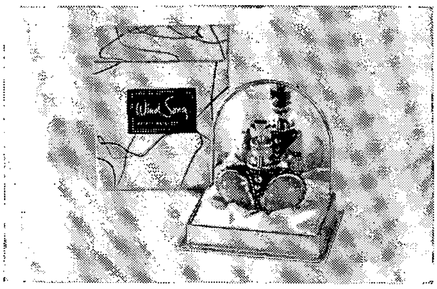
He had met Lulu on a West Indies cruise, the first time he had ever been aboard a ship.—*Page 3.*

He was stripped to the waist . . . his broad chest tattooed with a green and blue mermaid. Such a hateful, vulgar thing, Lulu called it from time to time, but he was rather fond of that mermaid; it reminded him of his three war years in the Merchant Marine.—*Page 7.*

shopper stoppers

by Helen Porter

Shoppers with an eye to the fragrant and the beautiful will do well to stop at the Prince Matchabelli counter where Christmas comes in the dazzling crown bottle. Perfumes and Colognes, mixed and matched, in a choice of gift sets from $1 up—and up.



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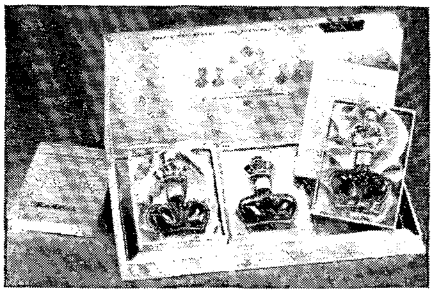

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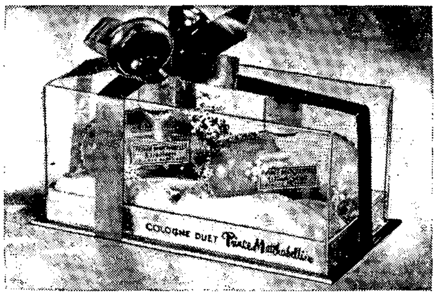
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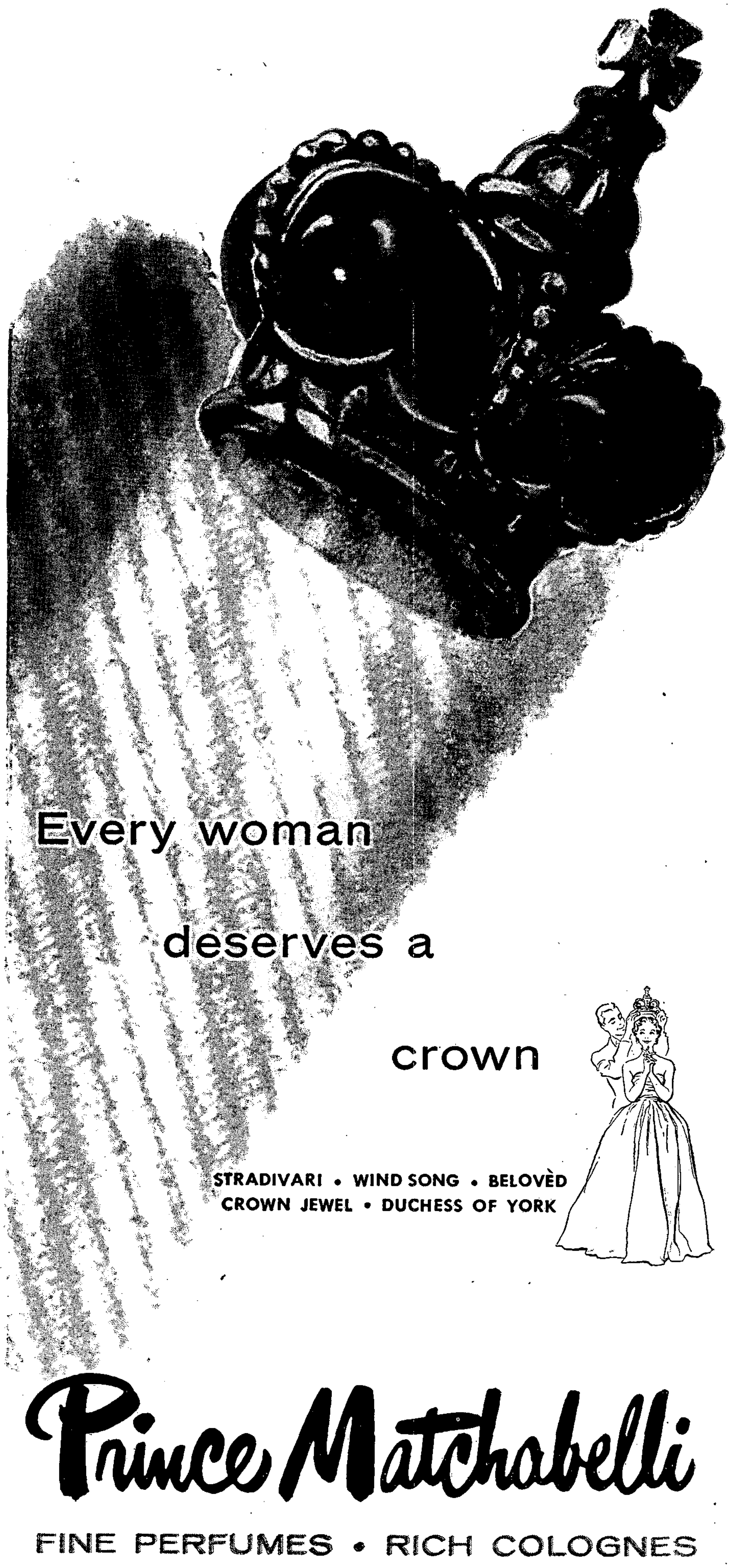
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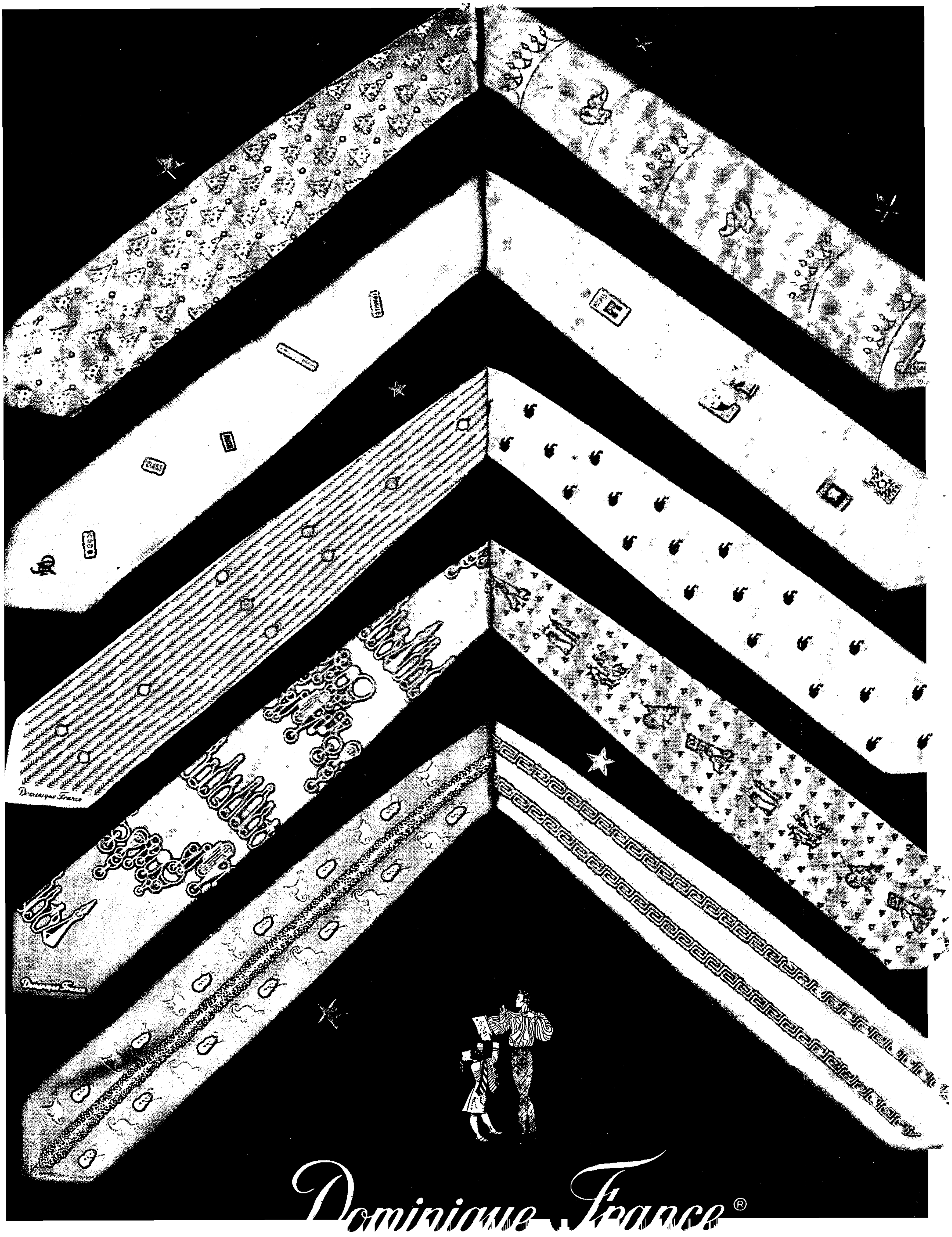
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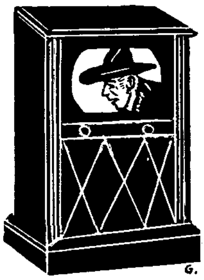


Univac, the electronic brain (A.B., M.S., Ph.D., Remington Rand), made such a poor showing on television on Election Night that I began to lose faith in the accuracy, not to say the wisdom, of these mechanical grinds. Univac was way off base that evening, and no smarter than the average flesh-and-blood pundit. I've been worrying about the machine ever since, and when I read that the C.B.S. weekly program "The Search" was going to be entirely devoted to an examination of electronic brains and similar contrivances, I decided to take a look. My faith in the efficacy of these marvels has been restored, or at least partly restored. (I still think Walter Lippmann is brighter than the average machine.) "The Search" concentrated mostly on machines that have been developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and we saw some astonishing ones. There was, for example, a fetching creature called Felix. It was a machine, all right, but it had been fixed up to look like a weird moth, with a body and eyes, and it slithered across the floor, headed in the direction of light; if there is any light around, Felix makes for it, without hesitation or delay. On hand to explain Felix to us was Dr. Norbert Wiener, an authentic human brain with a real beard and a vast knowledge of mathematics. Dr. Wiener seemed slightly embarrassed over the fact that Felix had been made up to resemble a bug; it was obvious that he would have preferred Felix to look like a machine and that he thought Felix's shape and structure were just a condescension to popular taste. He told us that Felix has acquired certain visual functions, and that devices of this type are becoming smarter and smarter. Many of them, he reported, have reached a point where they think the same way some animals think.

I was still absorbing Dr. Wiener's startling observations when a huge creature called Whirlwind appeared on the screen. Whirlwind's front contained what appeared to be a million blinking lights. Dr. Donald P. Campbell, also of M.I.T., was in charge of Whirlwind and, like Dr. Wiener, was anxious to show off his prodigy. "Whirl-

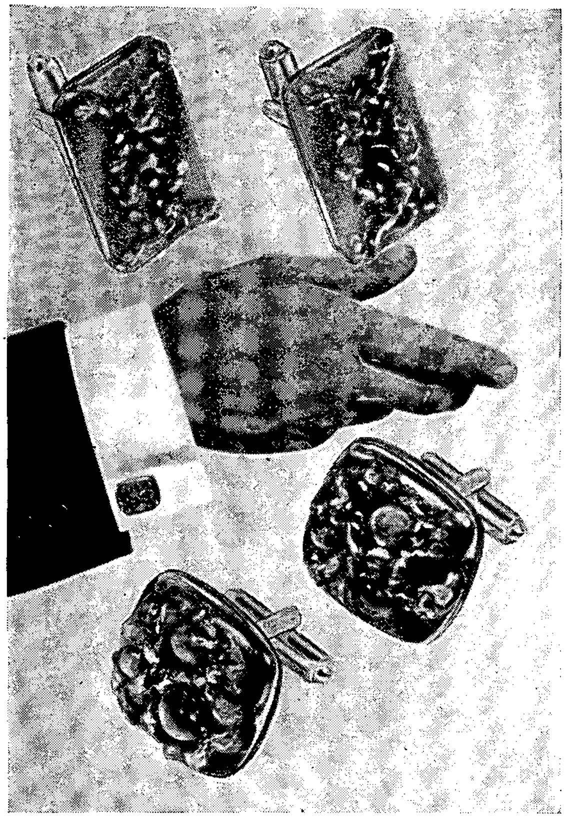
Dominique France

The ties shown on the opposite page may be seen at these fine stores

Albany, New York	McManus & Riley
Albuquerque, New Mexico	Pelletier's Men's Shop
Atlanta, Georgia	George Muse Clothing Co.
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Jerry Rothschild
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Co.
Buffalo, New York	L. L. Berger Co.
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Chicago, Illinois	Capper & Capper
Chicago, Illinois	Marshall Field & Company
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Company
Clayton, Missouri	Klines West
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Brothers
Columbus, Ohio	The Union Company
Dallas, Texas	James K. Wilson
Dallas, Texas	Titche-Goettinger Company
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Company
Denver, Colo.	Gano Downs Company
Detroit, Mich.	Capper & Capper
Detroit, Mich.	Jerry Morse
East Orange, New Jersey	Stuart Gordon
El Paso, Texas	The Whitehouse
Erie, Penna.	P. A. Meyers Company
Evanston, Illinois	Edgar A. Stevens
Evanston, Illinois	Williams
Flint, Mich.	David Alan
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	Maus & Hoffman
Fort Worth, Texas	John L. Ashe Company
Fort Worth, Texas	R. E. Cox & Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan	William Klein
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox Company
Houston, Texas	Custom Shop
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto Company
Jacksonville, Florida	Levy's
Kansas City, Missouri	Jack Henry
Kansas City, Missouri	Woolf Brothers
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's Wilshire
Los Angeles, Calif.	Ralph Carver
Los Angeles, Calif.	Barbara Williams
Louisville, Kentucky	Rodes-Rapier
Midland, Texas	Albert S. Kelly
Minneapolis, Minn.	L. S. Donaldson Company
Minneapolis, Minn.	Nicolas
Montclair, New Jersey	Bragg & Son
Newark, New Jersey	Hahne & Company
Newark, New Jersey	Joseph Fischman
New York, New York	Bergdorf Goodman
Norfolk, Virginia	The Hub
Oakland, Calif.	The Gray Shop
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Men, Inc.
Paterson, New Jersey	Konner's Inc.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Witlin & Gallagher
Philadelphia, Penna.	Jackson & Moyer
Phoenix, Arizona	McDougall & Cassou Ltd.
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Larrimor's Men's Shop
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Joseph Horne Company
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank Company
Portland, Oregon	Rosenblatts
Richmond, Virginia	Berry-Burke Company
Richmond, Virginia	Greentree's
Roanoke, Virginia	Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Rochester, New York	B. Forman Company
San Francisco, Calif.	The Fairmont Hotel Shop
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
San Francisco, Calif.	Ohlson & Holmes
Seattle, Washington	Littler's
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Company
South Orange, New Jersey	Minks
St. Louis, Missouri	Stix, Baer & Fuller Company
St. Louis, Missouri	Wolff's Clothiers, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio	B. R. Baker Company
Tucson, Arizona	S. R. K. Men's Shop
Tyler, Texas	Joyner Fry
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn.	Bedford
Wichita, Kansas	Lewins, Inc.
Wichita Falls, Texas	Perkins Timberlake

wind is a lightning computer at M.I.T.," said Dr. Campbell. "He can multiply with rapidity." To prove it, he gave Whirlwind a problem—to multiply 31,946 by 27,189. Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, and the answer was there—there and gone, in fact, entirely too fast for me to copy it down before the camera turned back to Dr. Campbell. All I know is that the first three digits were 868; I'm still working on the problem. Charles Romine, the permanent narrator on "The Search," asked Dr. Campbell whether these machines could think, and the Doctor was quite wary about the word "think." He said that they can be only as bright as the material given them, and that man, thank goodness, is still the animal with the primary information. It was comforting to hear a good word spoken for man. Scientists are optimistic, though, about the future mental capacities of the machines, Dr. Campbell said, and some of the creatures have made steady progress in elementary thinking. I gathered that it won't be too long before they can cross streets by themselves.

One of the most interesting exhibits was a mechanical mouse called Harry. (I couldn't help wondering what some of these intellectual machines would call human beings if they were given a chance.) Harry was put through his paces by a gentleman from the Bell Telephone Laboratories, who set him down inside an intricate maze, started him off, and let him find his way out. Harry had a pretty tough time. He bumped his nose against one wall of the maze after another, twisted, turned, whirled, and probed, and, by persistent endeavor, finally battled his way through to the end. In all, it took Harry fifty-two seconds. The Bell man said that Harry was the type of mechanical mouse who learns from experience. In fact, he said, the first journey through the maze had been a tremendous education for Harry. He set him down inside the maze, and told him to try again. This time, Harry never failed to turn the right way, and made the run in seventeen seconds flat. Good old Harry! President James R. Killian, Jr., of M.I.T., spoke briefly at the end of the program. He was encouraging about the new technology, saying that he doesn't think the onslaught of these machines will result in heightened unemployment. On the contrary, he believes that, as in the past, new technology will mean more and better employment for human beings, and that a new breed of engineers will be required to cope with the machines. "In



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the words of Norbert Wiener," he said, "that will help these machines contribute to the human needs of human beings."

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD who boards at my place persuaded me to watch "Lassie" with him and a contemporary the other Sunday evening, on C.B.S. He was quite insistent. "Lassie is a collie," he said. "There's a boy called Jeff, who owns the dog, and his mother. The program is scary." I asked what had happened to Jeff's father. "He was shot in the war," said the boarder, "or maybe it was in the Army." "Lassie" got under way. It was not scary the other night. In fact, it was nothing. Jeff and his mother live out on a farm with Gramps and Lassie. Jeff's mother sings in the church choir, and a man from Capitol City hears her and offers her a radio job singing in the big town. She leaves with Jeff. Gramps and the collie stay on the farm. Out of loneliness, the dog runs all the way to Capitol City, finds Jeff and his mother, and persuades them to return to the farm, where Gramps has broken a good many dishes and left the kitchen in a terrible mess. My boarder and his companion were deeply touched by the tale, and they almost pathetically awaited each appearance of Lassie, who made very few appearances. I had always thought "Lassie" was a dog story, but the dog hardly ever turned up. He's a good-looking dog, all right, but I guess he's camera-shy.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Because this new law has created a hardship in practically every community in the state, it is expected that it will be repeated next year, it was reported here.—*Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.*

Yes, a fellow can almost bet on that.

•

At this point, your mind has chosen sides and is now allied with your slim, attractive self, intent on getting rid of the burdensome pounds. From here on, seducing is almost easy.—*Vancouver News-Herald.*

Some of these fat girls have no trouble, either.

•

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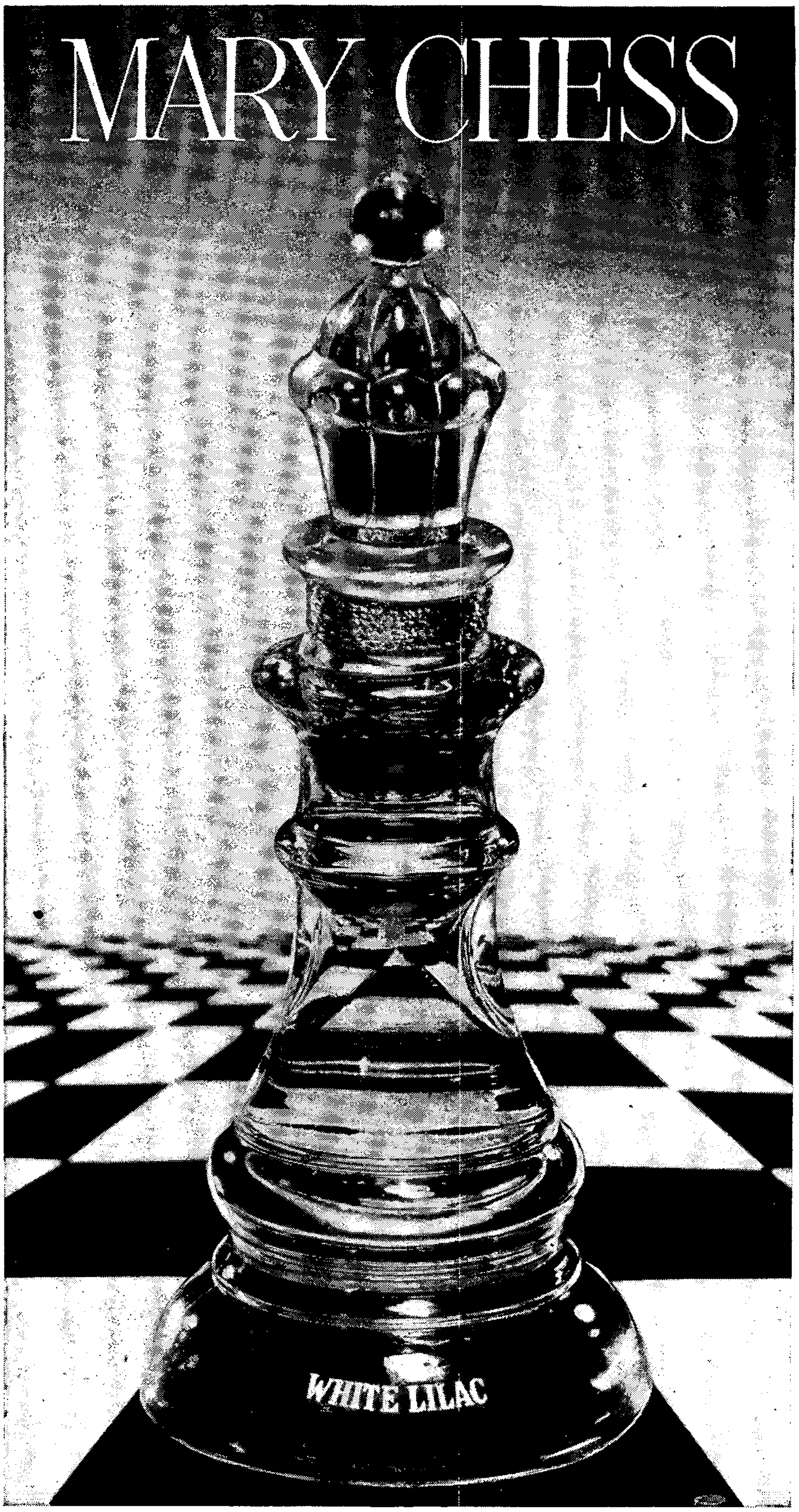

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

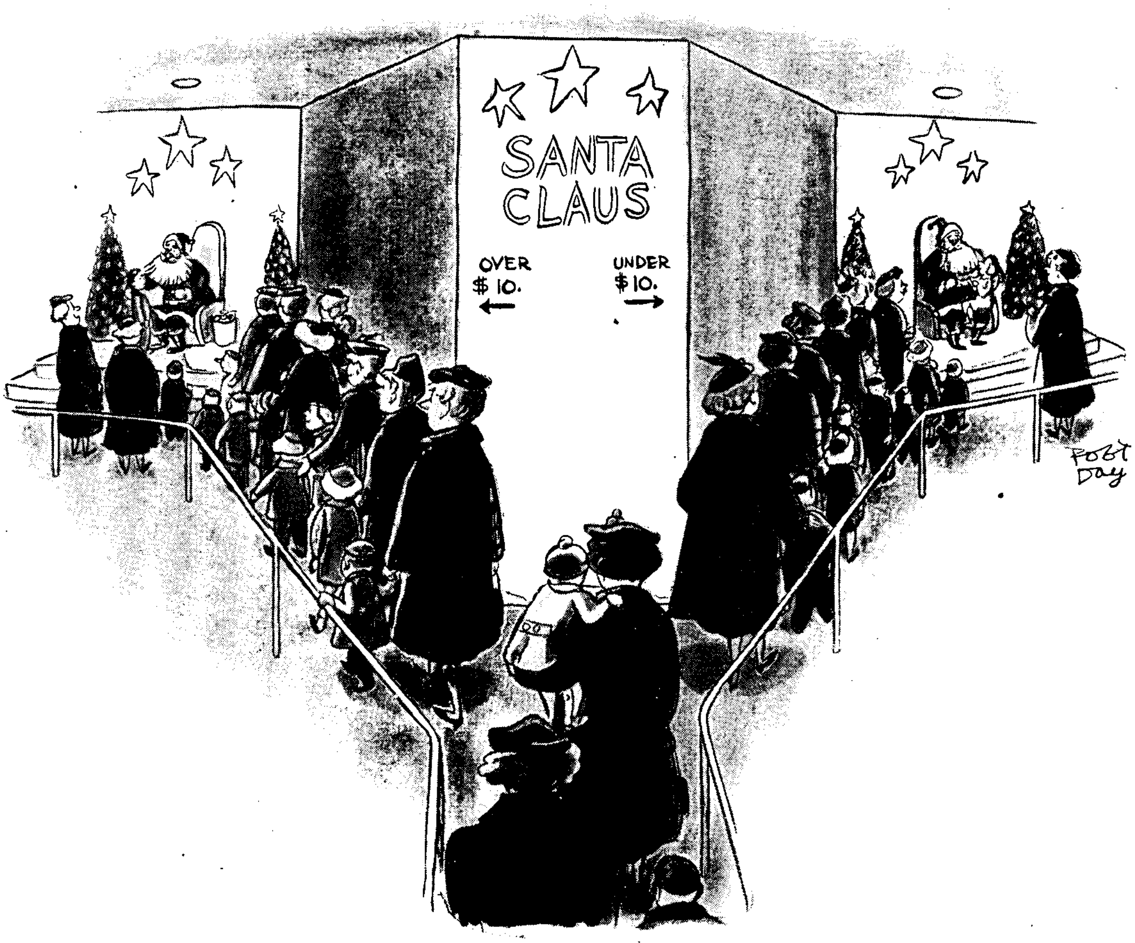
NOTHING gladdens the eye, quickens the pulse, and sets the old Christmas spirit to bubbling like a visit to the toy stores, and that's where we've been for the past few days. Taking stock of the other Christmas missions we accomplished in preceding weeks, we note that on November 13th we ticked off jewelry and custom presents for men and women. The week after that, we reported on presents for the house and the householder, and last week on gifts for women and books for children. Next week, we'll deal with food and drink for the Christmas table, submit our suggestions for taking care of all the males on your list, and see what the perfumers have to offer this season. Right now, let's peep into Santa Claus's workshop. Are you with us?

Toys

THE designers of playthings, as puzzled as anybody else by a changing world, are playing it safe this year, and something for everyone seems to be the general notion. Last year, space and atoms were about the only new things that children got to play with; this year, the craze is clearly less rampageous, although the kids who want to commute to Arcturus or know what's going to happen when that new synchrotron at Brookhaven is turned on are still being catered to. On the whole, there seems to be a growing desire for toys that are more closely related to real-life situations—a desire that in a good many cases manifests itself, paradoxically, by an increasing demand for puppets, dolls, and animals representing television and comic-strip characters.

Filling a gap somewhere in between these two poles is a whole new series of toys called Playforms, which are a delight to look at, to play with, or just to touch. The originals of these pieces—trucks, animals, airplanes, people, buildings, and so on—were hand-carved by the Swiss sculptor Antonio Vitali, each from a single block of hardwood; no nails, no springs, no hidden batteries, just beautiful wood, mostly poplar or maple, in beautiful shapes. They are now being turned out by machine in this country, but this doesn't mean that either the wood or the shapes are any less beautiful—merely that they can be sold at reasonable prices. The lines are smooth and simple, and the objects represented are abstracted down to the essentials a child or a sophisticated artist would select; distracting details, such as facial features, have simply been eliminated. The toys come in three groups, on a scale of a third of an inch to the foot, a half inch to the foot, and an inch to the foot, and in each group, of course, proper ratios are preserved—a bus passenger, for example, fits into the bus, and the farmer's dog isn't as big as the farmer. At Bloomingdale, among other places where Playforms are sold, you'll find an extremely modern-looking Overland Bus, thirteen inches long, with varnished walnut wheels and windows that open; the interior is hollowed out to accommodate three or four passengers and a driver; $4.50. At America House, 32 East 52nd Street, the Playforms include a stubby airplane, a streamlined bus, a pickup truck, and a foreign-looking roadster (this is a set, costing $3.95), and a family group consisting of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a tiny baby, a cat, and a dog ($4.95). The mother looks like a figure carved by Henry Moore, and her arms form a sort of niche for the baby to lie in. Here, too, are folding Playform barns ($14.95) and folding Playform doll houses ($18.95) that are marvels of simplicity and invention.

Now that we're down to particulars, we may as well go on with them. Stalking around on the scientific-toy scene is Robert the Robot, who is thirteen inches tall, made of a red plastic that looks like metal, and costs $5.98 at Altman and most other stores. He walks, propelled by a remote-control spring cable, and talks when a crank in his back is turned. ("I am Robert the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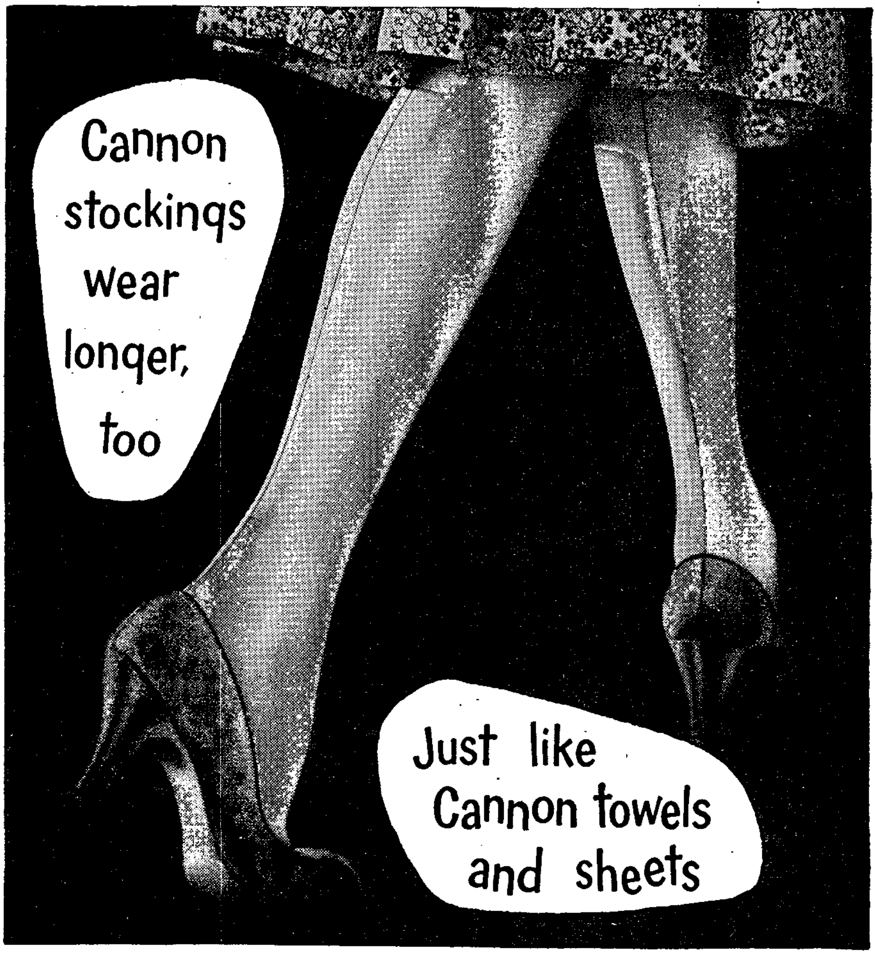
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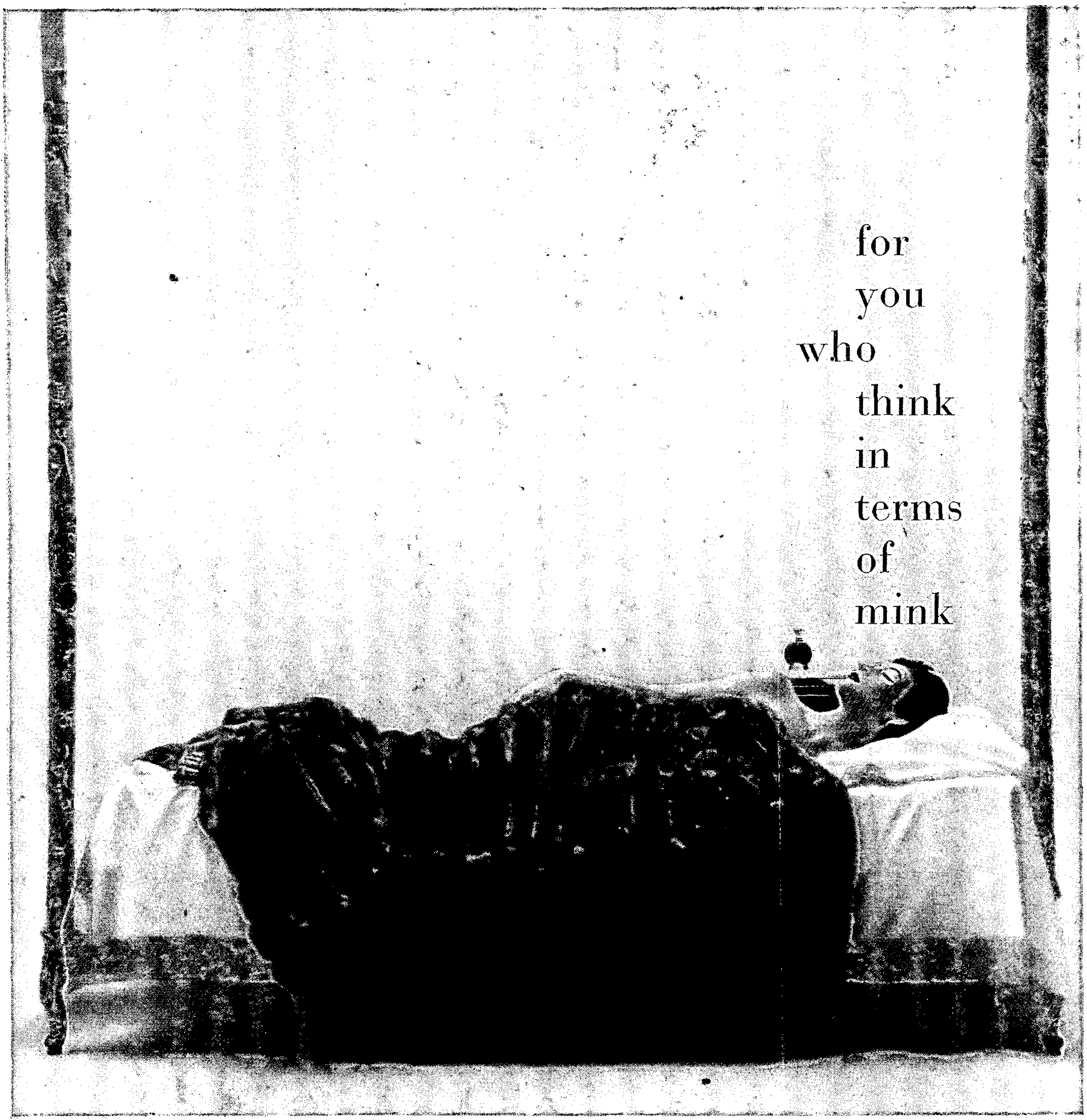
Robot, the mechanical man," he says. "Drive me, steer me, wherever you can." Not a garrulous type.) His arms swing as he strides along, and his hands can be made to clutch things; his eyes light up when a switch on his back is flipped, and so does an antenna on his head. All these miracles are effected by a battery somewhere in his insides; it requires changing now and again, so he wears on his chest a tool kit with the tools necessary for the operation.

Most of the other new mechanical toys are more or less conventional miniatures of dump trucks, steam shovels, tractors, fire engines, boats, and trains. One is an eight-and-a-half-inch friction-powered metal model of a British fire engine, circa 1912, whose boiler shoots out sparks as it putters along ($2.50, at Hanlan, 129 Macdougal Street), and another is a fourteen-inch plastic-and-metal Yellow Cab, as real as life ($1.50, at the Toy Mart, in the lower concourse of Radio City). In a construction kit at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street, there's the makings of a pair of friction-powered metal sports cars, one with a plastic sundome top and both with windshield wipers that work; $4.95. From another construction kit here emerges a foot-long British M.G., with a cast-aluminum body, chrome bumpers and headlights, a transparent windshield, and tires that have to be mounted on the rims; the assembly requires about twenty steps, and the price is $10.95. Before we leave the Reiss motor pool, perhaps we'd better mention U-Drive-It, a game board eighteen inches long and six inches wide, with a steering wheel, a dashboard, a horn, and even a picture of a road, wound up on a spool, that unrolls before the driver's eyes. The driver is supposed to keep a small wooden car, attached to the steering wheel, in the middle of the road; $2.98.

To service all these cars, Altman provides a hand-operated gasoline pump, made of corrugated paper, which is nearly three feet tall on its wooden base. A red plastic gasoline gauge rises and falls as the crank is turned, and a ringing bell clocks off the imaginary flow; $5.95. (At Schwarz you can find a Junior Esso uniform—cap and coveralls—for the attendant; $5.95, in sizes 3 to 6.) And, to add to the traffic problem in general, along comes a copy of the Lambretta motor scooter, which has been raising the hackles of automobilists on European highways for several years and is beginning to show up here *in town*. Polk's Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth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BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE IN 1745

Drambuie

Prince Charles Edward's

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BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

His fame—and private liqueur—live on

Although 207 years have elapsed since Prince Charles Edward made his gallant if ill-fated attempt to gain the British throne, he still remains one of the most colorful and romantic figures in Scottish history. The sight of his portrait (see opposite page) or the mention of "45", meaning 1745, the year Bonnie Prince Charlie led his lost cause, still awakens patriotic stirrings in the heart of the true Scot.

But if Bonnie Prince Charlie failed to realize his royal ambitions, he succeeded in leaving to the world a kingly gift—Drambuie,* the only cordial with a Scotch whisky base.

Drambuie was the Prince's personal liqueur, which apparently he prized only slightly less than a scepter, for he gave the formula to a Scottish clansman as a reward for saving his life.

For many years Drambuie was produced in extremely limited quantities, first for a few Highland Chieftains and later for the Princes and Peers of the Realm. But the fame of Drambuie continued to grow until today it is sold in practically every country in the world. In fact, as measured by the popularity of Drambuie, Prince Charles Edward has far more followers today than in 1745.

A dram of Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather—a luxurious after-dinner adventure. Its exquisite bouquet is a rare delight and its distinctive dry flavour is free of cloying aftertaste.

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Please send—free—11-color print of Bonnie Prince Charlie. *Print name and address*

Avenue (32nd), has a three-foot version of the Lambretta, with no motor, for a boy to scoot around on; it costs $24.95 and carries a spare tire. Schwarz is more conventional, offering a bicycle equipped with a combination low gear and power brake; what this does, Schwarz says, is give a sixty-eight-pound child the leverage of a hundred-pound child when climbing a hill or stopping quickly. We're told that even a four- or five-year-old can manage it. With twenty-inch wheels, it costs $49.95, in either a boy's or a girl's model. And if *that* sounds too speedy, there's Bloomingdale's Wonder Pony, a wooden pinto on springs, who gallops as vigorously as his rider would have him go but never gets anywhere; he's thirty-four inches tall and thirty inches long, and costs $12.95.

RAILROAD buffs are in for a big year. Lionel, it seems, has never before brought out such a quantity of rolling stock at one time. Its new Fairbanks-Morse diesel locomotive, seventeen inches long, has a headlight and remote-control couplers at each end; $59.95, with four freight cars, or $43.50 alone. The Texas Special, which costs $69.50, has a diesel-type locomotive that thunders down the track pulling a streamlined coach, a streamlined Pullman, and a boat-tailed Vista Dome observation car. A five-inch section-gang car with three section hands aboard scampers along the track until it hits an obstruction (any old obstruction), whereupon the section hands, instead of getting out and removing it, do an about-face and take off in the opposite direction; $7.95. What the moral implications of this are we cannot say. A new gantry crane with an electromagnetic pickup has a free-swinging boom and three levers to operate it; $15.95. If a boy prefers to convert this into rolling stock, he can do so by putting it on a gondola car, which costs $4.75.

Over to the Gilbert American Flyer contributions now. New knuckle-type couplers that can be installed on any of the American Flyer cars, replacing the old link couplers, cost ninety-five cents a pair, along with a kit for installing them, and only one rivet per coupler is involved in the operation. There's a new Gilbert railroad station with an imposing clock tower on its roof and two less imposing lampposts (everything lights up) out front; $9.95. Add to this setup a plastic-domed, two-track train shed that trains run *through*, rather than past, and you have something

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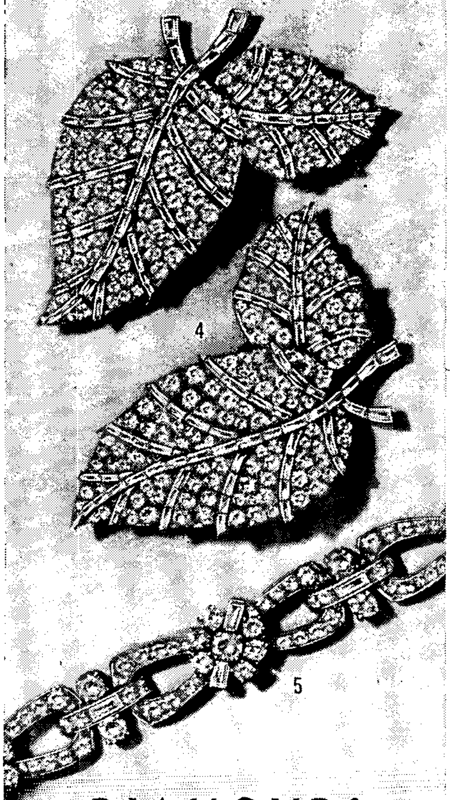

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1lb NET
MADE IN PAISLEY SCOTLAND
MADE FROM SUGAR AND SEVILLE ORANGES

Give your table that extra-special appeal by serving Robertson's preserves. GOLDEN SHRED, delicious jelly marmalade, made from sugar and the pure juice of Seville oranges, has a delightful piquancy and distinctive flavor. Taste its rich goodness — today!

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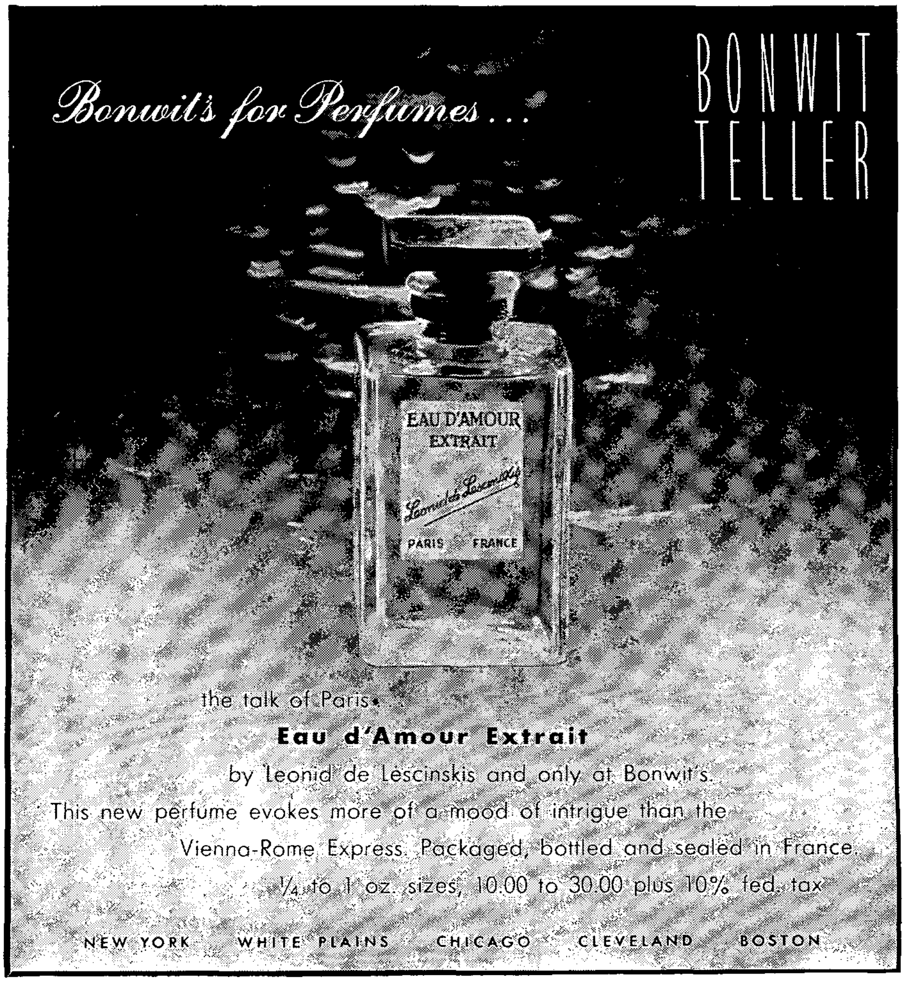
Some more treats for your table!

SILVER SHRED MARMALADE
GINGER MARMALADE
Scotch Marmalade • Blackcurrant Jam
Redcurrant Jelly • Wild Bramble Jelly
Made and Packed in Scotland



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This new perfume evokes more of a mood of intrigue than the
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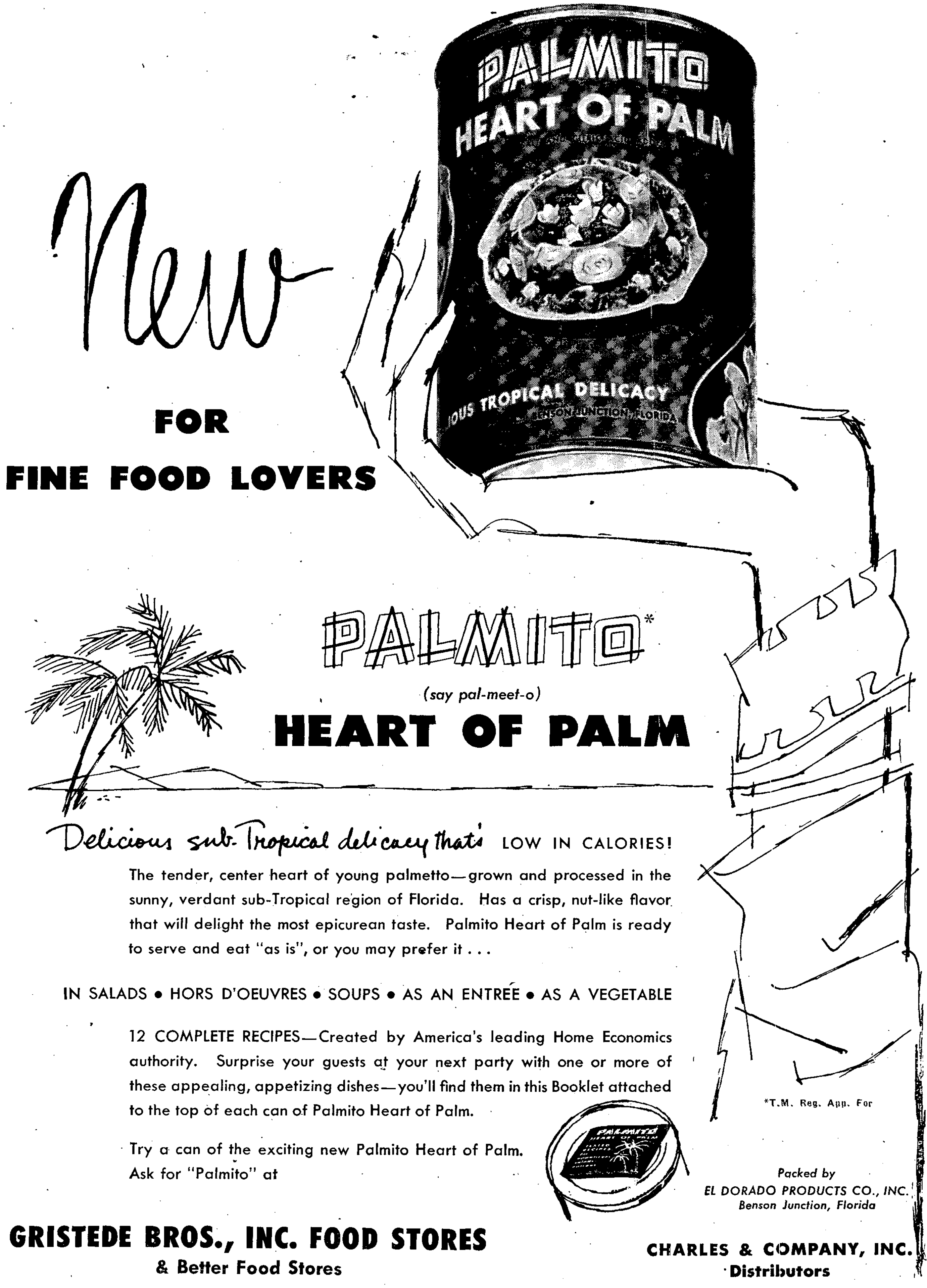
¼ to 1 oz. sizes, 10.00 to 30.00 plus 10% fed. tax

NEW YORK WHITE PLAINS CHICAGO CLEVELAND BOSTON

that, as it happens, looks pretty much like the Gare St. Lazare, in Paris. The train shed is $9.95, too. Still another station, this a noisy one, has a push-button control that stops the train beside the passenger platform. Then you hear the hiss of steam and the clang of pistons and a gateman's voice calling, "New York, Philadelphia, and all points west. All aboard!" With a detachable clock tower, it costs $19.95. For a very young railroad fan, there's a two-foot train made of rubber and vinyl that has to be pushed along on the floor, but its dump car actually dumps, and its engine and three cars can be coupled and uncoupled (the connections are rubber); $1.89, at Childplay, 203 West 14th Street.

THE doll range this year is broad enough to encompass a devout thirty-inch girl who is jointed at the knees and elbows, so she can kneel down and say her prayers ($29.98, at Bloomingdale); a thirty-five inch homebody type in long stockings, looped-up braids, and an old-fashioned middy-blouse outfit, who is meant to look like Dagmar, the girl in "I Remember Mama" ($9.98, also at Bloomingdale); and a three-foot cancan dancer in long stockings of quite another variety, long gloves, and a black-and-white stiff cotton French dress ($11.95, at Polk). The cancan girl has rubber straps on her feet, by the way, so that a child can use her as a dancing partner. There are very few dolls these days who neither walk nor speak up (even if it's only a mild yip), and a lot of them wear wardrobes that may outshine those of their owners. Some of them even have open-toed shoes. Imagine! The popularity of twin dolls has reached such a pitch that Gimbel has felt impelled to bring out an elaborate twin carriage with two collapsible hoods and wire spoke wheels; it's three feet high and costs $59.98. Bloomingdale doesn't stop with twins; a cardboard nursery a little over fifteen inches long, with a removable roof, is furnished with *seven* baby beds, each inhabited and each marked with a name. Also on the scene is a four-inch plastic nurse, who is jointed at the waist (so she can bend over her charges), a basin, a chart, a weighing table, a baby bath, two chairs, and a set of seven nursing bottles. All this costs $2.98.

Collateral doll matters: An interior-decorating set provides a roomful of things to do—a rug to lay, wallpaper to paste up, pictures to hang, curtains to make, and some plywood furniture to arrange—and the room to do them in,



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IN MINK...

From the courts of Tudor, Stuart, Hapsburg—a heritage of classic craftsmanship. The very descendants of royal artisans who draped fur masterpieces about the shoulders of the courtly . . . now fashioning superb modern creations, of *Umpa dark mink*—for you.

Naturally, into such gifted hands Umpa puts the most carefully selected, perfectly matched deep, blue-black pelts. Rare skins, taken at the very instant of prime—from mink themselves bred in the regal manner. Umpa mink, nurtured by some two hundred leading ranchers who retain membership by consistently meeting inflexibly high standards of *controlled* pelt quality.

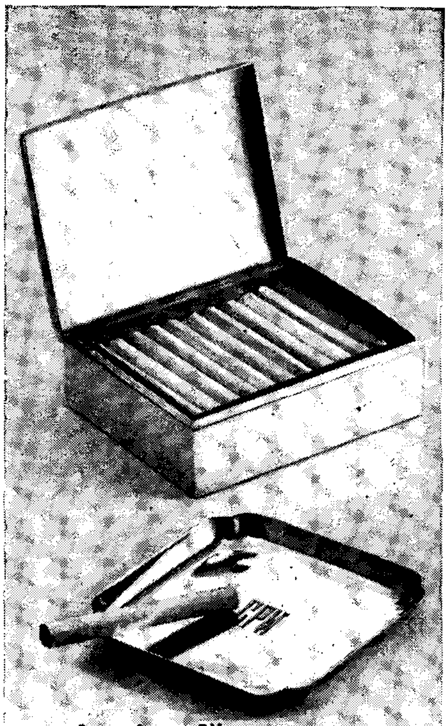
For twenty years the criterion in dark mink has been Umpa. And with mink a purchase worthy of critical understanding, you do well to think toward Umpa, the rare and revered dark mink. You will find Umpa at only the finer furriers.

Umpa dark mink

UNITED MINK PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION
Janesville, Wisconsin

made of heavy cardboard. It's sixteen inches by eighteen, and, with wallpaper paste, thread, and other fixings, comes to $4.95 at Reiss Brothers, at the Rappaport Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), and in most toy departments. A combination sink, refrigerator, and stove, made of metal, can be wound up so that when the stove is turned on, its burners sparkle. Together with a kitchen scale, some aluminum pans, and an aluminum teakettle, it costs $3.98 at Gimbel. And for a girl who would like to print her name on everything in sight, Polk has strips of gold leaf that will enable her to do the job gloriously; with six strips, seven or eight inches long, and fifty blank-faced match books to practice on, the kit comes to $1.50.

NOW for some educational toys. First off, there's the Junior Planetarium, which looks like any other map globe but, plugged into an A.C. outlet, will project onto the ceiling and walls of a darkened room about forty constellations and three hundred stars. (No planets, though, because they're always changing position.) It costs $14.95 at Hammond, 1 East 43rd Street, and at Schwarz—indeed, at almost any toy store. A battery-powered telephone set that begins with two cradle phones, not much smaller than regulation, and some telephone wire ($6.95) can be expanded by any boy who knows the rudiments of electricity, or is willing to learn one rudiment, into a six-phone hookup (extra phones are $3.95 apiece), all on the same circuit. This is at Rappaport. And, under the guidance of the Encyclopædia Britannica people and the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, some manufacturers of laboratory goods have teamed up to produce X-Ray Eddie, a vinyl plastic anatomical model who is twenty-five inches long when inflated, and whose skeleton and major organs are printed on him in red and blue. As you might imagine, he comes in a medical kit, which also includes first-aid stuff and apparatus for testing somebody's hearing, vision, reflexes, senses of taste, touch, and smell, heartbeat, and lung capacity—but not Eddie's, fortunate fellow. The price for the whole works is $19.95, at Schwarz. The same group of forward-looking people and the same store, are to be thanked and paid, respectively, for a radio kit with which a boy can build a two-tube radio transmitter and receiver and learn how to use them ($29.95), an optical kit for building a telescope and giving its



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Individual ash tray, **$13;** 3 letter monogram, **$5.**

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owner a good idea of how light rays work ($22.50), a geology kit that—well, teaches about geology ($14.95), and a weather-forecasting kit that includes the makings of a barometer, a cloud-speed and cloud-direction indicator, a hygrometer, a maximum-minimum thermometer, a compass, a ground-wind direction and velocity indicator, and a rain gauge ($24.95).

Perhaps the most imaginative educational gift a father could bestow this year on a son of high-school age would be a series of cabinetmaking lessons at Your Workshop, 417 East 75th Street, a new enterprise where workbenches with basic tools are provided for a dozen or so woodworkers, and where there is a complete set of communal power tools—lathes, jig saws, band saws, drill presses, planers, sanders, and the rest of it—all presided over by a professional cabinetmaker who stands ready to give advice and help beginners over the rough spots. This setup offers a fine chance for a man and his son to work together on a joint project—a boat, say—because anyone under twenty-one must be accompanied by an adult. The shop is open Monday through Friday from four in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night, and from nine until four on Saturday, and is available not only to students but to craftsmen of any age who have no place to work at home. A set of tickets good for twelve three-and-a-half-hour periods of supervised work costs $60 for a beginner and $50 for anyone who already knows how to handle tools. The shop has a large number of patterns for making all sorts of things, from a birdhouse that can be put together in an afternoon to an elaborate break-front cabinet.

Enough education? Well, Macy still has those tin beanies that produce soap bubbles atop a child's head (ninety-eight cents), and at the Bar Mart, 62 West 45th Street, there's a three-speed juke box, in gold-flecked red, ivory,

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a joyful, light-hearted, in-love fragrance bottled in Lalique's famous hand-blown heart. 14.50 to 60.

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Sessions *chimes* for modern times

No Christmas bells will chime more sweetly than the mellow notes of Sessions newest achievement in electric time—the Bradford Westminster chime clock. Four times each sixty minutes, the famous carillon of London's Big Ben softly echoes through your living-room or library . . . peacefully counting up the minutes . . . melodiously counting off the hours.

Here is time that looks as beautiful as it sounds. Set in an elegant block of Honduras mahogany or hand-rubbed ebony finished hardwood, mounted on legs of burnished brass, the Bradford ornaments almost any plan of decor.

Made by the nation's leading craftsmen in time, the Sessions Bradford is a Christmas gift worthy of the finest families in the land . . . a gift that *your* family will treasure through many Christmases to come.

THE BRADFORD—Westminster chime clock—**$58.95***

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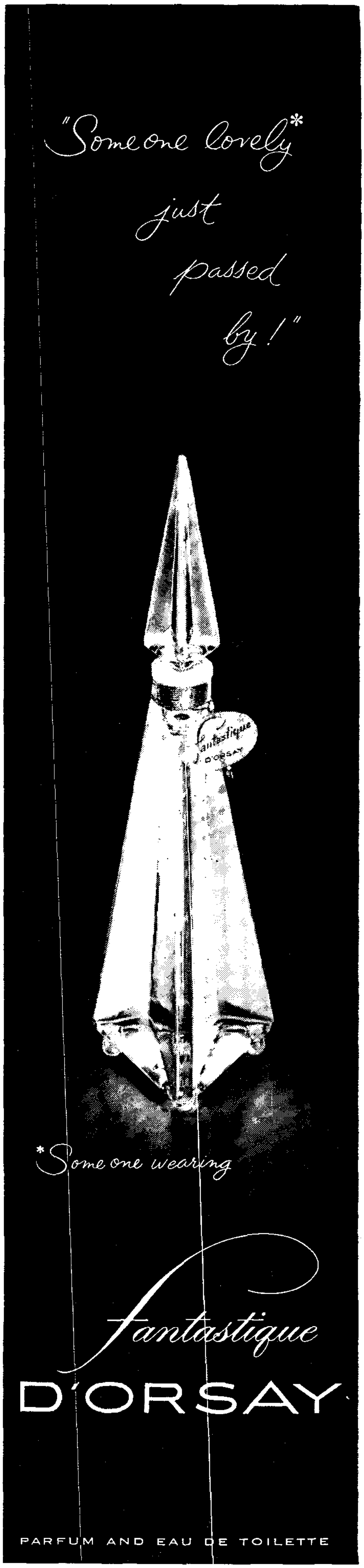
CHICAGO	Carson, Pirie, Scott
CINCINNATI	H. S. Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND	The Higbee Company
	The May Company
COLUMBUS	F. R. Lazarus
DALLAS	A. Harris & Co.
DAYTON	The Rike-Kumler Co.
DES MOINES	Younker Bros.
HARTFORD	G. Fox & Co.
	Sage-Allen & Co.
HILLSDALE	Macy's
HOUSTON	Foley Brothers
INDIANAPOLIS	L. S. Ayres
	Wm. H. Block Co.
KANSAS CITY	Jones Store Co.
	Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.
LOS ANGELES	May Company
MEMPHIS	B. Lowenstein Bros., Inc.
MIAMI	Richard Store
MILWAUKEE	Boston Store
MINNEAPOLIS	Dayton Company
MONTCLAIR	Hahne & Company
MORRISTOWN	L. Bamberger & Co.
NEWARK	Kresge-Newark Inc.
	L. Bamberger & Co.
	Hahne & Company
NEW HAVEN	Edward Malley Company
NEW ORLEANS	Maison Blanche
NEW YORK CITY	Gimbel Brothers
	Stern Brothers
	R. H. Macy & Co.
	Hammacher-Schlemmer
BROOKLYN	Namm-Loeser
JAMAICA	B. Gertz Inc.
PHILADELPHIA	Strawbridge & Clothier
	Bailey Banks & Biddle
PITTSBURGH	Joseph Horne Co.
	Kaufmann's
	Gimbel Bros.
PRINCETON	L. Bamberger & Co.
PROVIDENCE	The Outlet Co.
	Shepard Company
RICHMOND	Macy's
ROCHESTER	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
	Sheenan's
ST. LOUIS	Stix-Baer & Fuller
ST. PAUL	The Golden Rule
SAN FRANCISCO	Macy's
SEATTLE	Frederick & Nelson
SYRACUSE	The Addis Company
TOLEDO	Lamson Bros. Co.
WASHINGTON, D.C.	Charles Schwartz & Son
	Woodward & Lothrop
WICHITA	George Innes Co.
WORCESTER	Denholm & McKay Co.

or gray wood and three feet tall, that flashes its lights gorgeously and holds ten twelve-inch records or twelve ten-inch ones; $89.95. No uplift in *these* things, certainly.

SANTA CLAUS is enthroned in all the big stores, as usual, and the Lionel roundhouse, at 15 East 26th Street, and the Gilbert Hall of Science, at Fifth Avenue and 25th Street, are open daily from nine to five (except Saturdays, when Lionel closes at three), so all is right with the world. That being the case, let's investigate the stores one by one.

ALTMAN: A prancing white horse pulling a bright-red, bucket-seated sulky is the hottest item in the tricycle pedal-car field. There are reins to guide the horse, and the faster the driver pumps the pedals, the faster the horse's forelegs go up and down; $39.95. Nine bright-painted wooden soldiers, about six inches tall, ride around in a pull-toy wagon until it's time for them to be the ninepins in a bowling game. The wagon, cut from a solid block of wood and mounted on heavy wooden wheels, also accommodates two wooden bowling balls; $5.95. The Drinking Bear, a rowdy old toper from France who is fifteen inches tall and pays no attention whatever to Mendès-France's views on tippling, is coated in pony-skin and has a metal cocktail glass in one paw and a bottle in the other. When he is plugged into an A.C. outlet, he waits expectantly until you pour a drink—any old drink—into his glass. That sets him off. He gulps it down, pours himself another, from his own bottle, drinks it, and then has another, and so on, far into the night, or until somebody pulls the plug. He costs $150. Something like a hundred extremely small animals, vehicles, and people, carved of wood stained green, orange, blue, and yellow, come pouring out of a small net bag about the size of a letter envelope. They are from West Germany, are classified as block toys, have rounded corners, and cost $1.50. A six-inch wooden snowman, from Poland, opens up to disclose a snow woman, who opens up to disclose a snow boy, who opens up to disclose a snow baby brother, an inch and a half tall; $1.25. A series of plastic walking dolls, ranging in height from seven and a half inches ($5.95) to twenty-five inches ($18.98), are all very chic in red-and-white taffeta dresses, fitted red gabardine coats, leopard-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Sits smartly on his dresser and neatly holds studs, links, rings, tie clips and key chains. Made expressly for us of aniline-dyed leather with a soft suede lining. **7.50**

(Not shown) Unfitted toilet case to match, oilskin lined. 9¼"x6"x2½". **15.00***

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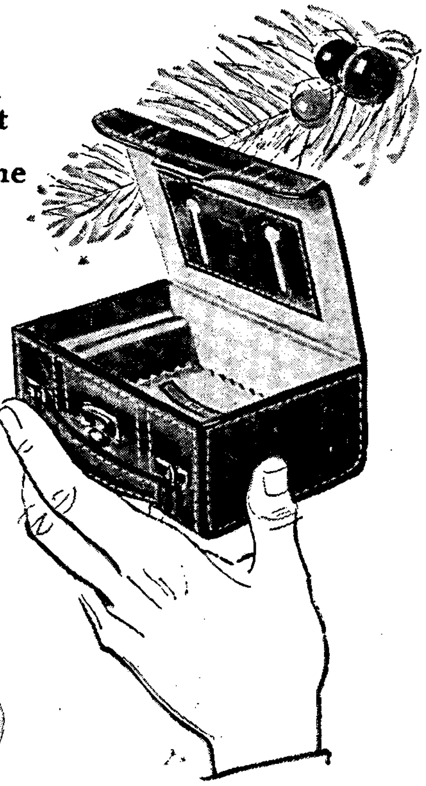

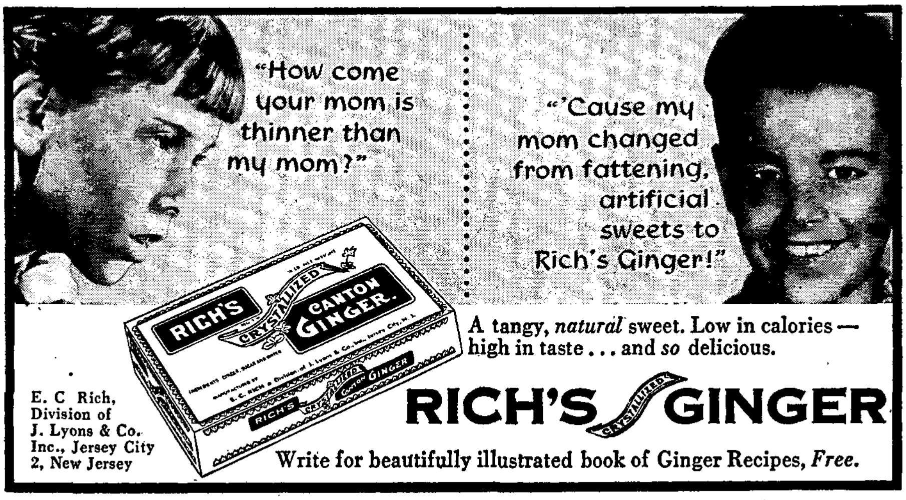
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RICH'S CRYSTALLIZED CANTON GINGER

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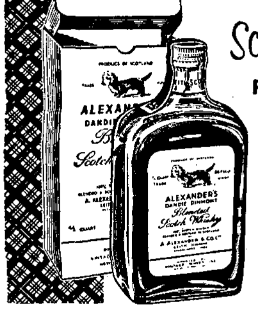

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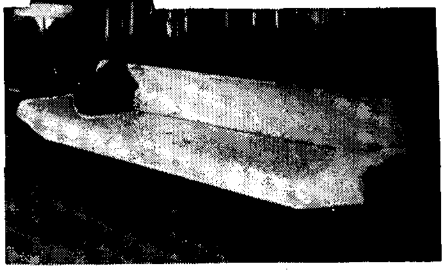

Designed for the young at heart. This Romantic foam rubber sofa upholstered to your order in luxurious cotton loop fabric. Choice of 9 stunning colors. 60" to 120" wide. Completely covered, prices start at $115.

cloth hats, and, except for the smallest doll, muffs. The little one has, instead, a pair of miniature Scotties on leashes.

MARY ARNOLD, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): In a vast collection of small-fry costume sets, our favorite is one composed of a gold-colored halo, a star-tipped gold-colored wand, and a pair of buckram wings with an elastic harness; $3.95. A wooden ark a foot and a half long, with a white ramp and a red roof that opens up, contains a bearded Noah, an aproned Mrs. Noah, and sixteen animals, all carved from heavy wood and able to stand by themselves. While searching for Ararat, the owner hauls the ark along on stout wooden wheels; $10. Stamp album? One for American stamps has a hundred loose-leaf pages on which there is not only space for stamps but a lot of information about dates of issues, perforation sizes, watermarks, grills, and who printed what; $3.95. A great big kit that holds enough disguises to see a hard-working boy sleuth through almost any assignment costs $2.95; included are false noses (with and without glasses), false teeth, false lips, various mustaches, a beard, a monocle, and a liar's medal. On the other hand, a little girl who wants to rearrange her looks should be interested in a plastic-covered makeup case, containing a fancy, diamond-shaped hand mirror with a matching comb and brush, curlers, powder, a lipstick, a sachet, and a generous washcloth that will make her fit to be seen again; $3.95. Included in a whole raft of jointed composition dolls no bigger than your finger is a pair of twins in a wicker pram that has a fitted carriage cover and a rayon silk pillow ($1.50). A fenced-in farmhouse, a two-inch farmer and his wife, a haystack, some trees, and ten small animals occupy a ten-by-eighteen-inch board set up on stilts and called the Magnetic Farm. The proprietor of this outfit can make the various objects move as he chooses by sliding a magnetized rod around beneath the board, and make them squeal, squawk, quack, or moo by pushing buttons on the under side; $3.95.

BENDEL: How about the Big Bad Wolf—a stuffed creature nearly a yard long, with a black plush coat, a celluloid collar, a long felt tongue, and a calculating expression? He's $9.95. Or Uncle Remus, in a cloth version about a yard tall? He's $10.95. Then, there's Doodle-Head,

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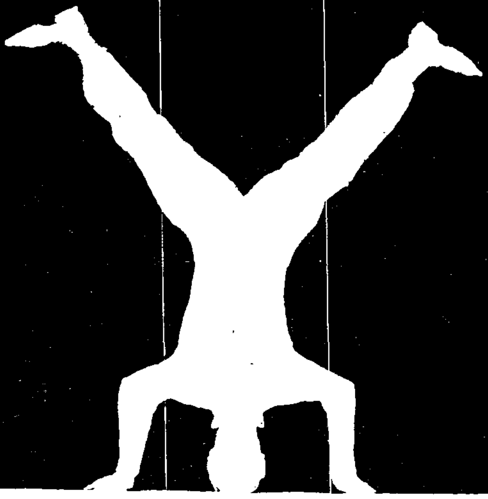

Rogers Lingerie

It looks like her... if you're giving this nylon sheer nightdress to a princess. The two-layer skirt is more floating than any *we've* ever seen. The bodice is curved so ravishingly. And the middle is like a jewel—golden hand-paintings embroidered with glitter. In two beautiful tones each: Flight Blue with Strato Blue, or Frosted Lilac with Frosted Orchid. #1816, 32 to 38, 24.95.

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and at fine stores everywhere.

Rogers' Lingerie *Executive Offices, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

a white hand puppet, who is little more than a sock but whose features are disarmingly mobile; $2.50. A five-inch-square velvet trinket box that could hold a young girl's junk jewelry has a pincushion cover and is surmounted by a small elephant wearing outlandish party clothes, earrings, and a crazy hat trimmed with sequins; $15. Small plush mice with six-inch tails are dressed and equipped for a number of pursuits. There's a pitcher, a batter, an umpire, a chef with a hat that's oversized, even for a chef, a cowboy, a fisherman with a catch of six inch-long felt fish, and Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Dartmouth football players; $3.50 each.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Consider the infant in the crib and his needs—pink, blue, or white orlon bootees, for instance, with a tiny doll-faced rattle on each toe; $3. Among some stuffed animals covered in denim is Humpty Dumpty, about the size of an ostrich egg, in plaid pants, a stiff white leather collar, and a bow tie ($4.95), and a nine-inch pup with a very high forehead and a rattle in his tail, who emits a soprano yip when squeezed ($3). A plush Dalmatian, two and a half feet long, sprawls out flat with legs in all directions, and, unlike any of the Dalmatians we know, carries three small offspring in a zipper compartment on her back; $15.

BEST: The Scribble Hound is a seventeen-inch stuffed dachshund covered with the cotton fabric that's used for those raincoats on which teen-agers collect autographs; $2.95, including an Eversharp ball-point pen for autographing *his* coat, which may be beige, pink, or blue. Playing at being a fashion model is simplified with a hatbox here that holds a mirror, a comb, a velvet ribbon choker, a small album for photos, pink net ruffled mitts, a pink net stole, artificial-flower earrings, and a crownless hat; $2.95. A dancing doll with a strip of elastic fastened under her shoes, so that she can serve as a dancing partner for a child, is forty-two inches tall, and instead of a heart, she has a music box that plays "The Blue Danube;" $12.95. Morgan the Basset Hound, whose innards are foam rubber and whose outards are plush, cavorts up and down when his leash is pulled, and gives out with a fairly convincing growl when his nose is pinched; $2.95. A poor little orlon plush kitten wears a pair of felt mittens, so he

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can lose them on Christmas morning; $2.95.

Bloomingdale: A sleek Mercedes-Benz sedan, authentic down to such details as the radiator cap, is five inches long and made of a heavy, stainless alloy; it can be set to run straight ahead or in reverse or in a circle, and its spring motor is stout enough to carry it around the dining-room table twenty times at a single winding; $5.98. Buick and Jaguar sedans with identical virtues have identical price tags. A remarkable British-made mechanical hoist, four and a half inches tall and seven inches wide, that will lift, say, a good-sized playing block nine inches in the air is powered by three small batteries and operated from a lever outside the driver's cab; $15.40, including the batteries. A bullet-shaped pedal racing car that wouldn't look out of place at Indianapolis except for its length—four feet—has a plastic air-flow windshield, a metal radiator grille, and a racing number painted on the metal body; there's a bucket seat for the driver and the price is $34.95. Something less impassioned? For instance, an English dart board eighteen inches in diameter, with targets painted on both sides, which is not of the usual cork but of tightly coiled rolls of paper, presented endwise? This surface seems to stand up under innumerable onslaughts; $4.98. Three metal darts with plastic fins are $1.25. Contained in a sturdy, metal-studded wooden toybox, twenty-eight inches long, thirteen wide, and ten deep, whose cover hangs on solid metal hinges, is a blackboard that can either be propped up against the cover or taken out and used elsewhere; $11.95. Here is a whole menagerie of small mechanical animals with odd behavior patterns: A plush Teddy bear with aggressively lowered head goes forward on his scooter, stops, backs up, stops again, then repeats the performance; a plush-coated bull stomps around in circles and whirls his tail; a green plastic-and-metal Loch Ness monster slithers across the floor in a zigzag path; a metal snail pulls his head in and out of his shell and bolts along at a most unsnail-like pace; and a metal spider as big as your hand walks around, all legs and knees, with a rolling gait; the snail and the bull are $1.50 each, and the others are $1.25. Hunting horns made of genuine horn are back this year; $1.59 for one that is a foot long and has a clear, soft

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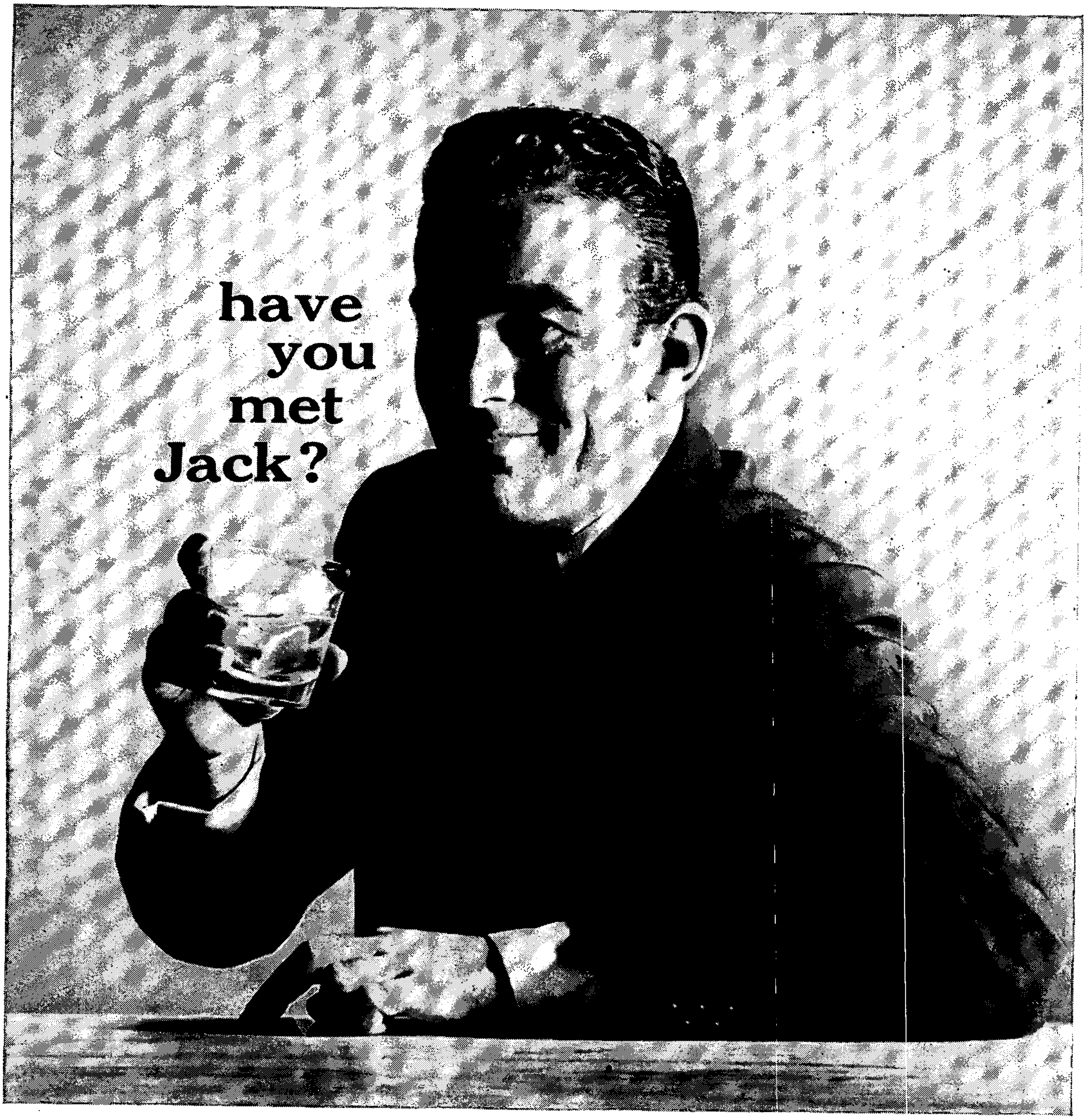
tone. Now for some Spanish dolls—and such dolls! A yogi fakir with beads on his toes sits cross-legged on his board of nails; Athos, Porthos, and Aramis show up in their musketeer clothes; a *banderillero* in tight pants and jacket is poised with *banderillas* high in the air; and a Victorian lady carries a handsome travelling case. These are of wired felt, about a foot tall, and cost $11.95 apiece. A Hansel and Gretel puppet show, with a stage, a real curtain, and three changes of scenery, comes with a cast of five actors who not only move across the stage but jump about on it, by means of weighted rods that go through the floor of the stage and are manipulated from beneath; $17.95. Doll clothes with Paris and London labels—everything from raincoats, umbrellas, and crêpe-soled zipper galoshes to formal party dresses and hats—start at $2.50 and go skyward from there. They come in doll sizes 14, 16, and 18.

CHILDPLAY, 203 West 14th Street: A set of about a thousand colored wooden beads—cubes, balls, and cylinders, each about a half inch across—are meant not only to be strung together but to serve as counters in games; $6.50. The beads of another set are smaller and made of bamboo, some of it colored and some not, and by being woven together with an elastic thread, which is included, they can be transformed into placemats, belts, bracelets, hatbands, and such; $1.75, including instructions. A linoleum block-printing set has six cutting blades, two handles for them, a four-inch ink roller, two tubes of water-soluble ink, a three-by-four-inch block of linoleum, and a thoroughgoing instruction book that discusses balance and mass and suggests a few patterns for a begin-



Jack's here for the holidays. The way Apple Jack's getting around chances are you're going to run into it... especially now with the festive season upon us. What makes meeting Apple Jack so memorable is its exceptionally rich delicate aroma, its clean bold flavor. Aged in charred oak barrels, Apple Jack is extraordinarily smooth, easy to take. Laird's Apple Jack goes way back to 1780. It is distilled today by the same family to the same private formula. This not only accounts for the deliciously light dry taste but the fact that the only thing that lingers on is the pleasant memory. During the holidays ahead, serve Apple Jack at home or buy it as a gift. Whether you drink it straight, on the rocks or in a highball, you'll thank us for introducing you to this delightful new friend.

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7 Years Old

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Apple Brandy

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The
Reader's Digest

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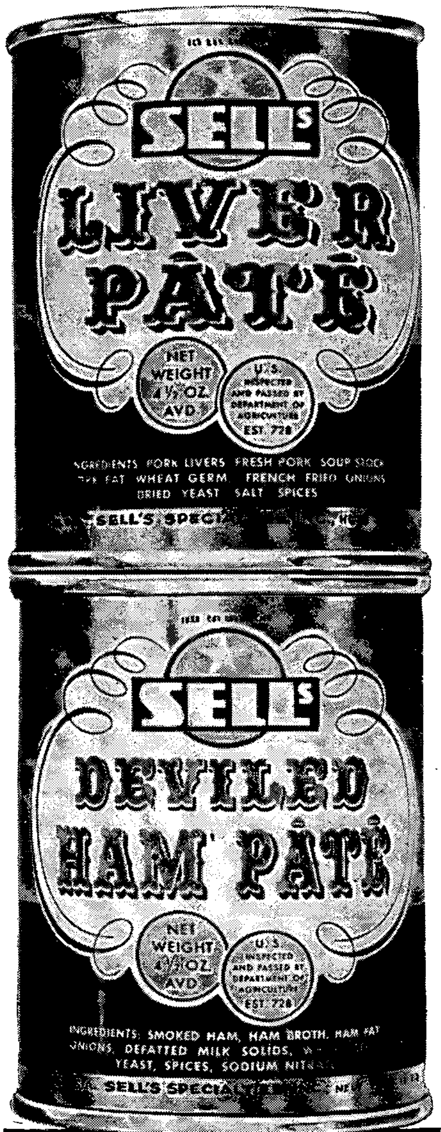
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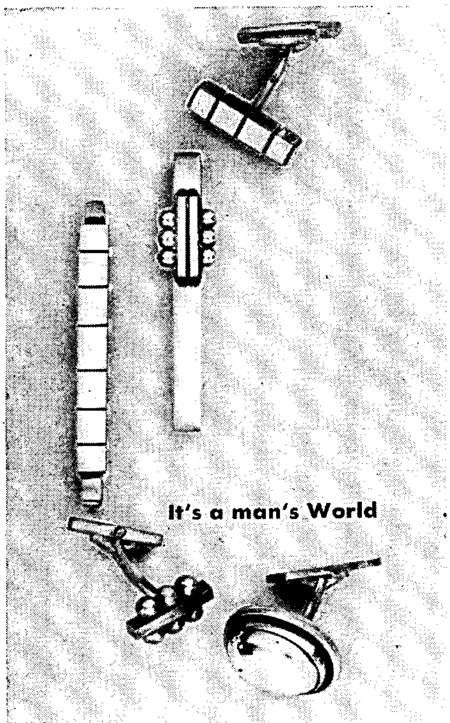
SELL'S SPECIALTIES, INC.
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

ner. This costs $3.95; extra linoleum blocks are thirty cents apiece, and extra ink, in practically any color imaginable, is fifty cents a tube. All the equipment needed to keep a fire-fighter happy is made of rubber and vinyl, which is easy on the furniture and the walls. The set includes a fire engine and a hook-and-ladder truck, each about eight inches long, a fire chief's car, a motorcycle cop, and three firemen; $1.50. Clay Play provides the armatures and stands, the colored clay, the tools, and the directions for sculpting a six-inch human figure, an animal five inches long, and a bust four inches high; $2.50. A checkers game—a Chinese variety, new to us but supposed to be forty-five centuries old—can be played on a special board with ordinary checkers by two, three, or four contestants. It's called Tri-King, it comes with a nineteen-inch folding board and four dozen checkers in four colors, and it costs $2.98.

DAINTY LAND OF TOYS, 23 West 57th Street: A new toy called the Play Tray is about twenty inches long and can be used as a bed tray, as a low table on the floor, or can fold up flat on a regular table. On its metal surface is a map of the United States and the markings for seven different games. With it comes a set of dice, six metal cars and airplanes and ships, and a magnetic rod for moving them about; $3.95. Terri Lee is the name of a sixteen-inch unbreakable doll with hair that can be arranged a dozen different ways. She arrives dressed rather scantily, in socks, shoes, a hair net, and a lace-trimmed slip, and costs $10.95. However, all sorts of clothes are available in her size, from a bathing suit ($1) to—for Heaven's sake!—a wild-mink coat ($295 and a wait of at least ten days). A wooden armoire that will hold half a dozen outfits for her costs $8.95. So much for Terri Lee. Then, there's a puppet theatre big enough for a child to get into, since it's a full yard high. The stage is nearly two feet wide and has a double-faced backdrop for quick scene changes; $20. Imported puppets, including a French gendarme and the kind of clown whose legs are meant to dangle over the front of the puppet stage, cost $2 each. From Denmark comes an extremely substantial fort, with towers, ramps, and a working drawbridge. It appears to be of red brick but is actually of wood, and it takes up about two square feet



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PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
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LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

of floor space; $25. A fifteen-inch fire engine can be driven forward or backward, and its ladder raised and lowered, by means of a remote-control cable four feet long; $10.

Educational Equipment Company, 69 West 23rd Street: Scaled-down, indoor versions of outdoor sports seem to be all around this year. Here there's hockey, played on a Masonite field that can be set up on a bridge table. Two or four players fight their way to the goals with fourteen-inch sticks and a small puck; $12.95. Colored pipe cleaners as thick as cigarettes cost twenty-five cents a bunch and will keep a little tot as busy as a kitten. A dozen of the new oil pencils that make it possible to color line drawings without smudging come in a box with four numbered drawings to help get a beginner off to a good start; $1.49. A young lady who is just taking up sewing would have fun with a kit filled with the cut-out fabrics and cotton stuffing needed to make eight stuffed animals and a doll; $1.98. A table service for a party of four in the nursery is made of pliable, unbreakable plastic, and includes, as the pièce de résistance, a Lazy Susan; $2.98. New members of the doll-house set are a postman, a fireman, a policeman with white gloves, and a farmer in overalls. They are all five inches tall, made of soft vinyl plastic, and wired so that they can sit or stand alone; $1.30 each. Included in a collection of well-built doll equipment and play furniture is a rock-maple doll crib nearly a yard long, one side of which drops down ($11.95, with a mattress and a string of plastic toys), and a sturdy doll carriage, practically impossible to tip over, with a handle that can be raised higher and higher as the owner gets taller and taller; $24.95. The Snap Block Truck, a foot and a half long, with six rubber wheels, is made up of wooden blocks that can be taken apart and put together any number of times; $2.98. A twenty-seven-inch hand truck, like the ones redcaps use, is painted red ($9.75), and a varnished rock-maple wheelbarrow on an aluminum frame, strong enough to carry a man-sized load, has a ball-bearing wheel and a rubber tire ($16.75).

Jane Engel: To delight a child and drive its parents loony, somebody has invented a toy pay-station telephone, which, when a hand crank is turned repeats over and over

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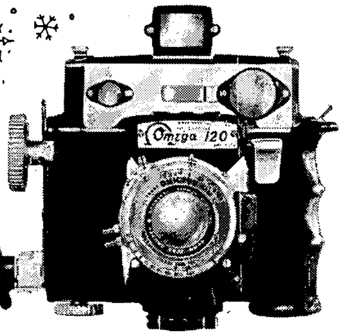

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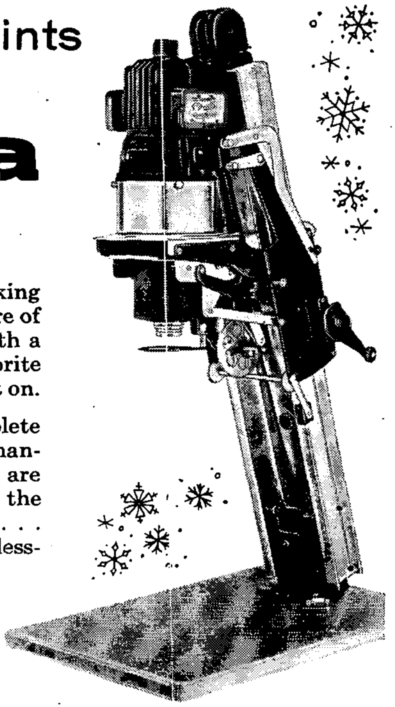

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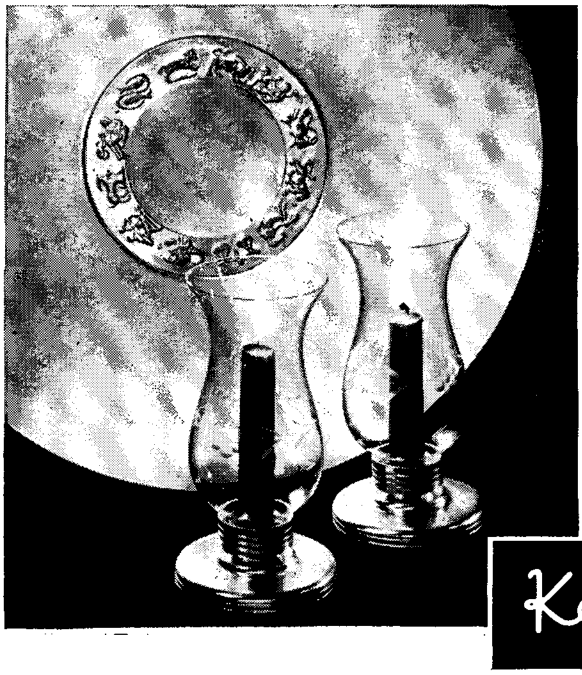

Kensington brought out these trim Hurricane Lamps last year, and what a storm of applause they blew up! Would you believe you could put them on a mantle, in windows, on a chest or side table for only $5.75 each? (Extra chimneys available.) Something priceless is the enormous 18" Zodiac Platter for only $20. Off duty, it decorates a wall or sideboard. Comes party time, it serves sandwiches, canapes, cakes. Smart hostess' best friend!

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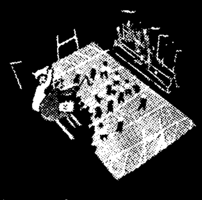
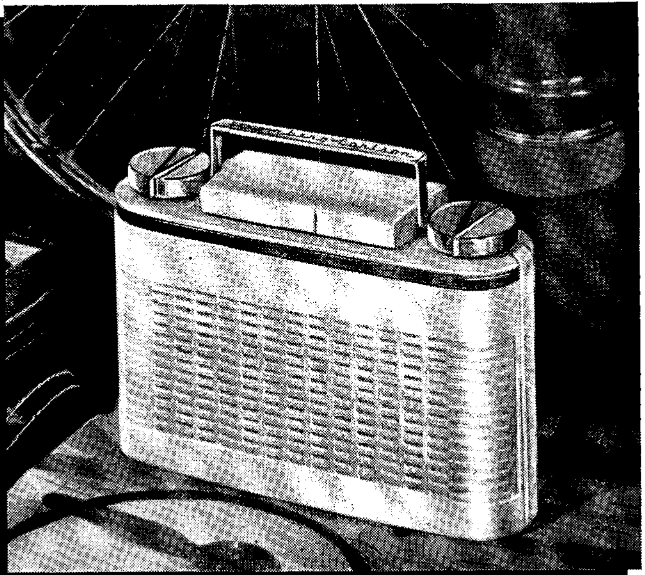


Plays where you play...



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Rich tone, powerful performance. Full AM range, special Civil Defense dial settings. Battery-saver switch . . . Sleek plastic cabinet, choice of six smart colors, with gold finish controls and foldaway carrying handle . . . **$29.95***

*The Minstrel—3-Way Portable . . . $39.95**

**Less batteries and carrying case. Slightly higher in South and West.*

"THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON"®
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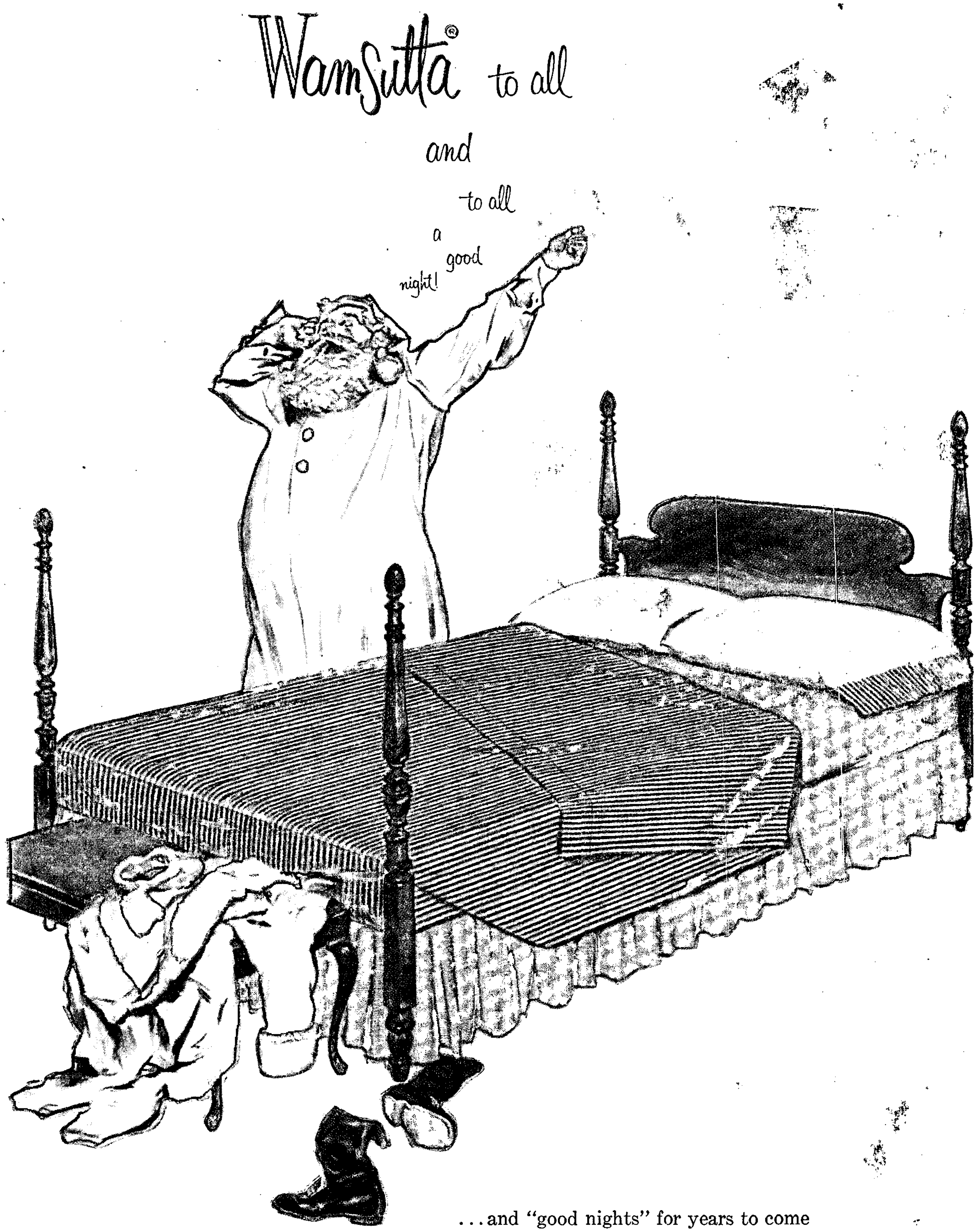
again, "Operator, operator! Number, please! What number are you calling? Thank you, I'm ringing your number." This telephone is also a bank, with slots for nickels, dimes, quarters, and folding money, and there are other slots where play coins can be inserted (and returned). All this for $3.98. A small plastic electric mixer runs on battery power and is large enough to hold the mixings of drinks for two; $4.98, including a can of chocolate syrup, a book of recipes, and two plastic tumblers. Now *this* seven-inch flexible doll with washable hair travels inside a small suitcase, along with her wardrobe, which includes a fur-trimmed white velvet cape, a fur muff and hat, and a velvet coat; $9.98.

GIMBEL: A great big aircraft carrier (it's a yard long), with twenty-seven signal flags flying from the superstructure, has a real elevator, operated by a hand crank, to hoist its three five-inch fighter planes from the hold to the flight deck; $3.98. And, speaking of planes, what do you think of a metal airplane, from West Germany, that has a spring motor, a fourteen-inch wing span, and a plastic propeller, and not only flies but *sounds* like an airplane? It costs $3.69. A scaled-down steam shovel, which can operate either as is or with a clamshell scoop, works on a chain-belt mechanism (a hand crank supplies the power) and has three levers to control it; mounted on a rubber-wheeled truck a foot and a half long, it costs $4.98. Less experienced engineers might like a thirty-inch wooden trailer truck, with six wheels on the tractor, four on the trailer, and a spare, not to mention doors that open and close; $11.98. A West German bicycle with twenty-four-inch wheels, about right for riders who have only recently graduated from tricycles, is equipped with its own generator, to furnish current for the headlight; in red for boys or blue for girls, it costs $39.98. A whole subdepartment here caters to TV aficionados with a taste for games that remind them of their favorite programs. "Beat the Clock," for example, supplies enough sticks, balls, pieces of cloth, and other props, for forty stunts ($3.98), Groucho's "Quiz" has cards asking all kinds of questions ($2.98), and Pinky Lee's "Who Am I?" provides an hourglass and a set of masks whose identities aren't too hard to guess ($2). To get away from mechanics and electronics, there is King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to all
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. . . and "good nights" for years to come
to all those fortunate people
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Wamsutta Supercale styles for everyone . . . even Santa Claus!

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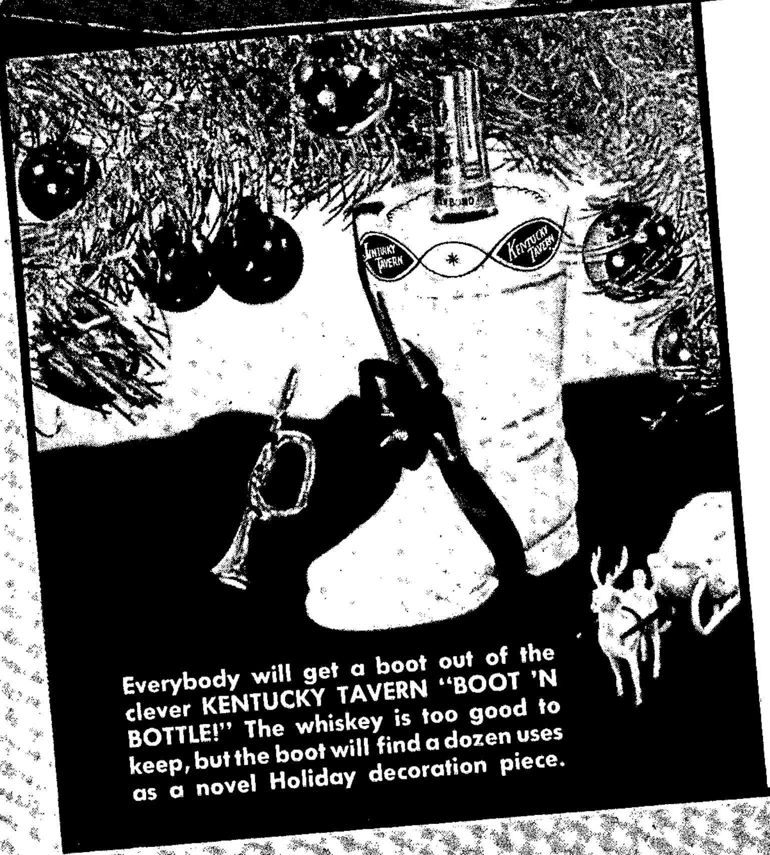
3 Cheers... for the Holidays

Always in good taste...

Smart Gifts of Fine Whiskey

This KENTUCKY TAVERN GIFT DECANTER will flatter your friends. The rare quality of the whiskey makes it especially appropriate for those "hard to buy for" names.

Got a man to buy for? A week-end host? THE LEATHERETTE CASE is rich in design for the masculine eye and taste! A perfect idea for business associates.



Everybody will get a boot out of the clever KENTUCKY TAVERN "BOOT 'N BOTTLE!" The whiskey is too good to keep, but the boot will find a dozen uses as a novel Holiday decoration piece.

Here's the smart way to breeze through your gift list with "something out of the ordinary!" Always appreciated, these smart Kentucky Tavern Holiday Gift Packages cost no more than the regular bottle! As gifts they'll reflect your perfect taste... because the *taste* of Kentucky Tavern has made it *The Aristocrat of Bonds.*

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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
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100 PROOF

KENTUCKY TAVERN

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Arthur's Armor Set—a shiny plastic helmet, a breastplate, and a harmless Excalibur in its scabbard, all for $3.98. A nineteen-inch plastic ballet doll named Aïda can, with a little help, walk on her toes, dance, and do the split. Her hair is washable and she wears either the classic tutu or the long, full, romantic ballet skirt; $10.95, $11.95, and $12.95, depending on the dress.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th Street: Except for a red-haired red flannel doll about a foot tall, whose pliable wire frame enables her to hang on a doorknob, hug a bedpost, or just sit quietly on the window sill ($3.95), almost everything here is for boys, and especially for boys who like to tinker. A fine new knife has a big cutting blade, a reamer, a file, a screwdriver, a wire-stripper, and a catch at one end that, when lifted, transforms the handle into a pair of pliers; $10.95. A flashlight that gives out three different colored rays—white, red, and green—is $2.95, two batteries included. An electric jig saw mounted on a seven-by-nine-inch base, so that it doesn't take up an unreasonable amount of space on a worktable, has a built-in rotary motor; A.C. only, and $12.95.

HAMMOND, 1 East 43rd Street: Globes, of course, of all sizes (only one shape), illuminated and unilluminated. Ten or fifteen dollars will get you a good one. He already *has* a globe, you say? Does he have a new edition of the familiar old cardboard star finder, with the usual superimposed disc that revolves to show any portion of the heavens? It has a lot of interesting astronomical data printed on the back and costs $1.50. A fourteen-by-twenty-inch jigsaw puzzle of North and South America can be plastered with gummed labels that identify the principal cities, give population figures, and so on; $3. Swayze is a news-quiz game played on a game board that's a map of the world. It comes with an almanac listing five hundred major ancient and modern news events; $3. Children who haven't been current long enough to be up on current affairs might enjoy a picture map showing the animals in Noah's ark; $1.50.

HANLAN, 129 Macdougal Street (3rd): Would you recognize a *Priamus papilio* if you saw it? Well, there's one here, a full six inches across, together with a two-inch cab-

Parquetry chest, 68" x 19", in shell or walnut. For booklets showing furniture of all periods, send 25¢ to Henredon Furniture Industries, Dept. N121, Morganton, N.C. (Name of nearest dealer sent on request.)

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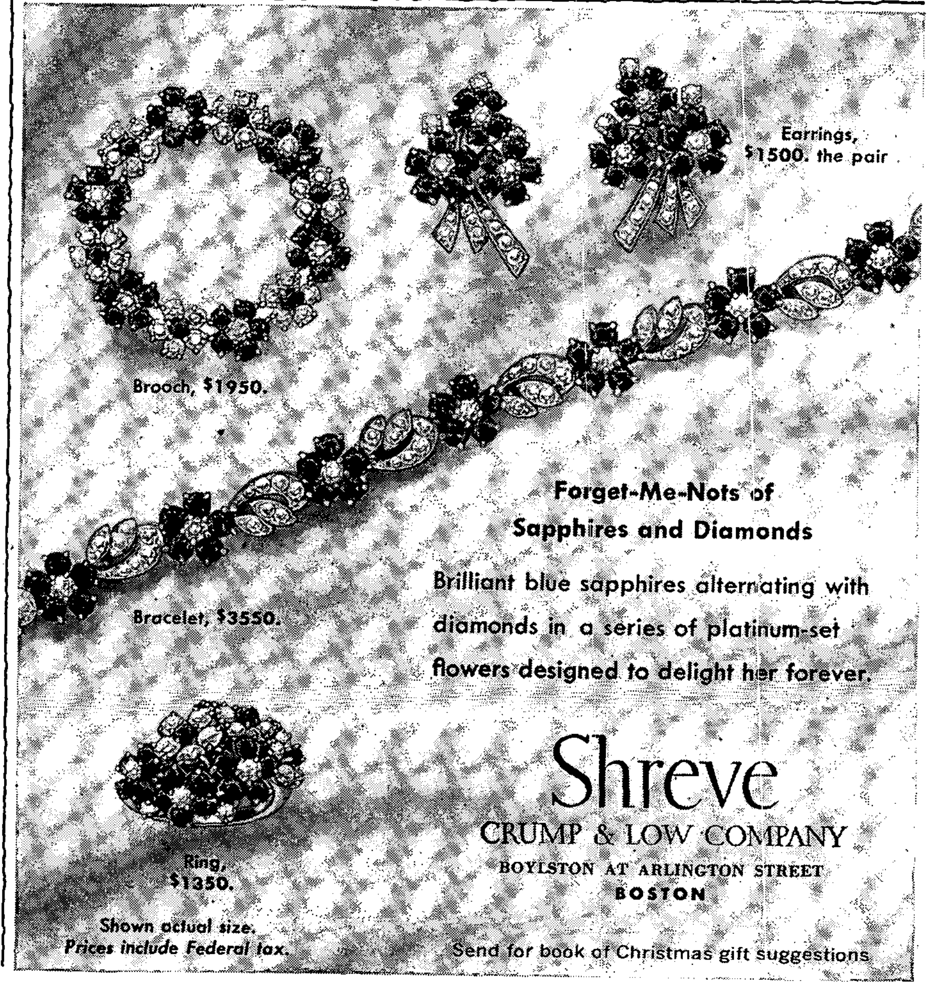

Earrings, $1500. the pair

Brooch, $1950.

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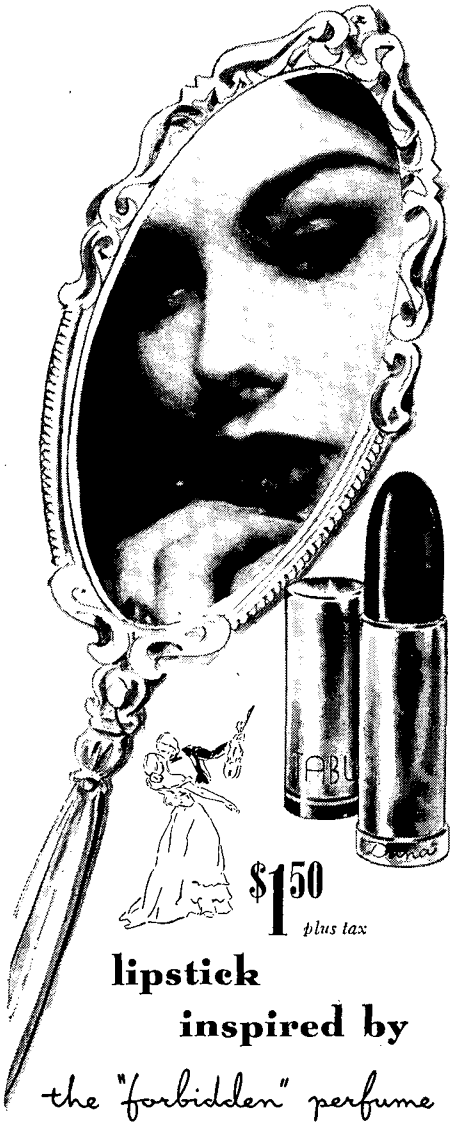

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PARIS • NEW YORK

bage butterfly and thirteen other butterflies, all faithfully reproduced in full color on a punch-out sheet of vinyl plastic, for young lepidopterists to play with; $2.95. Avicultural imports from Sweden include some miniature birds, of colored plaster and wood, that will cling firmly to a branch or a piece of wire (fifty or seventy-five cents each), and a bird-family mobile, of unfinished wood carved into smooth abstract shapes and hung on a single string—six birds in all, the largest four inches long ($8.95). A half-dozen heavy-duty highway machines, each small enough to go into a matchbox and each accompanied by a matchbox to go into, cost $3 for the set, and they all work; that is to say, the steam roller rolls, the dump truck dumps, and the cement mixer mixes (anyway, that big thing on the back revolves). A child-size sling chair, in wrought iron with a canvas sling in any one of eight colors, is $8.95. A metal scale-model British fire engine no longer than your hand carries a detachable extension ladder with a maximum length of seven inches; $1.95. We can't remember ever having seen old-fashioned cardboard puppets before, except in books, but here they are—Punch and Judy, clowns, and authentic *commedia dell'arte* characters, eighteen inches to two feet tall. Hold them up, pull the strings, and their jointed arms and legs go into action; $4.50 each.

FRED LEIGHTON, 15 East 8th Street: Everything here is south-of-the-border in character and is made of Central American materials—sisal, pottery clay, palm fronds, gourds, wood, bright bits of cloth, and a great deal of paint. Dazzling streaks of pink and purple zigzag over the papier-mâché head and shoulders of a fur-maned but bodiless pony that can be turned into a hobbyhorse merely by putting it on a stick (there's a slot for the purpose but no stick); seventy-five cents. Five-inch clay dolls are all carrying something to market—a melon, a couple of bunches of bananas, and even a battery of three guitars. They're $1 a pair. There's lots of Mexican doll-house equipment here, such as two-inch and three-inch pottery vases ($1 a pair); bright pottery water jugs and pans, some containing artificial flowers ($1.25 each); a set of tiny painted gourd bowls ($1 for a set of eight); doll-size pitchers ($1 for three); a set

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Christmas Candle Glass, exclusive with Plummer. On one side bright candles, holly leaves and berries; on the other, provocative mistletoe. Gold edge. Hiballs, doz. $13.50. Beautiful Crystal Hiball Stirrers or Old Fashioned Muddlers, mounted with 3-dimensional Christmas Tree in glowing colors surmounted by gold star. Stirrers, 7½ ins. long; Muddlers, 5½ ins. Choice, packed 12 in box, $9.00.

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P.P.S. See Pendleton's sweaters, too!

Write Dept. 16

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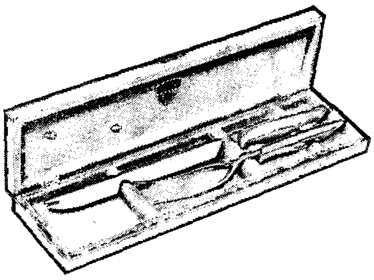
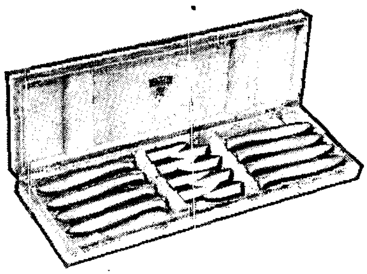
of five nested pottery cooking bowls, the smallest a little over an inch in diameter ($1.25); and a foot-high painted Patzquaro chair (also $1.25). A little wooden box from Guatemala, no more than two inches long, holds six one-inch dolls in peasant dress, some of the men carrying packs on their backs and some of the women carrying bundles on their heads; seventy-five cents.

Lord & Taylor: An English tea service for four dolls is made of aluminum painted pale blue (it looks very much like china), and has its own serving tray; $4.95. A one-room Tyrolian house, nine inches high and fourteen inches wide, is inhabited by a wooden man and woman and furnished with gaily painted chairs, tables, a cabinet, a clock on the wall, and a buffet; it costs $8.95, and appropriately sized visitors—a man and wife and a couple of children, all in Tyrolian costume and all made of wood—cost $2.50 a pair. An eight-inch Skye terrier, with so much hair in his eyes that he can't see a thing, wears a red collar with bells on it and not only is a cuddly toy but turns out to be a hand puppet, too; $3.95. A doll cradle fit for doll royalty is here, made of white wicker with pink ribbons, a plastic mattress, and a rosebud-trimmed comforter. When the cradle is rocked, a concealed music box plays Brahms' "Lullaby" (surprised?); fourteen inches long, and $14.95. A black-haired, plastic-faced rag doll with a pony-tail hairdo, a cotton polka-dot dress, and a white organdie apron is on hand in three sizes, from two feet ($5.95) up to a whopping forty-two inches ($11.95).

Macy: There's practically no limit to the accomplishments of the mechanical animals here. For instance, when a fifteen-inch wooden whale is placed in water, he will submerge, come back up, spout water, and submerge again, and, furthermore, he can wiggle his tail ($16.98); a larger-than-life green metal frog has jointed legs and swims in perfect frog form ($9.98); a white fur kitten progresses on wheels in a slow, catlike manner, waving its tail and mewing softly ($34.98); and a small rabbit just bounces along with his ears flop-


SR SET—Snickersnee Serving Carver and Ron, the holding fork, in walnut chest **$25**
Siegfried everbright finish


MIMING—Individual Steak blades in walnut chest—Set of 8 **$37.50**
Set of 6 $28.50
Siegfried everbright finish Set of 4 $20.50

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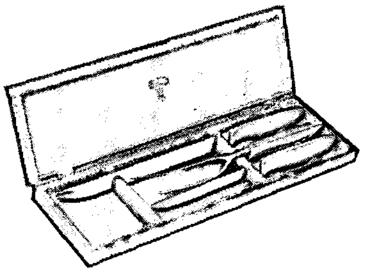
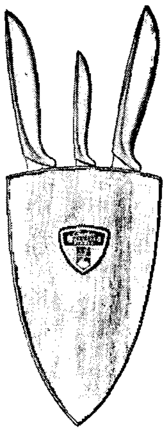
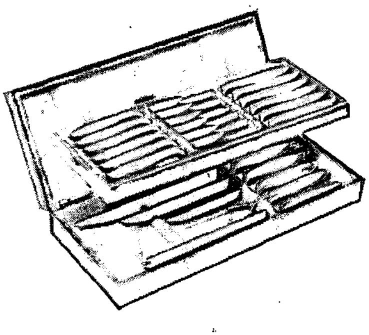
THE PREFERRED GIFT FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND FOR YOURSELF


SRD SET — Snickersnee, Ron and Durendal, the boning carver in walnut chest **$32.50**
Siegfried everbright finish


"CHEF'S" SET
The perfect 3 piece kitchen set. Contains Durendal boning blade, Pixie paring blade, and sensational all-purpose French Snickersnee salad, carving and serving blade. In solid walnut shield for keeping sharp blades safe and handy.
Siegfried everbright finish $22


ROUND TABLE—17 Piece Set in walnut chest—Excalibur, Balmung, Durendal, Snickersnee, Ron, 12 Miming Individual Steak Blades
Siegfried everbright finish **$99.50**

WHY WE CALL THEM
Legendary

Only in legend has such fine and costly steel ever been used in cutlery. The facts about this steel are included in our new Selection Sheet, which shows Gerber Blades full size and in 25 set groupings.

Gerber Blades were awarded highest recognition by the American Museum of Modern Art.

At famous stores everywhere; including Abercrombie & Fitch, Black, Starr & Gorham, Georg Jensen, Halle Bros., Marshall Field, Shreve, Crump & Low, Nieman Marcus, Gumps, Kilgore & Hurd, Gokey, Burdines, MacNeil & Moore.

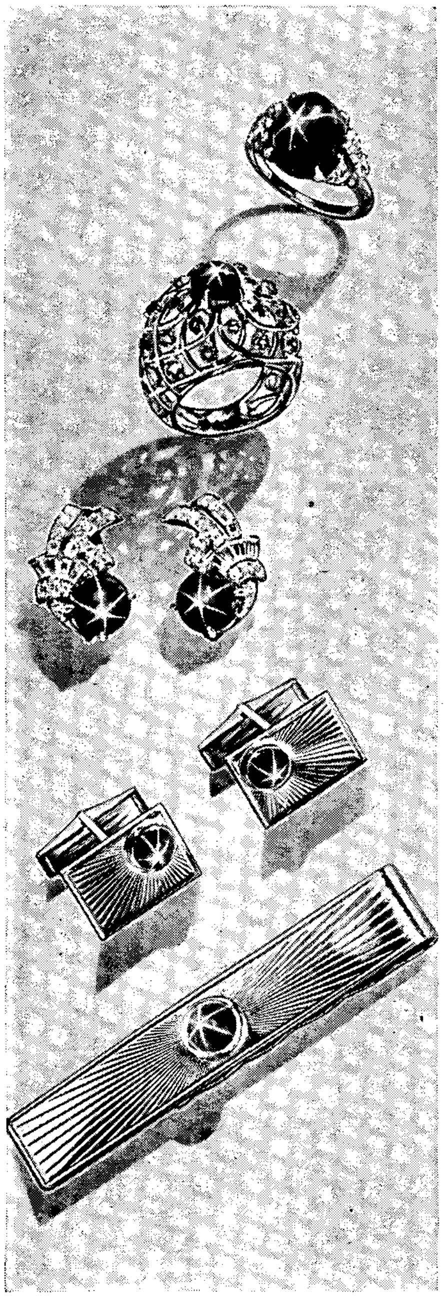
Gerber LEGENDARY BLADES

10 Great Hand Made Knives and a Holding Fork. Set assortments in Solid Walnut Chests. $20 to $100.

Excalibur	11½"	Little Snick	7½"
Balmung	9"	Miming	3"
Durendal	6½"	Pixie	3"
Snickersnee	10"	Big Snick	12½"
French Snick	8"	Shorty	4½"

Ron—the holding fork . . 4" tines

Write for illustrated *FREE Selection Sheet* to Gerber Legendary Blades, 1337 S. W. Twelfth Avenue, Portland 1, Oregon.



THE STAR OF GIFTS FOR HER . . . FOR HIM

For those who love unique beauty LINDE Stars offer the enchanting glamour of the star sapphire and the star ruby, reproduced synthetically through the wonder of modern science.

LINDE Stars are now available in limited quantity. Price will depend on size of jewel and your selection of setting.

Ask your jeweler to show them to you.

LINDE is a registered trade-mark of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

ping ($6.98). And now let's look at the trains. A locomotive and three cars, which operate on three flashlight batteries, travel over an oval track thirty-two inches long; $6.31, including the batteries. Five cars, running on a twenty-by-forty-inch oval track, plus a transformer, a station, a crossing gate, and a lot of other realistic accoutrements of a railroad come to $9.98. The tracks of another set of equipment, imported from England, are only three-quarters of an inch apart, so that the whole railroad system, as well as the station and waiting room that come with it, can be set up on a bridge table; $29.98. A pedal-car Austin, also from England, with electric lights, a horn, a hand brake, and a trunk compartment, costs $129. Another pedal car has two gears, as well as instrument markings for takeoffs, altitudes, and emergency landings, because the occupant is supposed to pretend he's in a jet plane; $29.09. In a new kind of painting set called Cott'n Colors, the painting is done with blobs of colored cotton dipped in water; ninety-eight cents, accompanied by three line drawings to keep the little artist's attention away from the wallpaper. Ten lead soldiers and a detachment of six space men come in a box that opens up to make a field of battle in front of a castle wall, all in the name of anachronism; $1.98. There are lots of dolls that look like TV stars, among them a three-foot-high cloth Imogene Coca, dressed in a ballet costume and looking properly impish; $14.98. Twenty-inch plush rugs, intended for playroom floors, are dyed or stencilled to look like bear, lion, or leopard skins, and have stuffed heads that turn, eyes that open and close, and zippered compartments underneath, for secrets; $6.98. A tricycle with punctureproof tires and a bar on the back for a standee costs $9.98. In a special department, where no children are allowed but where rich uncles are invited to browse at their leisure, are some really magnificent toys: A three-foot-high dapple-gray rocking horse, imported from England, whose mane and braided tail are real horsehair and whose saddle is wine-colored velvet ($179); a Henry VIII doll ($34.98), with all his wives ($29.98 each); and a Beefeater doll ($24.98), presumably to keep an eye on the wives who get sent to the Tower. A humming top from West Germany, shaped like a

make it a Carnegie Christmas!

1. Jewelled golden drum filled with potpourri, 7.50
2. Key-thermometer. Pink, white, yellow or blue, 6.00
3. Exclusive scarves imported from France. Many colors, 9.50
4. Antique velvet address book. Café au lait, mauve, bois de rose, green, 13.

From the Boutique

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Martha Ann Fruit Cake
White Fruit Cake
AGED-IN-BRANDY

created by GraceRush

MARTHA ANN FRUIT CAKE

90.4% Fruits and Nuts
9 Different kinds of Fruit
5 Different kinds of Nuts

At selected dealers

3 lb. Dark $5.50 plus 83c postage
2 lb. White $4.50 plus 55c postage
higher in west

Grace Rush, Inc.
OAKLEY · CINCINNATI 9, OHIO

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

copper bell, either emits an even humming sound or, if wound up, plays Brahms' "Lullaby" (surprised again?); $4.98.

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th): The tiniest radio we've ever seen not owned by Dick Tracy operates on FM cycles 88 to 110, can be tucked into a pocket, and is connected to a small earphone, something like the one attached to a hearing aid, by a forty-inch wired cord; $29.95. It's carried in, and can be easily taken out of, a plastic case about the size of a cigarette package. Two replacement batteries, of the hearing-aid type, are $3.50. A pedometer about the size of a pocket watch and worn on a belt is $5.95, and a good compass with very distinct markings, mounted on a plastic wristwatch strap, is $3. A microscope from Japan, designed for high-school scientists, has three objective lenses on a revolving turret, giving magnifications of 100X, 200X, and 300X; $9.75. Any young sailor, and especially any young frogman, would be delighted with a depthometer, a device that sounds depths of up to a hundred feet with a nylon line and registers them on a dial; $1.95. Then, there's a fish-finding thermometer, which, operating on the premise that most fish seek cool waters, especially in warm weather, searches out the chilly spots where the big ones are hiding. A graduated scale on the thermometer tells which temperatures offer the best chances for which fish; $2.

THE PLAYHOUSE, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd): Indians on your reservation, particularly if they are less than five feet tall, will enjoy a five-foot red-and-yellow canvas tepee on a metal frame, ready to be set up in a space fifty-four inches square; $12.20. A new kind of rocking horse, known as the Loco Pony, has a horse's head and a saddle; the rest of him is just a curved band of pliable steel on wheels. When ridden, the Loco Pony will either progress jerkily across the floor or, if the wheels are locked, simply bounce up and down in one place; $16.95. A metal ironing board like the one Mother uses, except that it's less than two feet off the floor, costs $2. A very modern-looking desk for future executives is twenty-six inches high and made of smoothly finished hardwood; it has a flat top, eighteen by thirty-two inches, and a suspended storage compartment with a door; $29.95, with a chair to match. An enormous two-

outstanding:
opulent yards of Nylon chantilly lace, underswirled in Nylon chiffon . . . on Nylon tricot . . .

and the heady shades, including Renoir red, Plume pink, Camellia white (all with self-color chiffon) and Jet black with champagne

the gown, sizes 32-40, about $11.00
the slip, sizes 32-40, about $8.00

also available: matching half-slip, brief and flare panty

blue Swan*'s SET FEATURING LACE THAT NEVER LOOKED LOVELIER

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From the faithful recording of children's brightest moments to the exacting recording needs of the professional musician and entertainment star, Magnecord holds its reputation for the *finest* in tape recording.

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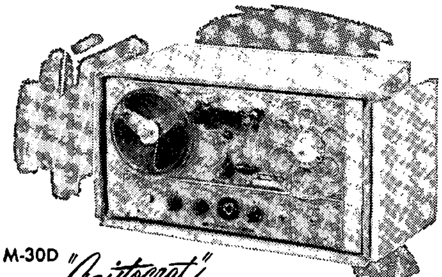

M-30D "Aristocrat" $339
OTHER MODELS FROM $299

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story wooden doll house has a big living-dining-kitchen unit downstairs, two bedrooms on the second floor, and is wallpapered throughout. It arrives unassembled but is supposed to be easy enough for the new landlady to put together on her own; $10. A building set called Bolt-N-Build provides enough wood blocks, bolts, nuts, and wooden wheels to make a steam shovel, an automobile, a somewhat abstract horse, and several other things, but only one at a time; $16.95. Railroaders who own a Skaneateles train will welcome a box full of such equipment as telegraph poles, light poles, gates, standing signals, and ramps, all of unpainted, smoothly sanded wood, like the trains themselves; $5. Three pieces of colored felt, a supply of sequins, and a tube of adhesive are all a little girl needs to make felt pictures that can be attached to a skirt or a jacket or perhaps the cat, and they are all available here in a kit that sells for $2. Kits filled with the necessary materials for assembling a not too detailed eight-inch model of a Rolls-Royce, a Jaguar, a Ferrari, a Mercedes-Benz, or a Pegaso cost $1 each; the materials for putting together a Roman racing chariot, complete with four horses, a driver, and a passenger warrior carrying a whip, cost, mysteriously, two cents less.

POLK'S MODEL CRAFT HOBBIES, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd): Some young engineer will shout for joy at his first glimpse of a miniature steam-power plant from West Germany. It costs $99.50, but wait: On a metal base less than two feet square is a nine-inch electrically heated boiler, housed in a neat brick boiler room that's topped with a two-foot smokestack. Off to one side, and connected to the boiler room by two catwalks, is the engine room, in which there hisses and hums a twin-cylinder engine with two flywheels. When the boiler is fired up and the proper switches are thrown on the control panel, steam from the boiler pours into the engine through pipes concealed in the catwalks, and the wheels get going, providing power that is transmitted by a spring transmission belt to any of a number of supplementary units—a tiny punch press ($4.50), for example, or a small windmill ($2.95), or a butcher making hot dogs ($3.95). There are twenty-two of these units in all. The boiler is sheathed in polished steel, and there's a thermostat that turns off the current if the heat gets too high. See

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86 Proof

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JOHN POWER & SON
DUBLIN
POT STILL WHISKEY
This Whiskey is seven years old

Power's Three-Swallow Whiskey is as Irish as the Blarney Stone...and just as smooth. 7 *long years,* it ages in casks. And when you start with genuine pot still whiskey made of finest malt and barley, 7 years' aging develops an extraordinarily fine flavor. You'll like it.

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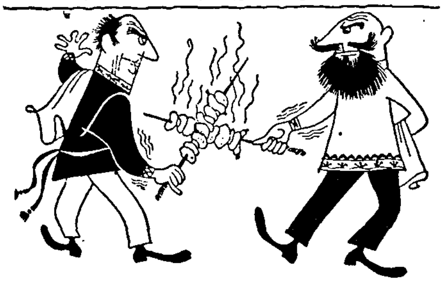
SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"Turn to, mates. When we're all-a-taunt-o, we'll crack the Wanderer's Gloucester Grog".

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

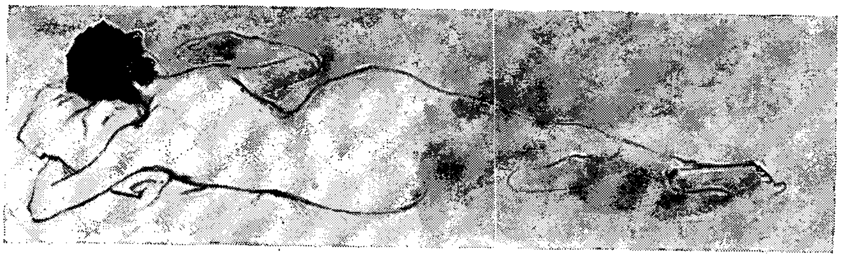


Qu'ils mangent pumpernickel!
Open Daily, including Sats., Suns., Holidays
Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 STREET • NEW YORK • CO 5-0947

what we mean? A twenty-two-inch wooden scale model of a Coast Guard patrol boat is powered by five batteries, one of six volts and four of the flashlight type. The searchlight shoots out a searching beam, the forward-deck light glows, and the counter-rotating twin screws kick up a sizable wake; $29.95. A plastic Sabre-44 fighter, with fourteen-inch swept-back wings, runs on Glo-Fuel and would probably fly from here to Jersey City if it weren't held down by a twenty-five-foot dacron line; $9.95. As always, Polk is stuffed to the eaves with construction kits. An eighteen-inch glider, for instance, with a balsa body, a thirty-inch wing span, and a rubber launching device, can be put together in twenty minutes (no glue or paint involved) and will fly up to fifty feet high; $1.29. The Thunderstreak kit, at $7.50, is more complicated; out of this comes a blister-canopied balsa fuselage, an .049-cubic-inch gasoline engine, swept-back wings sixteen inches long, metal landing gear with rubber-tired wheels, and a dacron tether line. Some paint and a tube of rubber cement are needed to assemble a sailboat with a two-foot hull and a twenty-eight-inch sail; $5.95, including a remarkably clear instruction sheet. A six-inch two-cycle outboard motor roars with terrible authenticity and costs $9.95. A small electric kiln—its heating surface is about four inches in diameter—works on A.C. or D.C. and gets up to the required 1500° F. in a few minutes. With it come two dozen copper blanks, some powdered enamels, and the necessary material for making earrings, cuff links, brooches, and even an ashtray; $14.95.

RAPPAPORT TOY BAZAAR, 1381 Third Avenue (79th): The Pop-Up Store Game not only is fun but will teach a young man a thing or two. It has to do with the expenditure of vast amounts of fake money, and the winner is the player who keeps within his budget and finishes his transactions first; $2.50. From West Germany comes a miniature electric ski tow, on which two-and-a-half-inch skiers are carried in chairs to the top of a six-foot slide; they whiz down it and then wait around for someone to send them back up. The skiers don't have to worry about snow conditions, because they have wheels under their skis; $25. The Arcade Shooting Gallery, on a metal base fourteen inches square, includes a target, a small pis-

THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOMAN... HER BEAUTY... HER ALLURE



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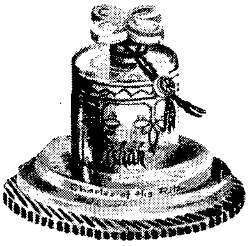

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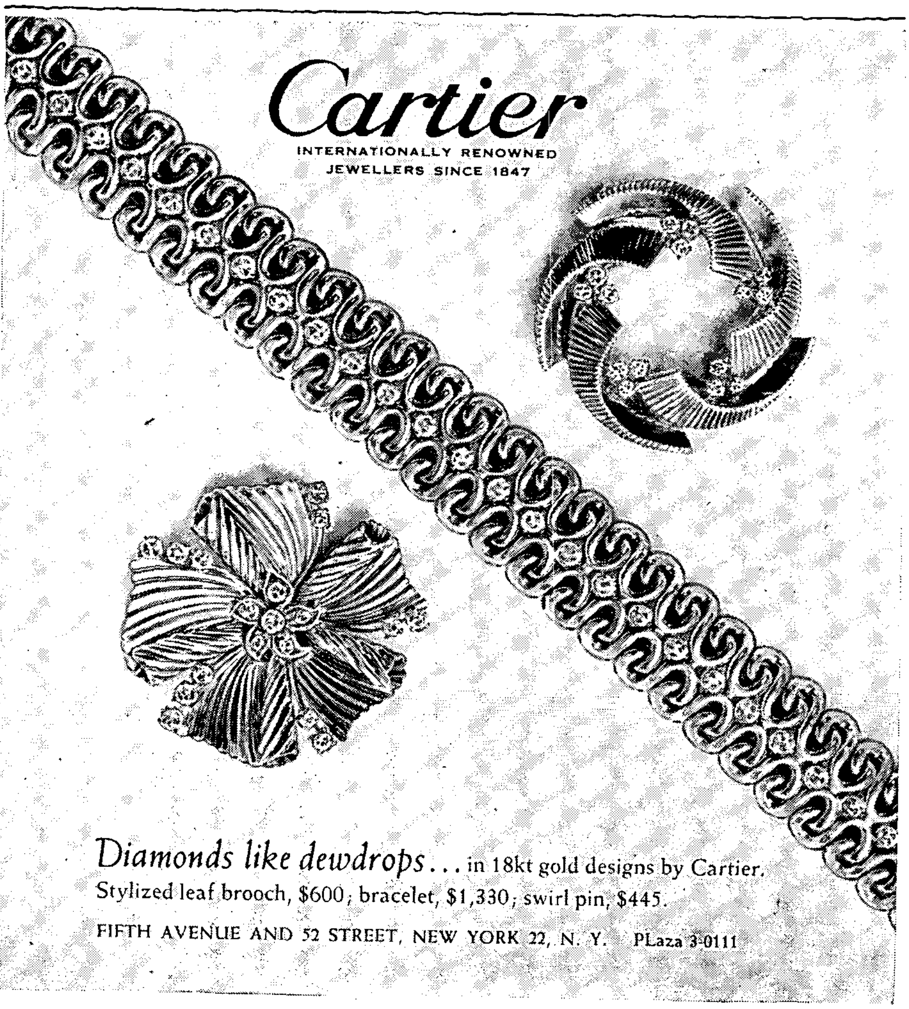
Charles of the Ritz
BOTTLED, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE... $10 TO $2.50 (PLUS TAX)



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INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
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Diamonds like dewdrops... in 18kt gold designs by Cartier.
Stylized leaf brooch, $600; bracelet, $1,330; swirl pin, $445.
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

tol, and a dozen or so metal balls, but what you'll be happiest to hear is that the whole thing, except for the pistol handle, is enclosed under an unbreakable transparent dome; $2.98. A bank with a slot large enough for fifty-cent pieces is a cast-iron reproduction of an office safe, about four inches square, and its owner, or his parents, can't open it without knowing the combination; $2.50. A Swiss stopwatch measures time right down to the half second; $10.95. Among all sorts of mechanized gear, there's a tiny metal speed car, operated by a windup motor, that races around and around the sides of an eight-inch plastic bowl; $2, with its bowl. A three-wheel, chain-drive tractor, fifty-two inches long, has a working bulldozer attachment ($39.95), and a windup metal helicopter can travel briskly either straight ahead or in circles, its only drawback being that it can't get off the ground ($2.98). A ten-inch-high dishwasher is full of tiny plastic dishes and glasses, and works, after a fashion, when connected by a long tube to a faucet; $6.95. Ten dollars buys a battery of workshop tools and a manual for tyro carpenters in a wooden cabinet a foot and a half high. A girl whose dolls are having trouble with their eyes will be grateful for four pairs of doll glasses, harlequin style, in different colors; $1 for the set. And listen to this: A fifteen-inch bride doll, who arrives ready for the altar in a white rayon satin gown and veil, has washable and curlable Saran hair, can walk and sit, brings with her a stylish and extensive trousseau packed in a wardrobe trunk that has a music box inside, which plays—no, not Brahms' "Lullaby." All this, but, alas, no bridegroom, for $20.

Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street: A curved windshield, a dashboard switch for its lights, and a gearshift for going forward or into reverse are some of the appointments of a fashionable fourteen-inch gray convertible that has front-wheel suspension and costs $10.25, including two flashlight batteries under the front seat. A derrick crane has a two-foot boom that can be turned in a circle by one lever, and a hook that can be lowered by another; $2.50. A foot-long metal dump truck is wound up by a crank at the front, has a button in front that controls its direction, and another button for starting it, stopping it, backing it up, and opening

Symbols of Elegance

Exquisite new sapphire and diamond bracelet watch in white or yellow gold $325.00. Set with eight finest quality full cut diamonds $665.00. 17 Jewel Concord movement with shock resistant feature.

The Charm, delightful addition for her charm bracelet; a dainty dependable watch, 14 Karat 17 Jewel, $180.00.

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Watches
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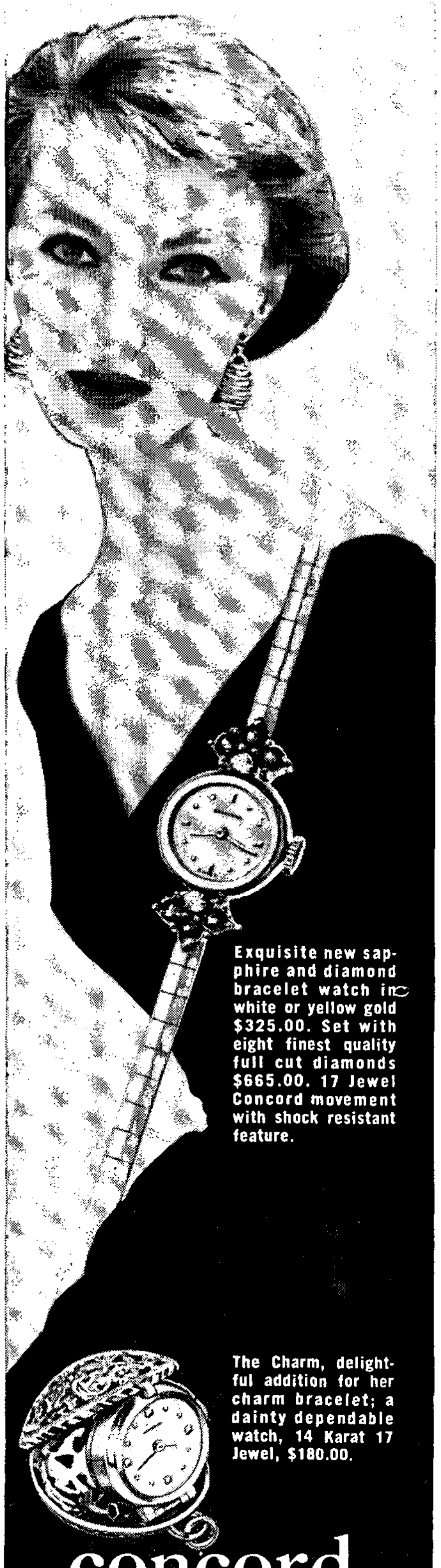

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ON THE BEACH
AT WAIKIKI

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The world's finest sherry
comes to the party *dressed in a sack!*
Unmistakably it's Dry Sack!
Neither too sweet nor too dry, but mellow
and light. Perfect at lunch and
cocktails. *A handsome gift from Spain!*

DRY SACK
DRY SACK SHERRY

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Bollinger Champagne

The 125-year-old firm of J. Bollinger,
Ay-Champagne, France, proudly announces
their superb 1947 Vintage . . . recognized
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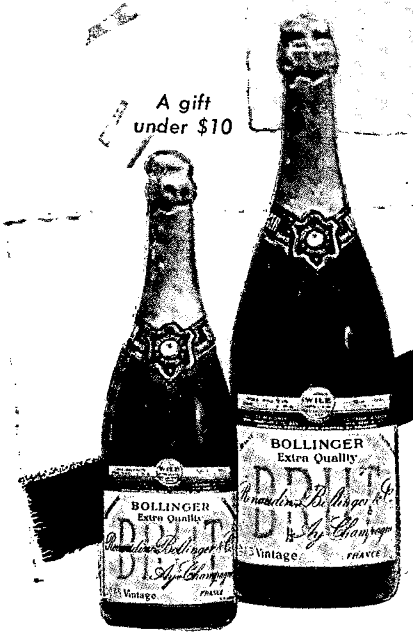
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The host with the golden
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a wee bit mellower . . .
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that's Peter Dawson—*The Spirit
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PETER DAWSON SCOTCH
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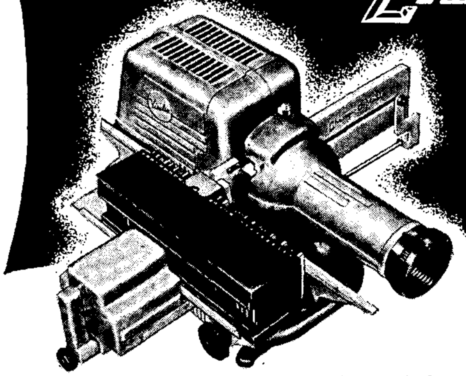
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
2 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

and closing its tail gate; $3.95. Four horseshoes are covered with aluminum paint and are meant for pitching, but what makes them unusual is that each of them has been worn and is labelled with the name of the racehorse who wore it; $2.95. The Tom Thumb typewriter, a portable only nine inches wide, has a standard keyboard except that there are no numerals, operates with half a spool's length of standard typewriter ribbon, which is included, and has a ribbon-reverse mechanism; $19.95. A crash helmet like the ones worn by drivers of racing cars ties under the chin and has a plastic lining adjustable to almost any size; $2, in white, red, or blue. The latest-model space helmet is open at the face, probably to avoid complications at mealtimes, and includes imitation oxygen tubes and plastic shoulder rests; $4.95. A play-dentist set is almost frighteningly complete. There's a miniature copy of a dentist's standard chairside unit, with an attached plastic drill and burr, seven assorted picks and gouges, some "gold" for fillings, and a light to focus on the patient's open maw. There is even a patient—or, rather, a patient's head, whose mouth opens like a ventriloquist's dummy to reveal teeth that have two cavities in need of immediate attention; $4.95. Doll Craft presents a collection of toothpicks, colored pipe cleaners, doilies, and bits of crêpe paper, together with two dozen wooden beads painted with doll heads, and instructions for constructing, and clothing in the crêpe paper, two dozen small dolls or doll lapel pins; $3. For incipient acrobats, there's a five-foot-square metal frame with forty springs, holding up a stretch of red canvas; it costs $39.95, and is strong enough, if not big enough, for a two-hundred-pounder.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Something here called the Speaking Book more or less lives up to its name, for on each page there's not only a picture of an animal but a sensitive spot that, when pressed, yields the appropriate moo, baa, hoot, or whatever; $2.25, and likely to amaze the very young. Charades? No? Well, here's a substitute: a game called Carte Blanche, involving a set of cards marked with symbols, numerals, and simple pictures, with which book titles, state capitals, and the like can be expressed in rebus form; $3. Soft, stuffed rocking horses, rocking bears, or rocking elephants, all with washable chintz

Viewlex
Complete with Change-O-Matic
FULLY AUTOMATIC CHANGER
$67.00



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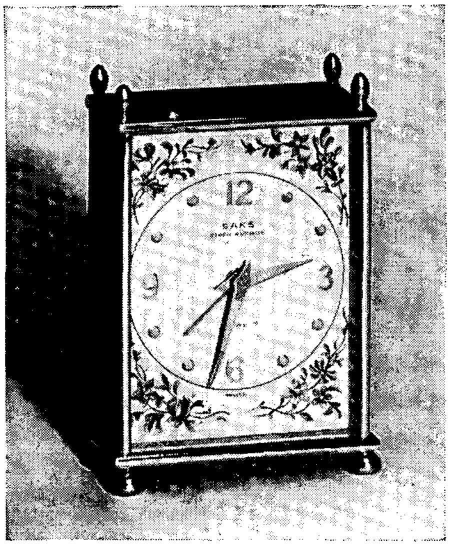

THE TIME, SET TO MUSIC—wakes you up with a tinkling tune. Our musical alarm is the smallest in the world, and such a pretty gift idea! Behind the luminous hand-painted face—a 7-jewel movement fully guaranteed, and made for us exclusively by Imhof of Switzerland. 25.00 plus tax. Mail, phone orders.

Also available in our Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills stores.

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NEW! Steakmates by Carvel Hall
Perfectly balanced
Superbly crafted
Honed to razor sharpness.

From $6.50 to $89.50 at better stores.

Carvel Hall
FINE CUTLERY by Briddell
LIFETIME SERVICE GUARANTEE

CHAS. D. BRIDDELL, INC.
CRISFIELD, MARYLAND

coverings and all about a foot tall, are $2.95 each. A pull-along pony, lamb, or rooster, of natural wood, is mounted on a plastic ball that has a bell inside; $6.95. Three brown plush spaniel puppies tangled up in a round ten-inch dog basket cost $10.95. In the hope that sleep is catching, a fourteen-inch soft plush lamb offered here is stretched out and has his eyes permanently closed, but there's a rattle inside him, so don't count on anything; $5.95.

G. SCHIRMER, 3 East 43rd Street: The emphasis here is, of course, on music. Last year the splendid Golden Trumpet came along, and this year, to swell the band, there is the Golden Tuba, a twenty-eight-inch piece made of gilded plastic, with a brass reed, a one-octave range, and a good clear tone ($15), and the Golden Glockenspiel, two feet tall, of the same gilded plastic, with an eight-note range ($4). To get a fairly serious young musician started, the shop offers two serviceable items—a Mancini accordion, imported from Italy, which covers an octave and a half and has eight bass buttons and seventeen treble keys, at $9.95, and a birch soprano recorder, good for two octaves, at $13.50. For a youngster who has already done his share of tootling on a lesser harmonica, we recommend the seven-inch Chromatica, a shiny job covering four full chromatic octaves; $17. A metronome the size of a watch, with a thoroughly discreet tick, is $21.75.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ: A mammoth coloring set consists of a hundred crayons of various sizes and shapes—some are round and some hexagonal—a sharpener, line drawings to color, and stencils; $3. Some kitchen pieces that are almost life-size are made of wood painted a dazzling white. The stove ($49.50), with eight pans and dishes stored in two drawers below the oven, has a timer that doesn't work, and the sink ($68) has a faucet that does, thanks to a concealed water tank. Above the sink is a cabinet stocked with sets of metal dishes to be washed. The refrigerator ($50), which comes loaded with packages of real food and fake milk bottles, has ice-cube trays but no motor. And now let's leave the kitchen for an American version of a French carnival booth, made of red-and-white striped paperboard on a wooden frame and topped with a red-and-white cloth awning. A couple of dozen toys lining its

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A LIVING TRADITION

MENNECY (Queen's Ware)
Five-piece place setting $8.60

Wedgwood offers a wide variety of designs in all price ranges. There are a hundred or more for your choice, from the simplest to the most elaborate. Write us and we will tell you where you can buy Wedgwood, and we'll also send you selected colored illustrations for 10c. Folder R.

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2 lbs. **$3.70**; 3 lbs. **$ 5.25**
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Check or money order . . . No C.O.D.'s
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H.R.S. LP CASE NO. 7

Deluxe dust-proof cases to hold 10 LP records. Available in Red, Blue, Green and Tan and in two sizes for either 10″ or 12″ records. Rich book-like binding of simulated Levant leather is stamped with 23 k. genuine goldleaf. **See your dealer**; if not available order direct. Please specify size and color. 10-inch $2.75 and 12-inch $2.95 (10-inch $3 and 12-inch $3.25 W. of Miss. and in Ala., Fla., La., Miss., Minn.). Two or more cases postpaid in U.S.; add 25c for one case. No COD's please.

Manufactured by **H. ROYER SMITH CO.**
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

shelves and stacked on its counter are the prizes for winners on the wheel of chance hung on its back wall. The booth is about thirty inches high, thirty inches wide, and eleven inches from front to back, and costs $18.95. Roll Tennis has a net not unlike the one used in ping-pong except that there's an open space at the center. The idea is to aim two rubber-tired wheels on a steel axle through the opening; $2.50, complete with a stick for batting the wheels. The White House, about eighteen inches across and made of a tough plastic in sections that lock together, is staffed with thirty-six figures—two each of President and Mrs. Eisenhower, who will presumably be subject to the most wear and tear, and one each of the thirty-two previous Presidents; $7.95. A battery-powered electromagnetic crane with a twelve-inch boom ($4.75) is mounted on a caterpillar tractor with rubber treads. A red light shines on top of the tractor cab while the magnet is at work picking up any small metal objects it encounters. Now for a six-dollar sand digger. Turn one crank and its cab revolves full circle on its tractor base; turn the other and the boom lowers, picks up a load, raises it, and dumps it. An airport tractor pulls two steel trailers, one flat and one hopper-type, on which the owner can haul freight and baggage of his own choosing whenever his playroom becomes an airport. The three stretch out a full twenty-seven inches, and the price is $9.95. In Lazy Baseball, missing the ball—a sponge-rubber one—involves no chasing across the lot, because an elastic nylon cable holds it captive to a wooden base; $3.95, complete with an eighteen-inch wooden bat. A new repeating rifle shoots six ping-pong balls with-

SILENT NIGHT

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW

the Value of Time

ENGINEERING
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PRESIDENT ROY C. INGERSOLL
WEARS A ROLEX

Guiding the destiny of one of the world's leading and most diversified organizations . . . industrious Roy Claire Ingersoll, President of Borg-Warner, exemplifies the American concept of industrial leadership. Actively participating in both corporate and civic affairs of the nation. . his time must be carefully budgeted. It is to safeguard precious minutes for men like this . . . and for you . . . that Rolex precision watches are available throughout America. For those who appreciate the importance of time . . . there is no substitute for a Rolex.

THE ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL . . . In this one handsome wrist Chronometer are combined all Rolex inventions which have been significant to the world of watch-making. Completely protected by the famous imported Oyster case, it is water-proof and rotor self-winding. It has an officially certified chronometer movement, as evidenced by the Rolex Red Seal. Today's Oyster Perpetual is the result of over twenty years leadership in the development of self-winding wristwatches. In 14kt. gold, style 6092, $330 . . . other Rolex Chronometers from $138.50 to $1,000.

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE PANAGRA.

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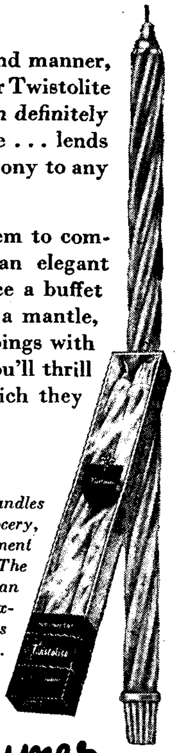
A Landmark in the History of Time Measurement

THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

WILL & BAUMER
Twistolite
CANDLES

In the
GRAND MANNER!



There's an air, a grand manner, to stately Will & Baumer Twistolite Candles that lifts them definitely out of the commonplace . . . lends an atmosphere of ceremony to any scene.

Whether you use them to complete the pattern of an elegant centerpiece . . . to grace a buffet . . . bestow beauty on a mantle, or endow console groupings with special grandeur . . . you'll thrill to the high drama which they bring to the setting.

- *Order a dozen Twistolite Candles today from your favorite grocery, drug, housewares or department store, gift or florist shop. The "Two-Pack" box serves as an extra protection for their exquisite colors and finish, makes them easier to store and handle.*

Will & Baumer
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Leading Candle Craftsmen for Nearly 100 Years

out reloading, and smoke puffs out of the barrel with each shot; $4.95, with nine balls. This year's Schwarz grocery store is more elaborately stocked than ever. Fifty items—cans of soup, bottles of olives, and boxes of breakfast food—line its shelves; there are fourteen drawers ready to hold additional supplies, a portable display box for daily specials, a working scale, a nonworking telephone and clock, and a streamlined front. When set up, it occupies a floor space three feet deep and forty-one inches long, and there's room for at least two small clerks behind the counter; $75.

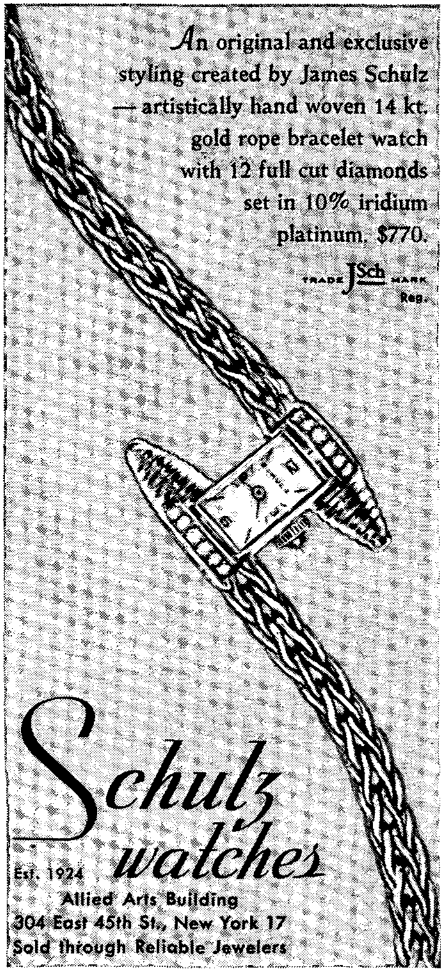
The Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th Street, in the Rockefeller Promenade): Everything here was made by hand in the Smoky Mountains of the Carolinas, where a lot of toys haven't changed a bit since their prototypes were brought over from the old country centuries ago. The dolls are completely different from the dolls you'll find elsewhere. Freckled country boys and girls, carved of holly wood, dressed in rustic garb, and equipped with movable arms and legs, stand by themselves on bare feet; seven inches tall, and $2.25 each. Dolls no bigger than a king-size cigarette and made entirely of dried cornhusks wear cornhusk sunbonnets and carry cornhusk baskets; a quarter apiece. Rocking chairs or straight-back chairs big enough to seat a fourteen-inch doll comfortably are made of unpainted split alder and cost $1.50. Whopping and beautifully colored felt puppets, much more citified than anything you'd expect hillbilly craftsmen to devise, take the form of a sinister witch with a green face, a sinister Chinese with a yellow face, a benign Santa Claus with a red face, and a blank-looking Queen of Hearts, very much like the one on playing cards. These are $5.50 each.

Stern Brothers: A supermarket with a check-out counter, a lot of stage money, some paper bags, some scaled-down packages, and a midget shopping cart (sixteen inches high) costs $6.98. A sixteen-inch wooden model of the Chevrolet Corvette comes apart into sixty-one pieces and fits together again without glue; $3.98, including a battery-powered headlight. The Electronic Station is only a foot wide and is made of plastic, but it can actually send and receive messages at a distance of up to half a mile. There are two five-and-

Party Team...
halter collar, scoop back Cashmere Blouse and Slipper Satin pellon-lined Whirlaway Skirt
59.95

shining success in holiday pink, pastel blue ... sizes 8-18

McDonald's
1191 POST ROAD FAIRFIELD, CONN.
also at
McDonald's, Syracuse, N. Y.



An original and exclusive styling created by James Schulz — artistically hand woven 14 kt. gold rope bracelet watch with 12 full cut diamonds set in 10% iridium platinum, $770.

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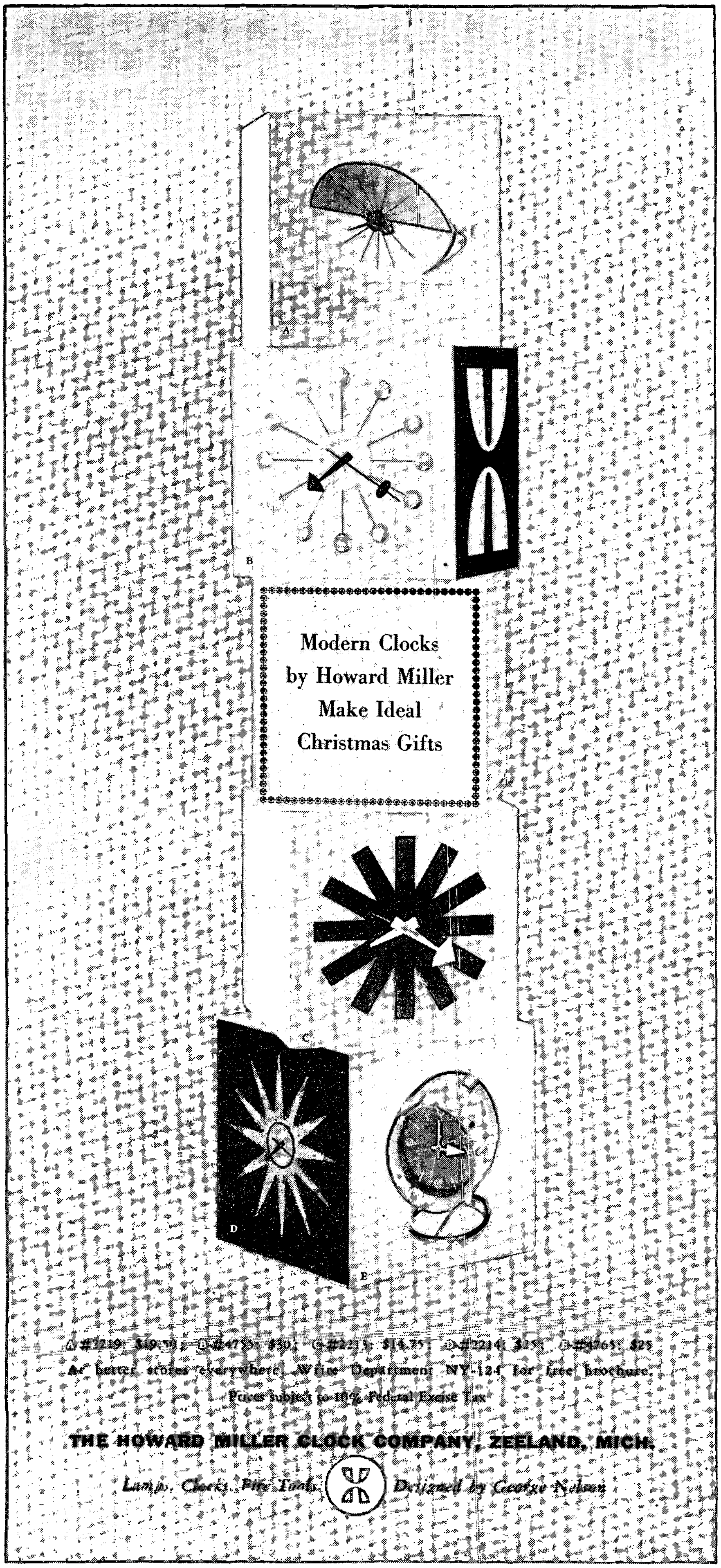
Schulz watches
Est. 1924
Allied Arts Building
304 East 45th St., New York 17
Sold through Reliable Jewelers

a-half-inch towers, microphones for transmitting either voice or Morse code tappings, a searchlight for signalling, and a radio-signal detector to register incoming impulses; $6.98, complete with batteries, an automatic decoder, and a logbook. An indoor golf game, in which crumpled napkins can represent sand traps and a potted plant a tree, employs a twenty-seven-inch metal player called Golfer Ike, who bears a certain resemblance to his namesake. When a plunger in his head is pushed, he drives a golf ball toward a small rubber green, complete with flag and cup; two Ikes in a set, for $5.95. A good many of the stuffed animals here are of orlon and can survive being put through the washing machine, which explains why an eight-inch bear is named Bendix instead of Teddy. He costs $2.98.

Toy Center, Inc., of Educational Playthings, 971 Lexington Avenue (70th): If traffic conditions in the playroom are getting out of hand, a set called Junior Traffic Signs is a good bet this Christmas. The signs, printed on heavy cardboard, say "Stop," "Quiet Zone," "No Parking," "School," "Parking Meter," and so on, and there are poles to mount them on. There's also a traffic light seven and a half inches tall, a police whistle, a badge, and a book of traffic tickets, all for $4. With the blessings of the Ding-Dong School comes a desklike box with a hinged cover, inside which is a hundred-foot roll of drawing paper and six crayons whose marks can easily be washed off the walls, just in case; ninety-eight cents. A set of fourteen wooden blocks, all an inch and three-quarters wide but varying greatly in length and color, and four wheels, can be locked together into automobiles, guns, airplanes, and the like by a three- or four-year-old; $2. A drafting set geared to fairly inexperienced draftsmen consists of thirty-two pieces, including T squares, a ruler, four protractors, a seventeen-inch-square drawing board, a compass, a ruling pen, a bottle of Higgins ink, and a sandpaper board for sharpening pencils; $5, in a professional-looking case. Two small masks that can be decorated with wisps of cotton, daubs of colored clay, and paints, and can then be washed off and redecorated, come in a set, complete with a paintbrush, that is intended for children about eight years old; $2. A two-year-old can start out on a



Modern Clocks
by Howard Miller
Make Ideal
Christmas Gifts

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At better stores everywhere. Write Department NY-124 for free brochure.
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Lamps, Clocks, Fire Tools Designed by George Nelson

Gifts
OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

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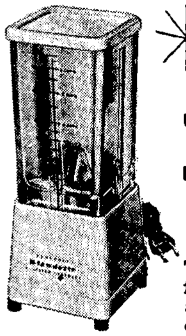
FREEZE-O-TRAY
Make delicious ice cream right in your own refrigerator — conveniently, electrically — with the new SILEX FREEZE-O-TRAY.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



USE A SILEX
HANDYHOT BLENDETTE
To blend healthful frosted milk shakes and for a multitude of other kitchen uses.

Give this SILEX Gift combination for Christmas-to-Christmas family enjoyment.

The SILEX FREEZE-O-TRAY
$18.95
The SILEX-HANDYHOT BLENDETTE
$14.95
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS SILEX GLASS COFFEEMAKERS

SILEX FREEZE-O-TRAYS AND BLENDETTES ARE SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE
See Them on Display at These Metropolitan New York Department Stores:
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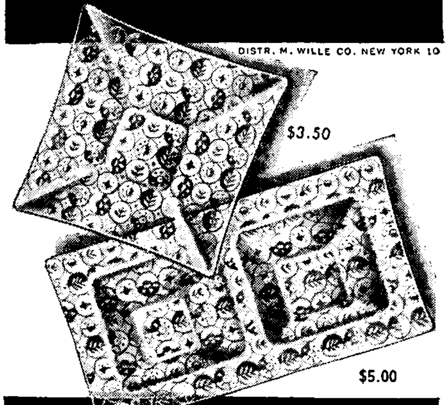
Abraham & Straus, Hempstead, L. I.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co., Morristown, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co., Plainfield, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co., Milburn, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co., Princeton, N. J.
Bloomingdale's, New York City
Gimbel Bros., New York City
Hammacher & Schlemmer, N. Y. C.
Macy's New York City
Stern Bros., New York City
Wanamakers, New York City

THE SILEX COMPANY
Hartford Chicago St. Johns, P.Q.

lifetime of bowling with a set of three cotton-stuffed plastic pins about eight inches tall and a five-inch cotton-stuffed ball; $3. A five-inch whale of hard, transparent plastic can float and take a lot of abuse. Inside him is not the Jonah you might expect but a small red turtle and a small red fish, both swimming around in water; eighty cents. A painted wooden gasoline pump, from Sweden, stands eight inches high, has a gauge that moves when the pump handle is cranked, and a rubber hose with a nozzle that hooks on to the side of the pump; $2. An eight-inch wooden car whose gas tank the nozzle fits is $2.75.

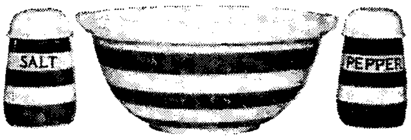
THE TOY MART, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th Street, in the Radio City Concourse): "Alphabetics," a book intended to help children master their ABCs, contains, in punch-out form, the various bars and arcs that make up each letter, and the idea is to punch them out and put them together properly on a smooth blackboard, which they stick to; $2.95, along with a book that discourses on the alphabet. Hulekebu is a transplanted Dutch diversion, subtitled the Man with a Thousand Faces. A nine-inch-square pegboard is the background, and the pegs are noses, ears, eyes, mustaches, and mouths that smile, leer, or sneer; $2. An authentic-looking, spring-powered .45-calibre plastic automatic that shoots wooden pellets, but not hard enough to hurt anybody, is accompanied by a booklet that explains, as clearly as any top sergeant could, how it can be taken apart, cleaned, and put together again; $2.95. Another fire engine: This one is friction-powered and runs backward or forward, but whichever it does, a bell rings and one of the four firemen standing on the running board wildly waves a flag, for reasons that escape us. Eight inches long, with a ten-inch extension ladder, it costs $1.50. An imported diabolo set has a fifty-six-inch cord attached to the operating sticks and a standard spinner, made of red rubber; $2.95. A stout lemonwood bow, forty-two inches long, and three eighteen-inch arrows, each fletched with two hen-turkey feathers and one cock-turkey feather, are the backbone of an outdoor archery set that also includes a waterproof belt quiver, a target, and a handbook; $5.95. Two fine house pets here—Wee Percy, an upright six-inch plush penguin ($2), and a life-size tor-

Georges Briard
Contemporary Elegance in Home Accessories
DISTR. M. WILLE CO. NEW YORK 10



Gold motif on hand-formed bent glass—10" square bowl and 8" x 16" twin relish, as shown in Christmas catalogs of the following distinguished stores:
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N. Y.
Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
and at important stores everywhere

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.
for the Gourmet Cook
Cheerful Blue and White Stripes



SALT 4½"x2½" MIXING BOWL 5½ pts. PEPPER 4½"x2½"
Set $9.50 pp.
MANY OTHER PIECES AVAILABLE
133 EAST 55th St., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

give her anything by Charles of the Ritz

toise-shell Persian cat with a luxurious coat of real cat fur ($7.50).

Youth at Play, 1082 Madison Avenue (82nd): A midget printing press, four hundred pieces of rubber type, seven photoengravings, a dozen metal rules, some type tweezers, a supply of ink, and a lot of paper make up a printing set; $7.95, with a printer's journal that tells how to be a compositor, read proof, and so on. A white blackboard with a crayon well, eight colored crayons, and a cloth for erasing costs $2. A wooden mailbox, painted post-office green, has a slot for putting letters in and a door for taking them out, and comes with four wooden letters, addressed and stamped (they make a fine noise in the mailbox), and a quantity of real stationery and phony stamps; $3.50. A new, double-barrelled Pogo stick may or may not be twice as easy to manage as the old ones with only one stick; $6.95. Corduroy hand puppets in several colors—rabbits, pigs, kittens, and ducklings—have hats that come off and an assortment of clothes that come off, too, and can be safely run through a washing machine; $2.98. For a boy who has a lot of toy autos to service, an auto-wash set provides Simonizing fluid, Brillo, spoke brushes, fender brushes, a polishing cloth, a sponge, and a service-station cap; $3. An empty moneybag, which closes with a padlock, comes with a provocative booklet entitled "How to Become a Millionaire" and costs $1. Four table mats, with stamped patriotic designs and the yarn to work them, make up the Tapestry Set; $3.

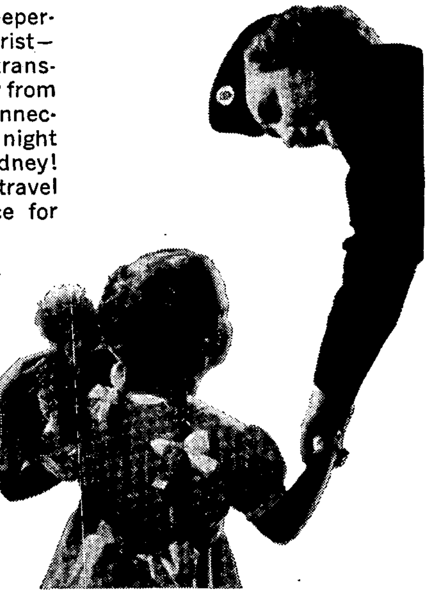
Grab Bag: The Angler's Roost, in the basement of the Chrysler Building, has a rod and reel and a couple of lures ($25) suitable for a young fisherman—especially suitable because the reel is one of those Airex Spinning Reels, which have no backlash. . . . Among the notably uncomplicated toys for young children at the Arts Coöperative Service, 340 Amsterdam Avenue (76th), is a five-foot portable Masonite slide that doubles as a gangplank or a bridge; $9.95. There are wooden hobby horses on wheels here and, better than that, there are also wooden hobby lions and hobby monkeys, mounted on three-foot sticks, with raw-leather reins; $2.95 apiece. . . . A hatbox stuffed with a bridal veil, a bouquet, flower earrings, ruffled net mittens, a blue garter, a small photograph album, and a comb and mirror is on hand at Bonwit

Australian Leading Lady . . .

Elizabeth Collins is one of three (of a crew of ten) who serve you on this Australia-bound Super Constellation. And such service!

Fly *Qantas either First Class—sleeper-chairs and champagne suppers; or Tourist—the class of its class, on the only trans-Pacific Super Constellation service. Fly from San Francisco via Hawaii and Fiji (connections to Tahiti, Samoa). After just one night in the air, you're in Auckland† or Sydney!

May we suggest you ask your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office for details?



** Pronounce Q as in Quaff (as in champagne)*

QANTAS

†In association with Tasman Empire Airways Ltd.

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MELLOWED IN COOL
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You will enjoy Cresta Blanca California Burgundy, a wine that has earned the right to be classed as "great". Try also Cresta Blanca California Pinot Noir, a distinguished varietal Burgundy pressed from the rare Pinot Noir grape. Two of the fine premium wines of Cresta Blanca.

VISITORS WELCOME AT CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

Teller, and will make some little girl, probably dressed in blue jeans, radiantly happy on Christmas morning; $2.95.... Along with a 78-r.p.m. record entitled "Our First Dance Lesson," at any of the Doubleday bookshops, comes a ballet outfit consisting of a tulle-trimmed tutu, a pink rayon taffeta hair ornament, a necklace, a wristlet, a pair of earrings, and a comb, all in a compact hatbox; sizes 3 to 12 years, and $4.95. A picture book explaining how orchestras are organized and how they function, and giving some dope on the historical backgrounds of the various instruments, accompanies an album of eight 45-r.p.m. records that introduce the sounds of each instrument and conclude with a six-minute symphony employing them all. The total playing time is forty-eight minutes, and the price for the works is $3.95. . . . This year's Danish wooden toys at Jensen are smooth in texture, rather abstract in design, handsomely painted, and nice to handle. A couple of carved dolls in a six-inch twin baby carriage are $3; a nine-inch officer with a sword and a nine-inch guardsman with a rifle, at $2.25 each, stand at stiff attention on squared-off legs but are jointed at the hips and shoulders in case anyone wants them to unbend; and a nine-inch drummer, at $2.75, carries a pair of detachable drumsticks.... The Museum Shop, at the 77th Street entrance of the Museum of Natural History, sells dried starfish nine inches across for seventy-five cents apiece, and a large assortment of American Indian trinkets. A kit for making a kachina doll, of the sort the American Indians were making long before the white man came along, costs $2.50; it includes a five-inch wooden body, some paper, some feathers, and some paint. A small Indian-made kachina doll, of the sort used by the Hopis in their religious ceremonies, has feathers sprouting from the top of its head; $1.50. . . . The Singer Sewing Machine people, who have sewing centers here and there around town, are tempting the pigtail-set with a portable nonelectric machine designed along the same lines, and in precisely the same beige color, as their latest electric models; $12.75, together with a book of instructions written for girls of from eight to twelve. A beige linen carrying case, an exact copy of the big one, is $3.75.

●

John Heldabrand presents:
Utah Hagen
in G. B. Shaw's
"Doctor's Dilemma"
—*The Times.*
She's the daughter of Texas Guinan.

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FEMME
Parfum . . Eau de Toilette . .
Eau de Cologne . . Dusting Powder . .
Bath Oil . . $60 to $3 . . plus tax

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Also creator of fragrances LA ROSE, MOUCHE, MOUSSELINE . . . MOUSTACHE for men
Parfums Marcel Rochas, 1 East 57th Street, N.Y.C. At selected stores near you.

good taste speaks one language
. . . especially at Christmas time
And what better way to reflect *your* good taste than to give a Thaibok tie... made of handwoven Siamese silk with deep rich colors and rare textures.
$7.50—$8.50—$10.00

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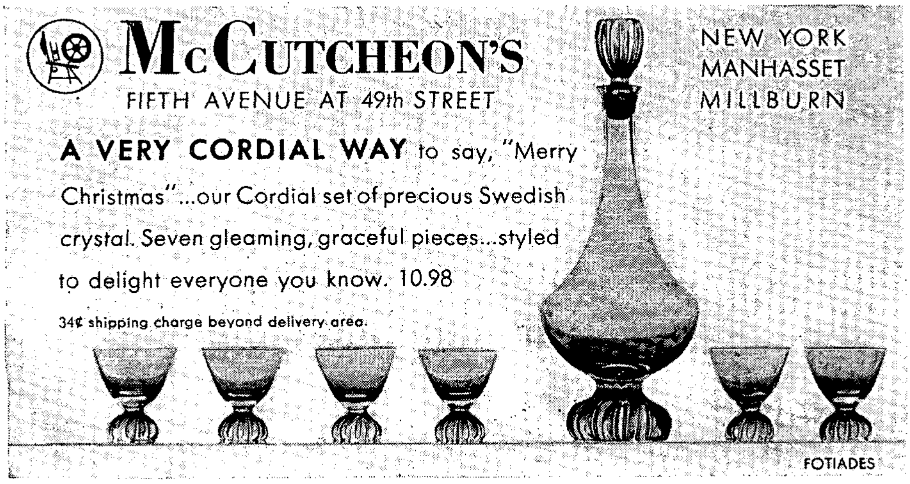
Available in Dallas at Neiman-Marcus

Antique Siamese Hands Courtesy of William Parker McFadden


McCUTCHEON'S
FIFTH AVENUE AT 49th STREET
NEW YORK
MANHASSET
MILLBURN

A VERY CORDIAL WAY to say, "Merry Christmas"...our Cordial set of precious Swedish crystal. Seven gleaming, graceful pieces...styled to delight everyone you know. 10.98
34¢ shipping charge beyond delivery area.
FOTIADES

LORDLY, LAVISH
Lovely
GIFTS
CORY Crown Jewel
CORY

If you just want a plain, garden-type coffee brewer, the stores are full of them. Just take your pick! But if you want a lordly, lavish, lovely gift, the Cory Crown Jewel Coffee Brewer is your only possible choice. It's made for coffee connoisseurs—people willing to pay any price for a good cup of coffee! In sleek stainless steel with a base of extravagant 24-karat gold plate. Completely automatic, of course! And, of course, it's expensive—$50.00.

Or there's the very special Cory Crown Jewel Electric Knife Sharpener. (Not to be wasted on men who think carving is a chore, not an art!) Sharpens knives an exact 20°—the perfect carving edge! Modern and masculine in design! Sparkling, lustrous chrome-like finish with jet black trim. Costs a whole nickel less than $20.00!

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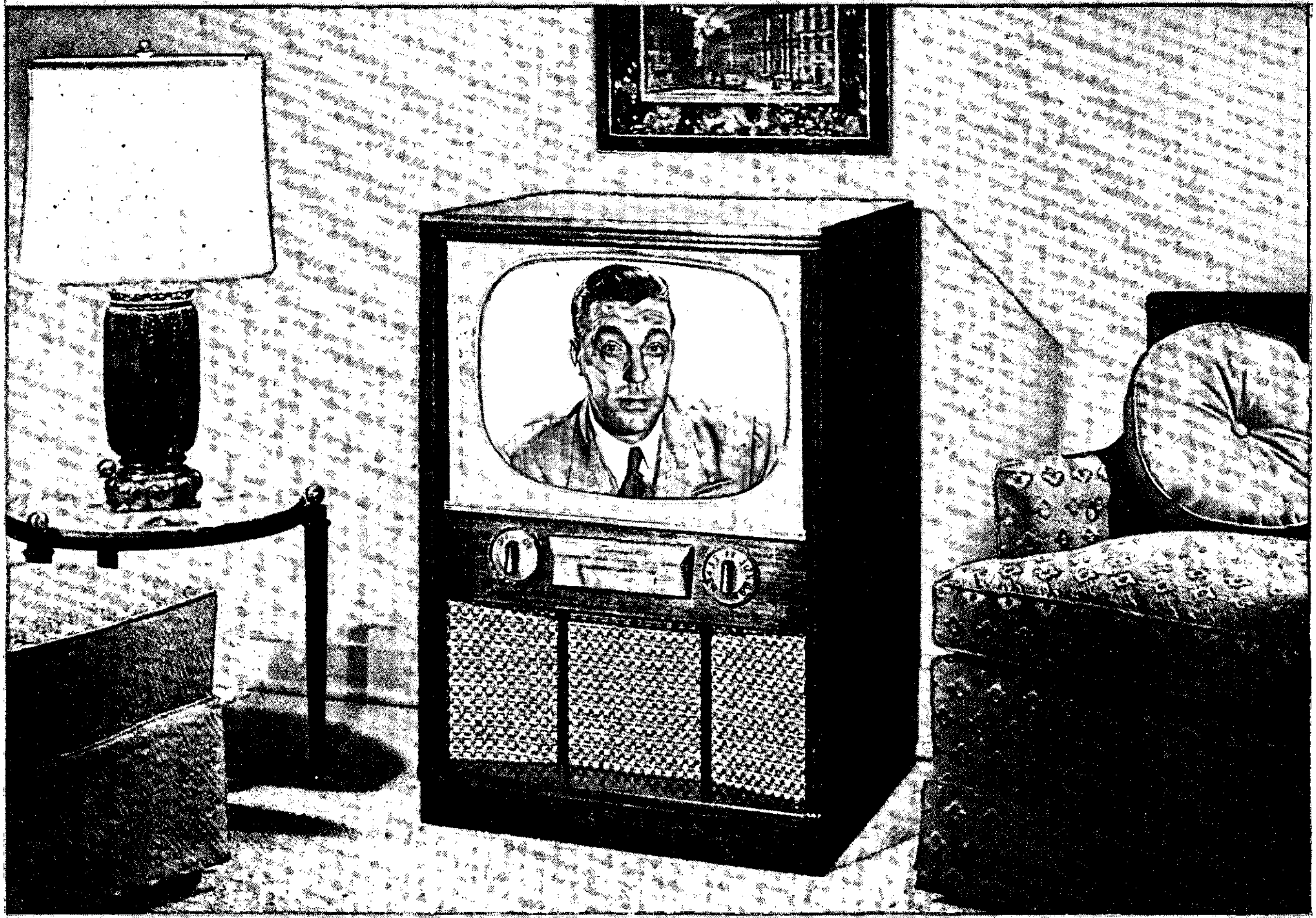

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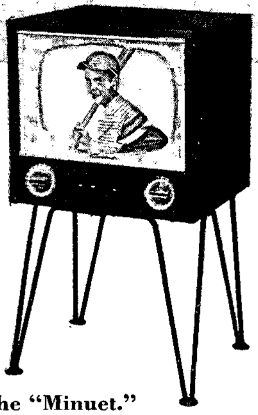

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THE RACE TRACK

Spooks in the Fog

THERE'S been so much racing going on lately that I won't even attempt to do more than hit the high spots. The highest spot, certainly, was the Pimlico Special at Baltimore a couple of weeks ago, in which Helioscope, who is owned by William Helis, Jr., led comfortably all the way. I daresay Helioscope got more fun out of it than most of the crowd, for the race was run in such a drizzle and fog that riding lights might well have been used as additional equipment. (My favorite observer said that as the runners went down the backstretch, they looked like ghost horses on a point-to-point.) Despite the poor visibility, it was easy to see how much the best of the lot the handsome bay son of Heliopolis was. It's my opinion that if High Gun had started (he went lame last month, you know), Helioscope would have beaten him as handily as he beat Hasseyampa, Fisherman, Jet Action, and King Maple. Incidentally, Helioscope was ridden much better by Boulmetis in the Special than he was by Culmone in the Roamer Handicap at Jamaica a fortnight before, when he finished second.

EVER since Alfred Vanderbilt thought up the Pimlico Special in the late nineteen-thirties, when he was directing the fortunes of the Maryland Jockey Club, the race has figured in the selection of the Horse of the Year. As a matter of fact, eleven winners of the Special have made it. Right now, however (and I couldn't be more delighted), it looks as if everybody's choice for 1954 would be Native Dancer, who never got to run in it. In the first of the annual polls, a majority of the writers for the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form* have picked Mr. Vanderbilt's gray colt, and I have a notion that's just the beginning of a landslide. After all, the three-year-olds were merely so-so, and the less said of most of the older horses, the better. Native Dancer started in only three races this year, but one of them was the never-to-be-forgotten Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont last spring, in which he carried a hundred and thirty pounds, gave thirteen pounds to Straight Face and a lot more to the others, and

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ran the mile in 1:35⅕. If he hadn't been retired because of foot trouble, he would, I am sure, have made a clean sweep of all his engagements.

THE Special isn't the only thing worth reporting on from Pimlico. The old track has a new stand. Where the rambling two-story wooden clubhouse stood when I was there for the Preakness last May is a three-tier steel-and-aluminum structure that is the last word in utilitarian race-track buildings. It has escalators and an elevator, a cafeteria, a heating system that's a comfort on chilly days, and a betting ring that's a pleasure to move around in. It's hard to believe so much could have been done in so short a time. But Ben and Herman Cohen, who bought the place two years ago, are contractors whose specialty is turning out housing projects, and besides, they own a steel mill, so it was simply another construction job to them. The renovation isn't complete; there's a grandstand to be built—next year, perhaps—and I venture to say it will be a dandy.

TO get along to Bowie, which has a new look, too, the most interesting race there last week was the Endurance Gold Cup Stakes, on Thanksgiving. It brought out fourteen two-year-olds and was won, after a lively spin of a mile and a sixteenth, by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Saratoga. This sturdy brown colt by Blenheim II may be somebody to keep in mind for the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness next spring. The chances are, though, that Mrs. Scott, who is one of the more earnest devotees of steeplechasing, will make a jumper out of him. There's not very much to say about the Barbara Frietchie Handicap, which was run off in the rain last weekend, except that Sotto Voce, who won from Mlle. Lorette, Canadiana, and nine others, is a pretty consistent filly; she hasn't been out of the money in nine starts. Sunshine Nell finished tenth, and it's probably just as well that her racing days are about over.

ONE of Colonel Martingale's carrier pigeons brings word that the season in Florida opened with a whoop and a holler at Tropical Park last weekend. There were so many entries for the Inaugural Handicap that it had to be run in two sections. Heart Flash, paying $31.90, won the first one from Hyphasis, and Game Chance, paying $5.60, took the second from Helianthus. The same old faces we saw at Aqueduct and Jamaica. —AUDAX MINOR

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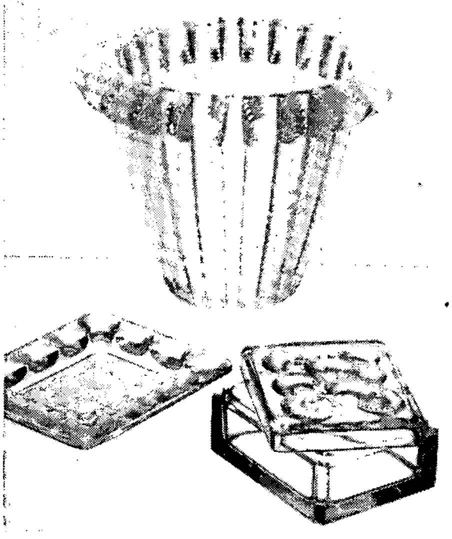

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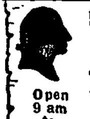

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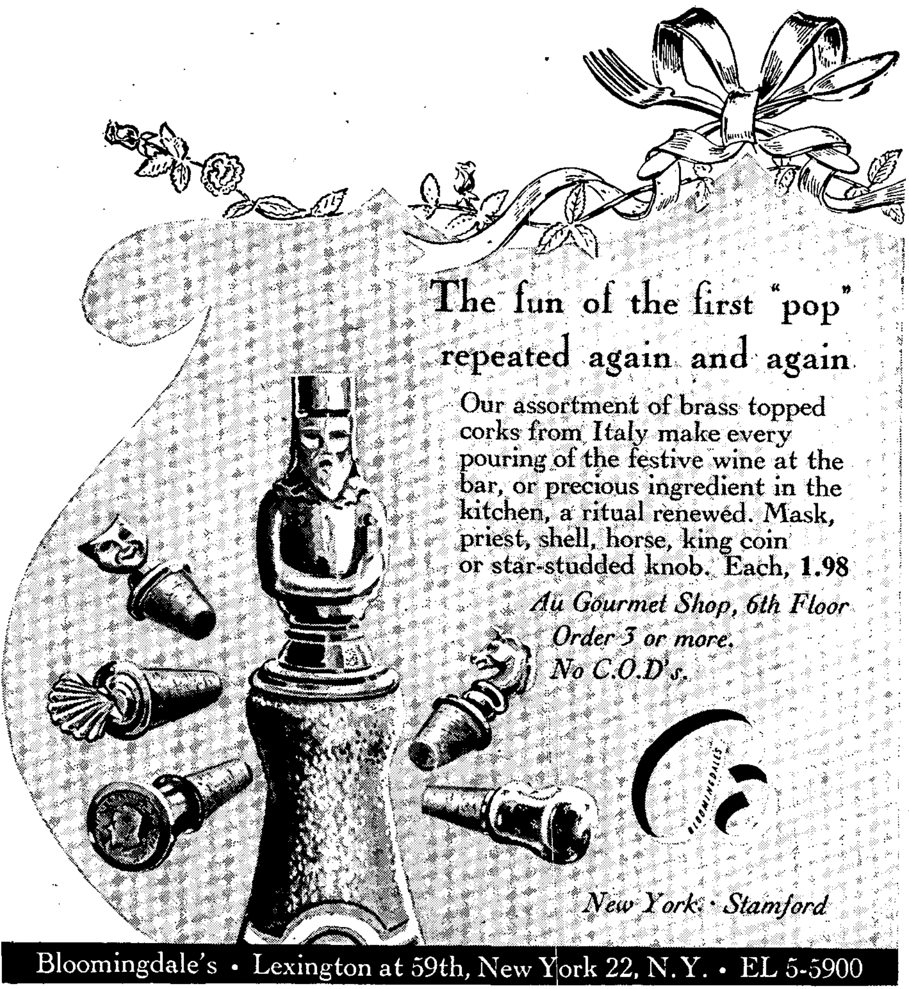
KAY THOMPSON has slipped back into our midst. After nightfall, the long, sleek singer, dressed in a pale-blue costume consisting of a blouse, toreador pants, and an overskirt, is on the prowl in the Plaza's Persian Room, roaming the floor restlessly and gazing hungrily into the forests of the night, where tiny, shaded table lamps glow like so many little campfires. A demanding artist as well as a skilled one, she asks for, and gets, considerable applause from the audience vigilantly regarding her at a safe distance. We shall never know what blood she might draw if she were to pass through the aesthetic barrier separating her from her listeners and challenge them at close hand, the way so many lesser night-club performers do; she just isn't that kind of girl. On her past forays into town, she has usually run with a pack behind her—the Williams Brothers or some such group—but this time she has no one with her except a tame English decoy identified as Paul. After Miss Thompson has got the lay of the land and softened up the spectators, she discusses, in musical phrases, a trip she took abroad this past summer, and enumerates the things she picked up in various countries, ending with Paul, whom she refers to as "a real dragoon, if I ever saw one." With these words, out steps the dragoon himself, wearing an inconspicuous brown suit and a black bowler, and carrying an umbrella and a bunch of posies. A lad with a teatime, if not exactly a morning, face and a diction as mealy as porridge, he remains a bit aloof but admiring as she leads him through a cozy specialty number about a music lesson. It's an engaging routine, and Paul makes an excellent foil for the mercurial Miss Thompson. Before and after Paul's brief moment in the limelight, Miss Thompson ranges about the room, singing, for the most part, either old songs or pieces of her own with that irresistible sense of rhythm and deft phrasing that are her hallmark. All in all, the show is one of the best I've ever seen this unique predator put on.

A COUPLE of blocks to the north, in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre, an odd assemblage of Latins,



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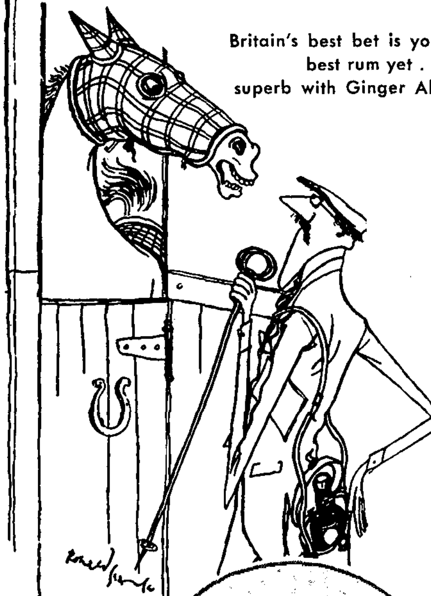

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numerically dominated by Manuel Capetillo and his *mariachis*, can be found. *Mariachis* are strolling and singing musicians who wander about Mexico in bands, playing standard guitars and trumpets as well as homemade instruments. The word is a corruption of "*mariage*" and dates back to the French occupation of Mexico, when groups of a similar nature played at weddings. I'd been told that *mariachis* are a common and attractive sight on their native heath, so I dropped in at the Pierre with some enthusiasm. I came away with some enthusiasm, too, but not for the *mariachis*, who just proved to be a kind of Mexican equivalent of a barn dance. (They didn't even play their instruments—no union cards.) The big things at the Pierre these nights are the superb guitarist Carlos Montoya and an exceedingly youthful and accomplished team of flamenco dancers, Rafael Ruiz and Conchita. I don't suppose I need to say anything about Montoya's skill; as for the dance team, I can report that Ruiz is the dynamic half, and that Conchita, who is small and pretty, joins him only to break the ice with a charming interpretation of Albéniz's "Sevillana" and later for a folk dance. After Montoya had played two delightful solos ("Granadinas" and "Guajiras"), Ruiz brought the first part of the show to a close with a dazzlingly suspenseful flamenco number, danced alone to Montoya's accompaniment. This would have been a good time for the management to turn up the house lights and let the audience, still tingling with pleasure, work out a few brave steps to the music of the resident dance orchestra. Things didn't pan out that way, however. Instead, there was a roll on the drums, the recorded cheers of a crowd were put on the amplifier, and a spotlight picked out a tall, somewhat sheepish-looking matador, in full regalia, standing at the top of a short flight of steps leading to the dance floor. This was Manuel Capetillo, a respected bullfighter who has also gained a reputation of sorts as a popular singer in his homeland. Descending the stairs, Capetillo executed a series of passes with his cape while the orchestra played and the canned crowd blindly roared its approval. This business quickly completed, he went off to change, and the *mariachis*, nine in number, tumbled on. Not being able to toot a note, they were a somewhat pathetic-looking lot, but they good-naturedly sang a chorus or two of "Guadalajara." Capetillo, now sporting a Mexican cowboy suit, a huge sombrero, a six-shooter,

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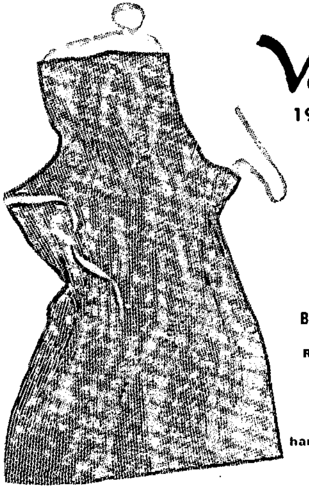

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and a foolish grin, reappeared and, while the *mariachis* whooped it up in the background, sang a few popular Mexican songs in a rough, loud voice. Then this strange coterie quit the arena.

THE Sauter-Finegan Orchestra is on the bandstand these nights in the Café Rouge of the Hotel Statler, playing the painfully exact arrangements of its two leaders, Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan, who take turns putting the outfit through its paces in a meticulous but not very exciting way. The first thing Sauter or Finegan, as the case may be, does when he mounts the podium is adjust a series of dials on a little control panel, presetting the tone of the orchestra electronically, the way he might preset an oven for a cake. Now, I enjoy good, tight band arrangements as much as anybody, but I must say that I quickly got awfully tired of the finicky, almost inhuman role this electronically controlled orchestra was forced to adopt. In fact, the only fun I had was watching two percussion men, each holding a sheet of music in one hand and a mallet in the other, as they chased each other around, tapping, in turn, a bank of chimes, the upper register of a vibraphone, a xylophone, the lower register of the vibraphone, and a triangle, pausing now and then to wham a big bass drum. "Moonlight on the Ganges" was what brought this spectacle on. Such procedures kept the customers well away from the dance floor, and I thought Sauter, Finegan, or the control board should have caught on to the state of affairs when, during a few easygoing choruses of "Exactly Like You," quite a few couples were finally encouraged to take to the floor. Nothing doing; the music stopped suddenly, almost before the couples had a chance to limber up, and the set was over.

A YOUNG comedian named Mort Sahl, new here, has joined the show at the Blue Angel, and he seems to me to be quite a find. He's a chatterbox with a lengthy spiel that's an odd mixture of literacy and illiteracy, and I laughed a lot. —D. W.

•

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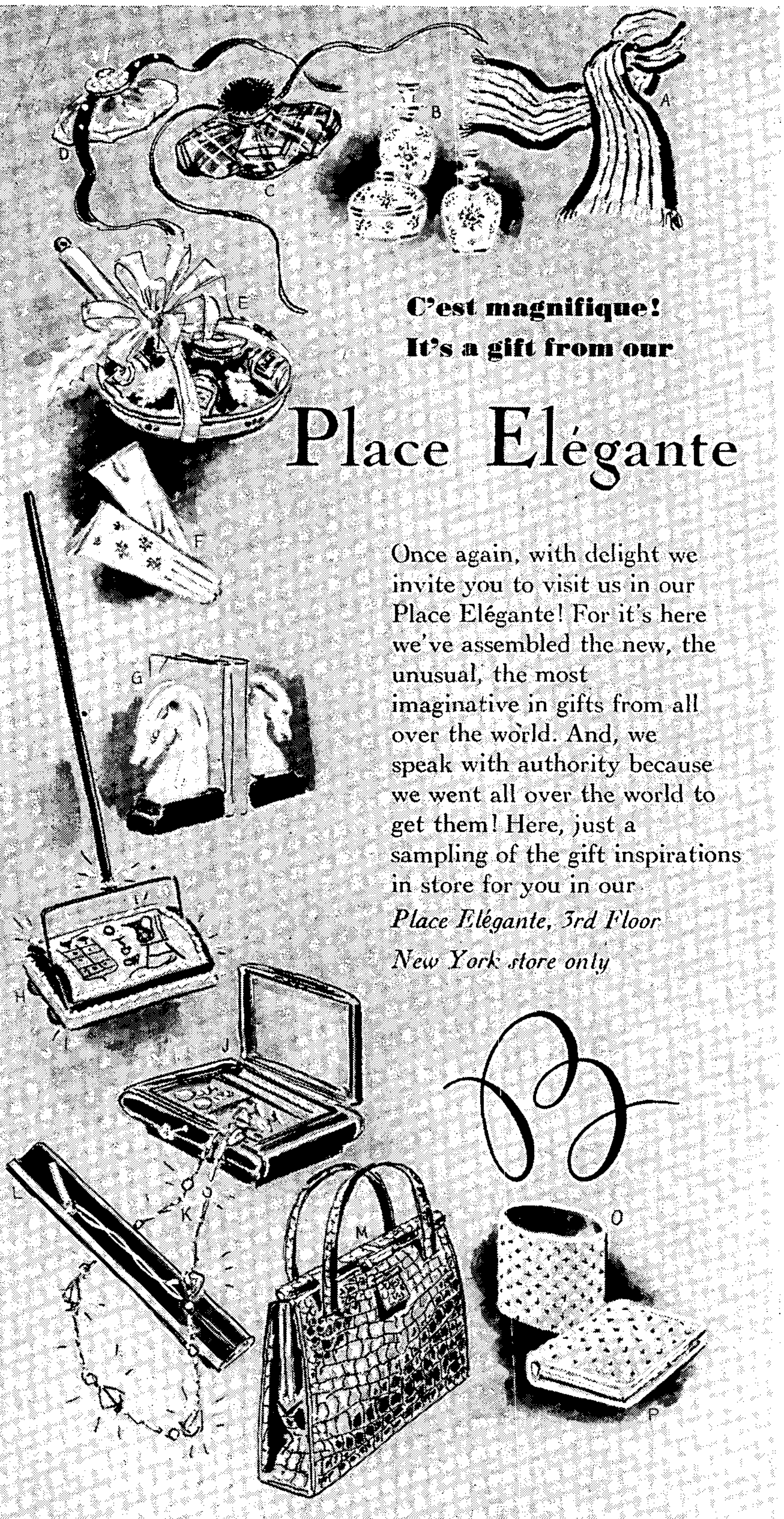

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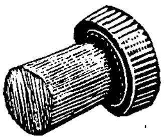

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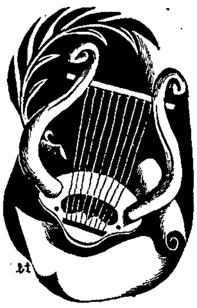

TO me, the most interesting musical experience of the season thus far was the first New York performance, on Sunday evening of last week in Carnegie Hall, of the curious and altogether enchanting work called "Carmina Burana," by the Bavarian composer Carl Orff. Its performance involved the services of the Boston University Chorus and Orchestra and the Boys Choir of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, plus some really spirited conducting by Leopold Stokowski. As you probably have heard, Mr. Orff is almost sixty years old, has been quietly composing in Munich for more than a generation, and is the author of a large number of works, including an opera, several ballets, some music for the theatre, and some choral items similar to "Carmina Burana." To judge by the "Carmina," which was written twenty years ago and is, unfortunately, the only large work of his to have been performed hereabouts, Mr. Orff is one of the most original and spontaneous of living composers.

The work possesses both vigor and infectious charm—qualities that, heaven knows, are rare enough in contemporary music. It consists, as you may recall from the favorable account of its recorded version in these pages some months ago, of a tightly joined series of songs, sung in medieval Latin and equally medieval German, the lines of which were selected from a collection of secular poetry discovered in 1803 in the archives of an old Bavarian Benedictine monastery. The poetry is the work of various university students, vagabond minstrels, and unfrocked priests of the Middle Ages, and it sings, in a very unmonastic way, the delights of spring, drink, and love. There is a dirgelike lament bewailing the ruthless turning of Fortune's wheel, a song sung by a drunken abbot, several items celebrating the power of the sexual urge, and even a song by a roast swan who regrets his transfer from the pond to the platter. Mr. Orff's sympathy and skill in setting both the Latin and the ancient German languages to music are such that all this emerges as freshly and cajolingly as if it

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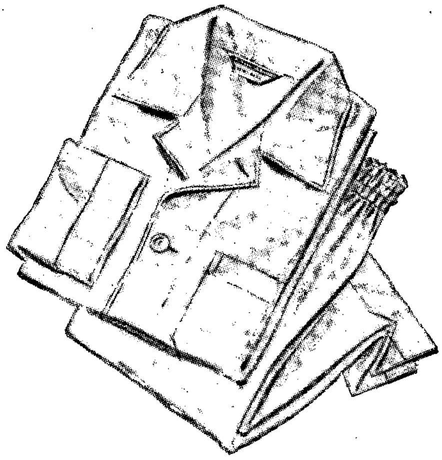

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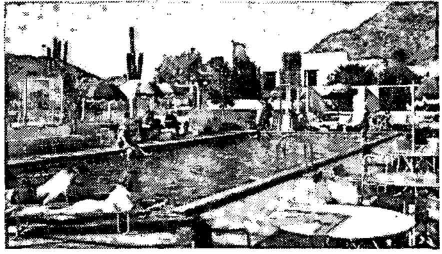

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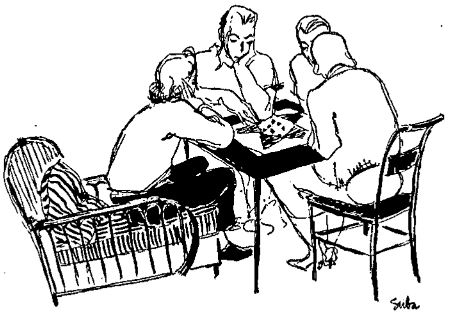
had been written yesterday instead of in the era of the Gothic cathedrals.

The music with which Mr. Orff has clothed these ancient ditties is totally different from any other contemporary music I have heard. If it has any antecedents, they will be found, I think, in the unabashed melody of Verdi, the jinglelike musical stanzas of Moussorgsky, and the nostalgic little tunes in Mahler's symphonies. But this music is simpler in style than the work of any of these three composers. Mr. Orff sometimes strums his orchestra as if it were a giant banjo. His melodies can be whistled and have a way of sticking indelibly in the memory. His harmonies are so elementary that most of them could be reproduced by alternately sucking and blowing on a harmonica. He does not disdain oom-pah accompaniments, and he does not distort them with funny noises to assure you that his intention is satirical. He uses them, like Verdi, perfectly seriously, and if there is any satire connected with them, it is of the happiest and most affectionate sort. The writing, in general, is almost without what one ordinarily thinks of as technique. Yet there is nothing banal or trivial about it, and it everywhere reveals the mind of an extremely sophisticated musician—a master at concealing his art to the point where only its essential message is evident to the listener.

The fundamental features of Orff's style, as I discovered after listening a few times to the recording of "Carmina Burana," which I went straight out and bought the day after the concert, are its reliance on powerful, propulsive rhythm and on something that has been rigorously tabooed in most of the "progressive" music of the past forty years—namely, tonality. This is not, however, the sort of changing and iridescent tonality that appears in the work of the romantic composers but, rather, the simple, insistent tonality characteristic of folk music. The reappearance of this phenomenon in music of an aggressive, modern sort comes to one, in this age of musical artifice, like a breath of fresh air. It is as though Mr. Orff



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had decided to discard with one sweep both the academic formulas of the twelve-tone composers and the fashionable and effete furniture that has cluttered French and French-influenced music since the time of Satie, and then begin over again with the primary elements of the art. The result is a highly individual and striking musical idiom, and I suspect that it may give Mr. Orff a place as one of the few really revolutionary composers of the past generation.

This somewhat primitive idiom of Mr. Orff's has, of course, its limitations. "Carmina Burana" is essentially a picaresque composition—a chain of little incidents rather than an organized whole—and his style lacks the beams and braces of intellectual development necessary for the construction of such big and close-knit forms as the symphony. But so, for that matter, does the style of Stravinsky, and so, for that matter, did the easy and lucid styles of Giuseppe Verdi and of countless Italian opera composers who preceded him. While "Carmina Burana" is anything but an intellectually complex work, it does something that few compositions of the present era succeed in doing: it speaks from the heart and the viscera instead of from the frontal lobe of the brain. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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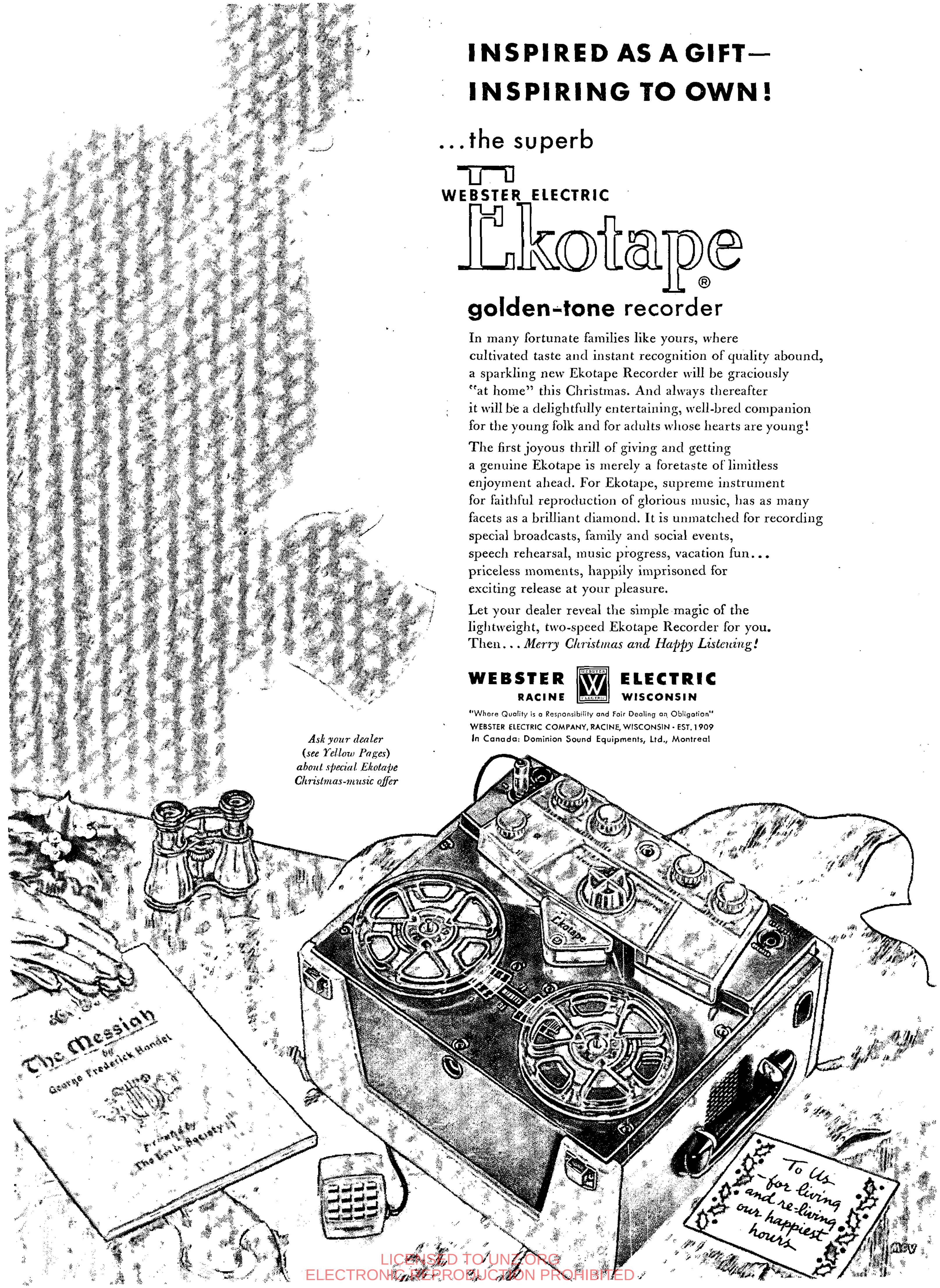

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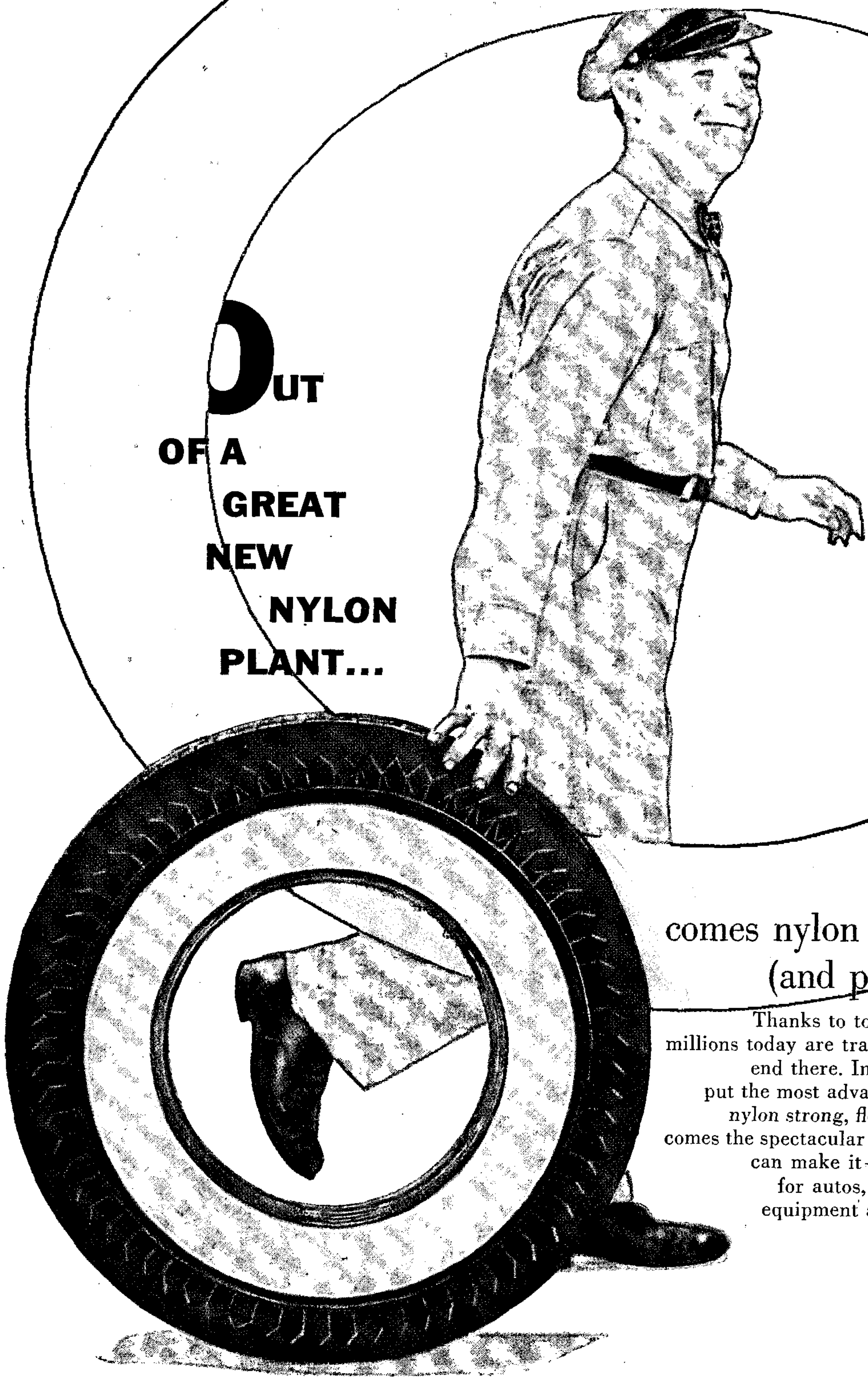

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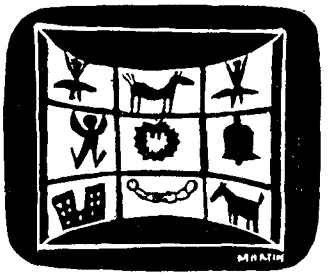
THE TALKATIVE WINDFALL

BACK in the days when I was growing up in New Orleans, before the first rumble seat, the first crystal set, and the First World War, hurricanes used to be as much a part of the scheme of things as they have lately been in Providence, Boston, and Cape Cod. We used to count on at least one good blow a year, and we generally got it. Since hurricanes were not then called by girl's names, we used to identify them by the year, like wine. Our supreme vintage was 1915. Even the members of my grandparents' generation, all of whom had prodigious memories, said that they had never lived through anything like the storm that hit us in September of that year. Almost nine inches of rain flooded the streets, and the wind whipped itself up to a speed of a hundred and ten miles an hour. It isn't likely that I would ever have forgotten the experience—not that black, howling night filled with the sound of things being torn loose from their moorings—but I have also a sunnier reason for remembering it. The hurricane made me a present of one of the most engaging pets I ever had.

My family was then living on the uptown side of Canal Street, which is a wide thoroughfare that divides New Orleans in two. Previously, we had lived in the French Quarter, where I was born and spent my first ten years. Now, instead of the courtyard that lay behind our house in the Quarter—it was my grandfather's house, actually, and our home had been on the top floor—we had a more conventional back yard. Bad as the storm was, our new house wasn't hurt much, but the back yard was a mess. It was littered with branches, twigs, leaves, and part of a wooden fence, and it was my job to get it cleaned up.



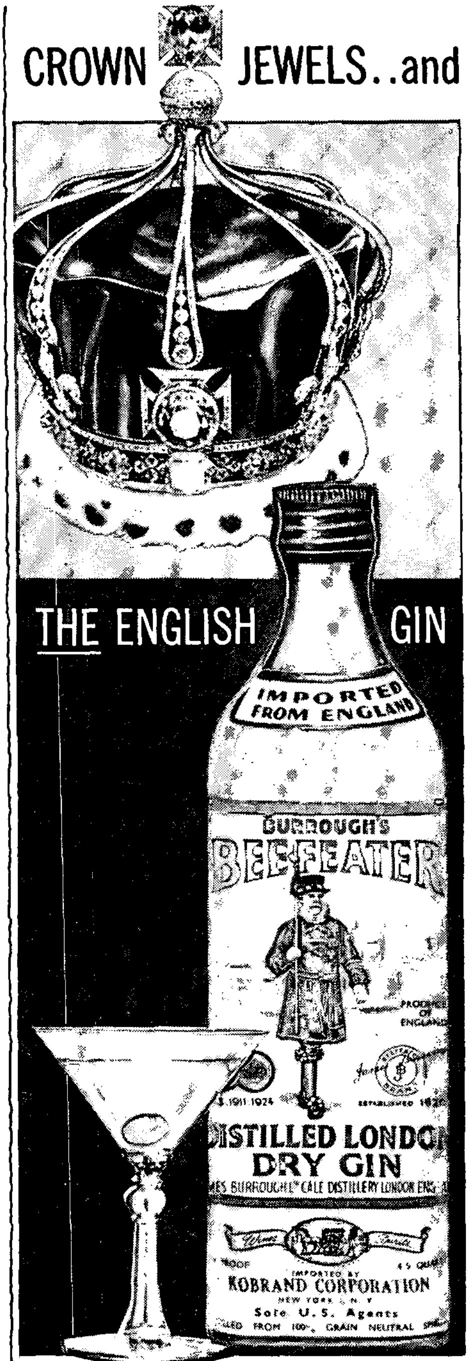
As seems always to be the case after one of these huge winds has blown itself out, the next morning was bright and fine. Taking stock of things, I was glad to see that none of our fruit trees had been damaged. Nearly everybody in New Orleans used to have a fruit tree or two, and we had a fig, a pear, two peaches, several bananas—which never came to anything—and a Japanese plum. They made a nice back yard.

I started to work, my ordinary distaste for hard labor overshadowed by my desire to do something to show how grateful I was for the passing of that dreadful night, and then, as I was making a pile of what was left of the fence, I heard a low, croaking sound that seemed to come from the fig tree. Investigating, I saw a small green parrot with a yellow head. It was perched on one of the lower branches. I made a grab for it, got my hand bitten, proceeded more cautiously, uttering what I imagined were the proper ingratiating sounds, and was rewarded by having the parrot climb upon my right forefinger.

It is hard to describe how I felt. I still have a fondness for parrots, but then it was more than a fondness. One of my best friends in the French Quarter had been a wonderful old parrot who belonged to my grandfather. His name was Bizet, and he had had the run of our courtyard. We gave shelter to various other pets, including a three-foot alligator, at one time or another, but Bizet, by virtue of his age, his character, and his talent, was always king of the beasts. He could whistle part of a Sousa march, imitate a trumpet, sing the first few bars of the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen," and say "good morning" and "good night" in four languages.

A genius like that is bound to leave a hole behind him, and when Bizet finally succumbed to extreme old age (if what they say about him in my family is true, he was a contemporary of U. S. Grant's), I naturally missed him terribly. We owed it to him, I thought, to have him stuffed. I made the proposal to my grandfather, reminding him that one of our neighbors, a widowed lady named Mrs. Wallansbach, had had her St. Bernard stuffed when *it* gave up the ghost, but my grandfather would have none of the idea. He avoided saying anything that could be taken as criticism of Mrs. Wallansbach, but I had never seen him so dead set against any proposal.

OUR establishment in the Quarter wasn't the same without Bizet. We had a couple of canaries at the time, as well as a gaudy South American bird that a sea-captain friend had given us, and though they were attractive enough in their way, they couldn't begin to take up the slack. When we moved, I



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missed them not at all. I often thought of Bizet, however, and though he had been dead for over six months when the hurricane came along, my sense of loss was far from being healed. And now, blown straight to our fig tree by the very wind that had seemed so terrible only the night before, here was another Bizet—one, moreover, that I could call my very own.

Except that I couldn't, my mother said. My enthusiasm withered when she pointed out that one of the parrot's wings was clipped, and went on to surmise that the bird must belong to some neighbor. I'd best try to find its owner, she added, saying that whoever it belonged to was sure to be worried, and the yard could wait until I got back.

Even getting out of work didn't cheer me. I started off, the parrot swaying on my forefinger, and ran smack into Satan. It was not my first collision with him, nor was it to be my last, but he has never given me a rougher time. I don't want to pretend that in the wrestling match that followed there was any triumph of virtue. If, finally, I did what my mother had suggested, it was simply because I knew that if I didn't, and got found out, as I was sure I would, my father wouldn't wait for Satan and me to settle our accounts.

Luck was on my side. Nobody in our neighborhood had lost a parrot, and when my father had advertised in the "Lost and Found" columns and received no reply—a tense and anxious time—I was permitted to keep my windfall.

My father's satisfaction in our having clear title was just as great as mine, I noticed. He bought a large cage, set the parrot up in style, and began to instruct it along the lines that, according to him, had been responsible for the development of Bizet. I had always assumed that it was my grandfather who had been Bizet's mentor, and when I tried to get the straight of the matter, one Sunday afternoon when the whole family was at dinner, I started an argument that to an outsider might have seemed rather an excessive one to have about a parrot. As best I remember, it was established that my grandfather could take credit for Bizet's more cultural side—his foreign languages and operatic leanings—while my father, representing a younger and livelier generation, had been responsible for introducing Bizet to Sousa and for his imitation of a trumpet. Bizet's other accomplishments—his offhand articulation of such

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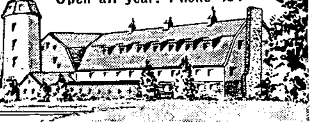

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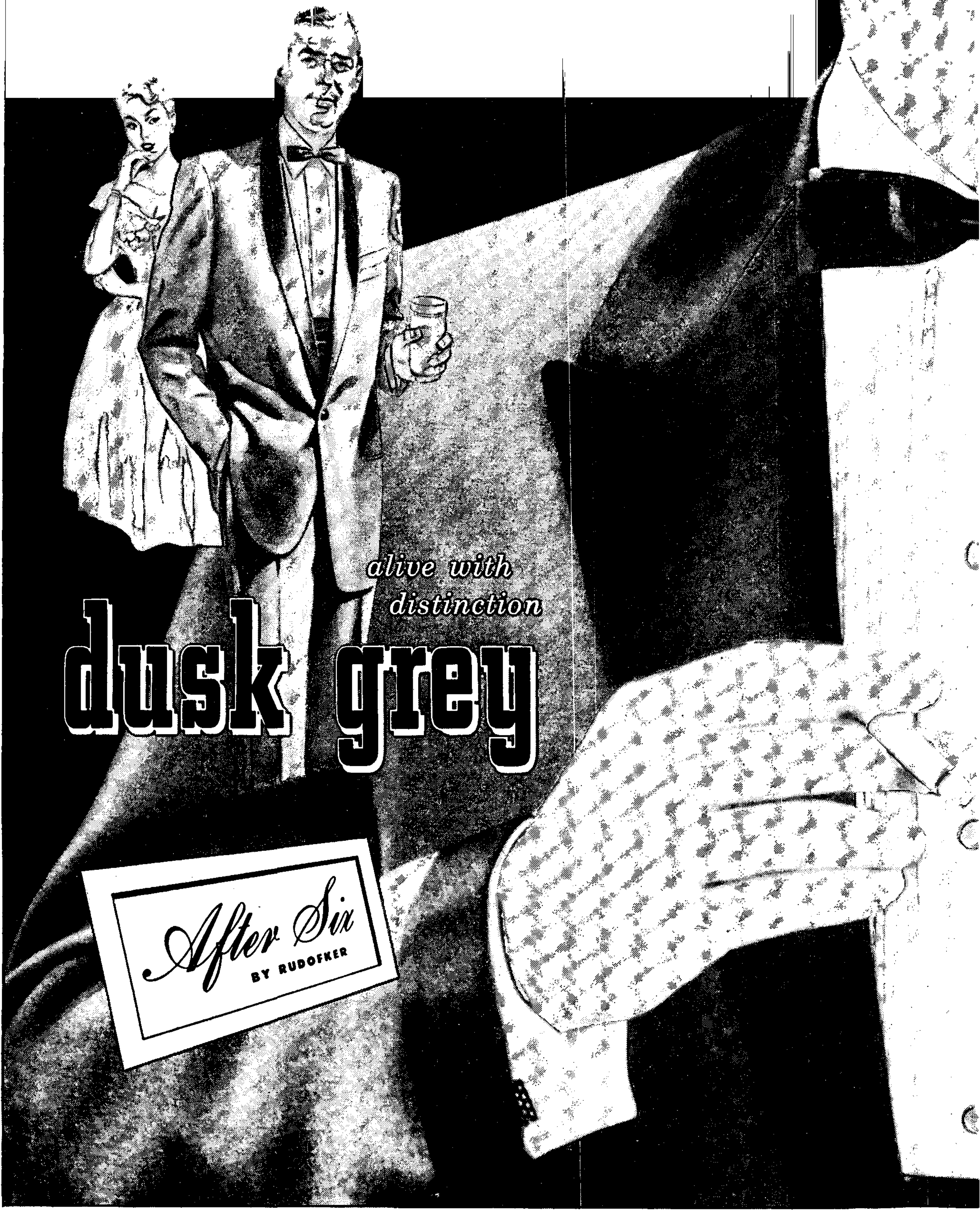

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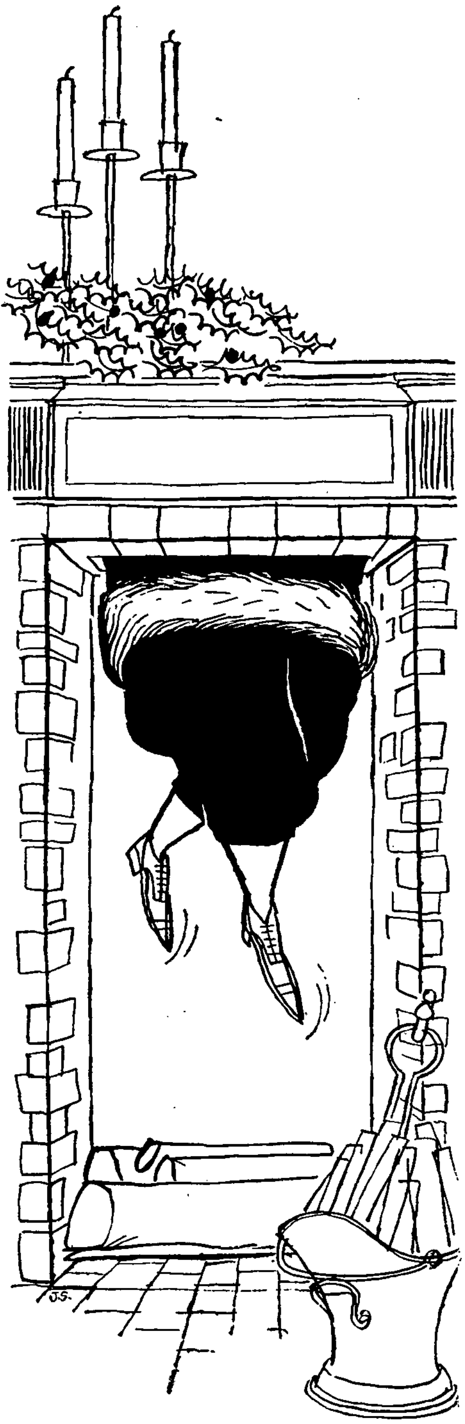

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things as "Pretty Polly," "Polly wants a cracker," "Hello," and "Won't *somebody* answer the bell?"—weren't even discussed. That was bush-league. Any old parrot could be expected to take that sort of thing in stride.

SINCE the parrot I had found in the fig tree was patently a great traveller—I never could get it into my head that it hadn't come at least from Yucatán—I named it Marco. It inevitably follows that in time—nearly four years later, in fact—we found an egg in Marco's cage. This threw us quite out of kilter. My mother, who has a sense of tidiness, suggested that we do the right thing and have a rechristening. She even came up with a girl's name, Marcelle or Marcella, I forget which; and though we gave it a try, nothing came of it. After so long a time, the switch was too hard to make. Nor did the switch seem to matter. The parrot never laid another egg. She wouldn't have any truck with the one she did lay, either. She seemed self-conscious about it, even apologetic. My little sister kept peering into the cage, waiting for something to happen, but finally even her interest ran out. It was my father who took the egg hardest, however. He had assured us that ours was a male parrot. His long association with Bizet had put him in the position of being an authority, and my father was not a man who liked to be crossed up.

But neither was he a man to harbor a grudge, and the egg was presently forgiven. My father enjoyed the parrot more than any of the rest of us, and his patience with her was endless. Though, unlike Bizet, she had no ear for grand opera—a severe disappointment, since my father believed that in parrots as in men an appreciation of music was one of the prime essentials—she developed into quite a Shakespearean. She learned to say "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," "To be or not to be," and, in the heroic style of the old performers, from "King Richard III," Act IV, Scene IV, "Fly to the Duke!" My father never said so, but I sometimes suspected him of thinking that she had more talent than Robert Mantell.

The parrot was as fond of my father as he was of her. We clipped her wings at first, but after a time we stopped, and we left the door of her cage open, intending that she should have the run of our screened side porch, where the cage was. She always hopped onto my father's shoulder when he came out to sit on the porch after supper, but if he didn't appear soon enough to suit her,

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she would fly through the house looking for him. It was not such a good habit for us to let her get into, but since discipline was never overstressed in our family, for either children or pets, these swooping excursions became part of her regular routine.

The habit naturally vexed my mother. There was enough housekeeping to do as it was; besides, you never could tell when the parrot was going to come cruising through the rooms, and even if you were half on guard, as you rarely were, you were bound to be startled. The parrot's flights were hardest on our friends. There was one lady who wouldn't enter our door unless the bird was locked up, and I remember one gentleman who was so unnerved when she came winging through the room where we had our pool table, missing him by inches as he was lining up a difficult shot, that the game had to be called for fifteen minutes. Love us, love our parrot. We did not deliberately set out to establish this as our motto, but that's how it worked out, I'm afraid.

I AM also afraid that our parrot's freewheeling impulses once caused my mother's feelings to be hurt. Five years had passed since the parrot had come riding in with the wind. It was early in the summer, and I went to visit in the country for a few days. When I returned home, I found the parrot looking rather puny and my mother looking decidedly troubled. What had happened, I learned, was this: On the day before, a Sunday, Marco had come fluttering past my mother's shoulder as she was busy at the stove. My mother happened to be holding a heavy spoon. Up went the spoon and down went the parrot—out, stiff, and cold. "I was so frightened that I didn't think," my mother said. "The spoon flew up before I knew it. But your father—" She broke off.

"Yes, what about Father?" I asked.

"He thinks I did it on purpose," my mother said unhappily. "He says it was because I get so put out with that parrot."

I hesitated a moment. Hard though it was to believe that my mother had deliberately whacked the parrot because of her stored-up exasperation, I could easily understand why she might have. I wouldn't have blamed her; if ever a parrot needed whacking, ours did. "Oh, don't pay any attention to Father," I said, finally. "You know how he is about that parrot. It's just his way of talking."

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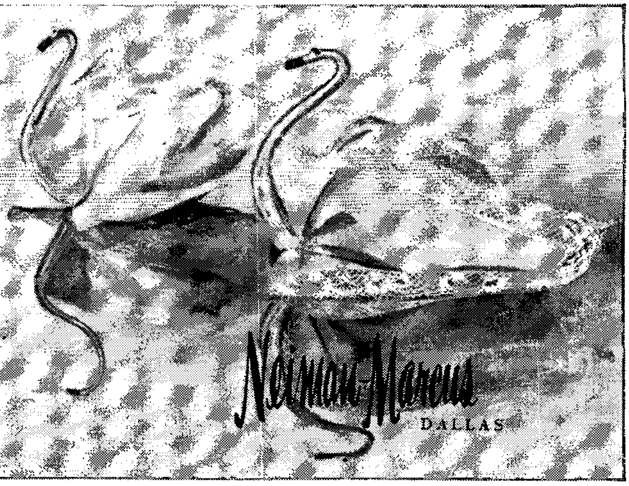

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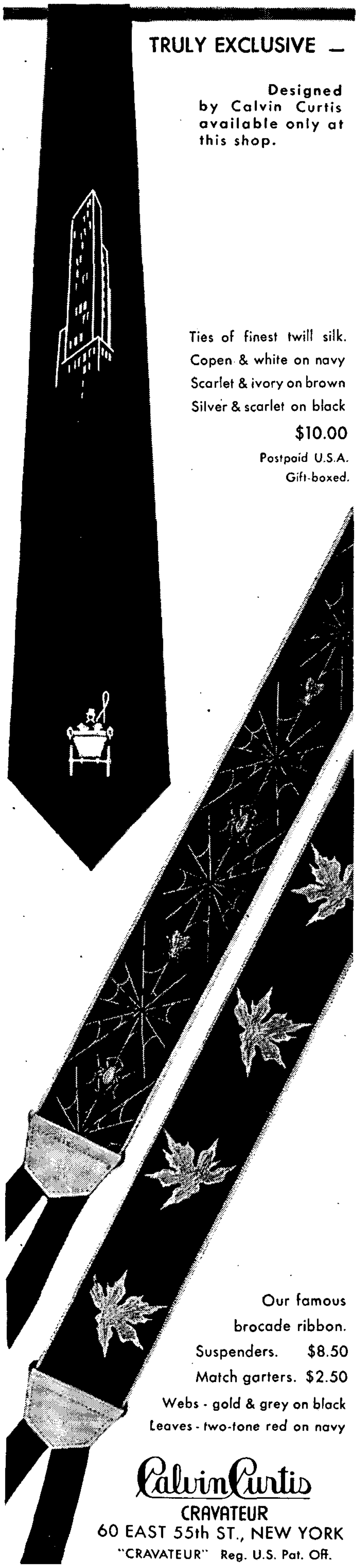

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had come to be made. My father, who was at home at the time of the accident, had doubtless at first supposed that the parrot was rendered *kaputt* for good. Too appalled to see the spoon as merely an instrument of fate, and wanting to reduce the calamity to understandable terms, he had said the first thing that came into his mind. It had been shock speaking, not Father.

"How does Marco seem to you?" my mother asked, giving me an anxious look.

"Fine," I said. "Fine."

Well, perhaps she wasn't fine, but at least she seemed safely on the mend. And by that evening, she had perked up considerably. She flew to my father's shoulder, croaking contentedly, when he came out on the side porch after dinner, and I never heard her deliver "Fly to the Duke!" with more spirit and emotion.

"Why did you want to make Mother feel bad?" I said to my father. "You know she wouldn't do anything to hurt that parrot."

My father looked at me darkly. "It's lucky she's here," he said—meaning the parrot and not my mother. "You have no idea what a blow that was."

Since my father had been taking it easy in the back yard at that moment in time when the blow and the parrot coincided, I couldn't see how he knew any more about it than I did, but I decided to let it pass. I put the incident out of my mind, and was greatly surprised when, after another year had passed and the parrot perished of pneumonia (it *had* to be pneumonia; the door of the side porch was accidentally left open and the fool creature camped out all night in a pouring rain), my father brought up the blow again.

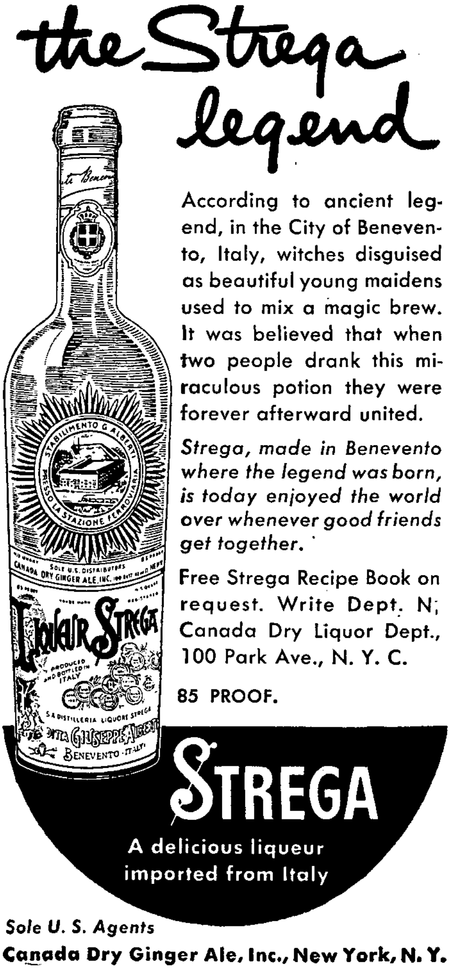
"It was that lick you gave her," he said to my mother, looking into the cage at the parrot's inert form. "If it wasn't for that, this wouldn't have happened."

"Oh, how can you say that?" my mother cried. "That was over a year ago!"

"What difference does that make?" my father said. "There must have been some hidden injury."

"Hidden injury!" my mother repeated. "You can't believe that! And why do you imply that I did it on purpose?"

I would not like to think I have given the impression that my father was stubborn. It was more that once he took a position, he considered it unmanly to budge. I could see him wavering for an instant, and then I could see him taking



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himself in hand, refusing—silently but irrevocably—to give in. My mother saw it also. Her eyes were shining as she turned to me. "*You* know that I didn't deliberately hit the parrot, don't you?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. "Of course I do."

IT never occurred to me that, because of my father and the high valuation he placed on manliness, a seed of doubt had been lodged in my own mind. Time passes and memory fades, and I doubt whether I would be recalling any of this were it not for something that happened this past summer. My mother, who still lives in New Orleans, was visiting me and my family in Connecticut, where somehow or other we have strayed. One day, we were going to have lunch under a tree behind the house. My mother was mixing a green salad, using a big wooden spoon, and I could see her from the window of the upstairs room in which I happened to be standing. I watched a monarch butterfly flutter out of the vegetable garden, come closer to the table where my mother was working, and then drop suddenly, almost brushing her hair. She gave a start and brought the spoon up in a swift, instinctive reaction. It was a close call, but the monarch darted away unharmed. I began to laugh and was still laughing when my fourteen-year-old son came into the room.

"What's going on?" he said. "What are you so happy about?"

"You'd never guess," I said. "I've just discovered that your grandmother is an honest woman. I had a parrot once, back when I was a boy, and one day—"

"Not now," my son said, edging away ever so slightly. "Mother says come to lunch."—Hamilton Basso

•

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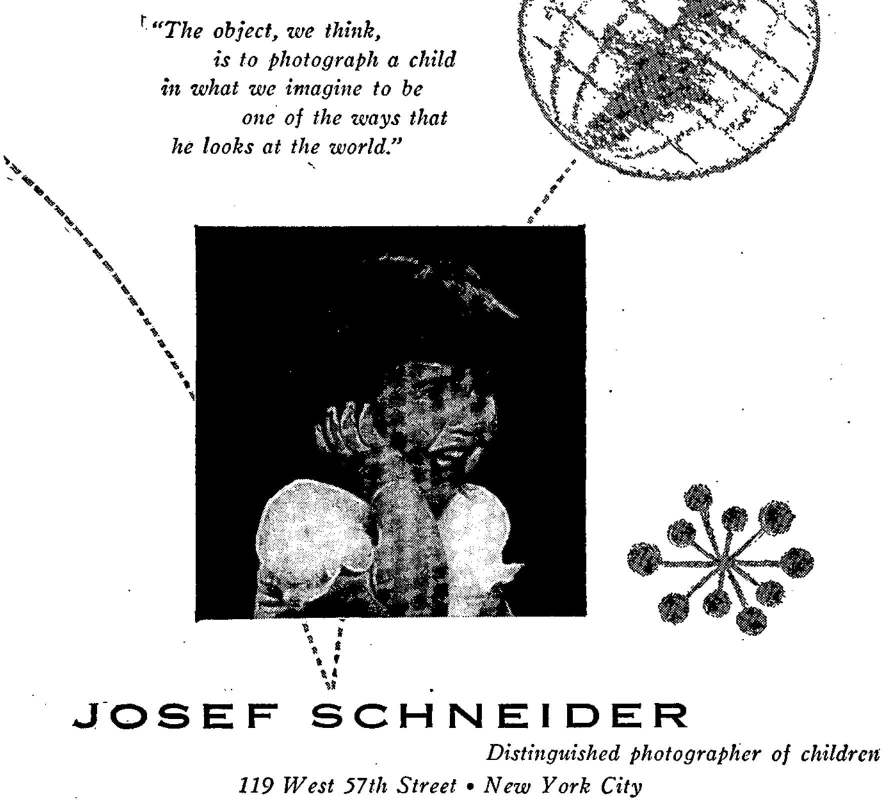
At times I'm a jumble of rumbles,
At others I'm light like the moon,
But never my numb plunker fumbles,
Misstrums me, or tries a new tune.

—John Updike



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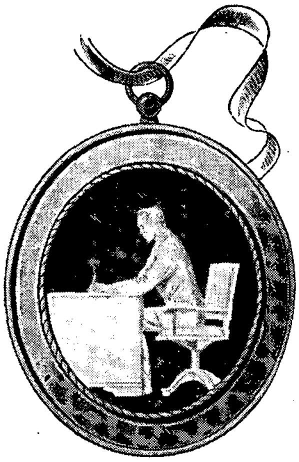

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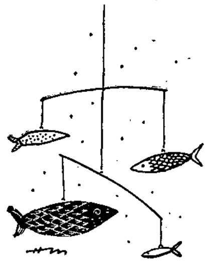
THE ART GALLERIES

Figures from the Past

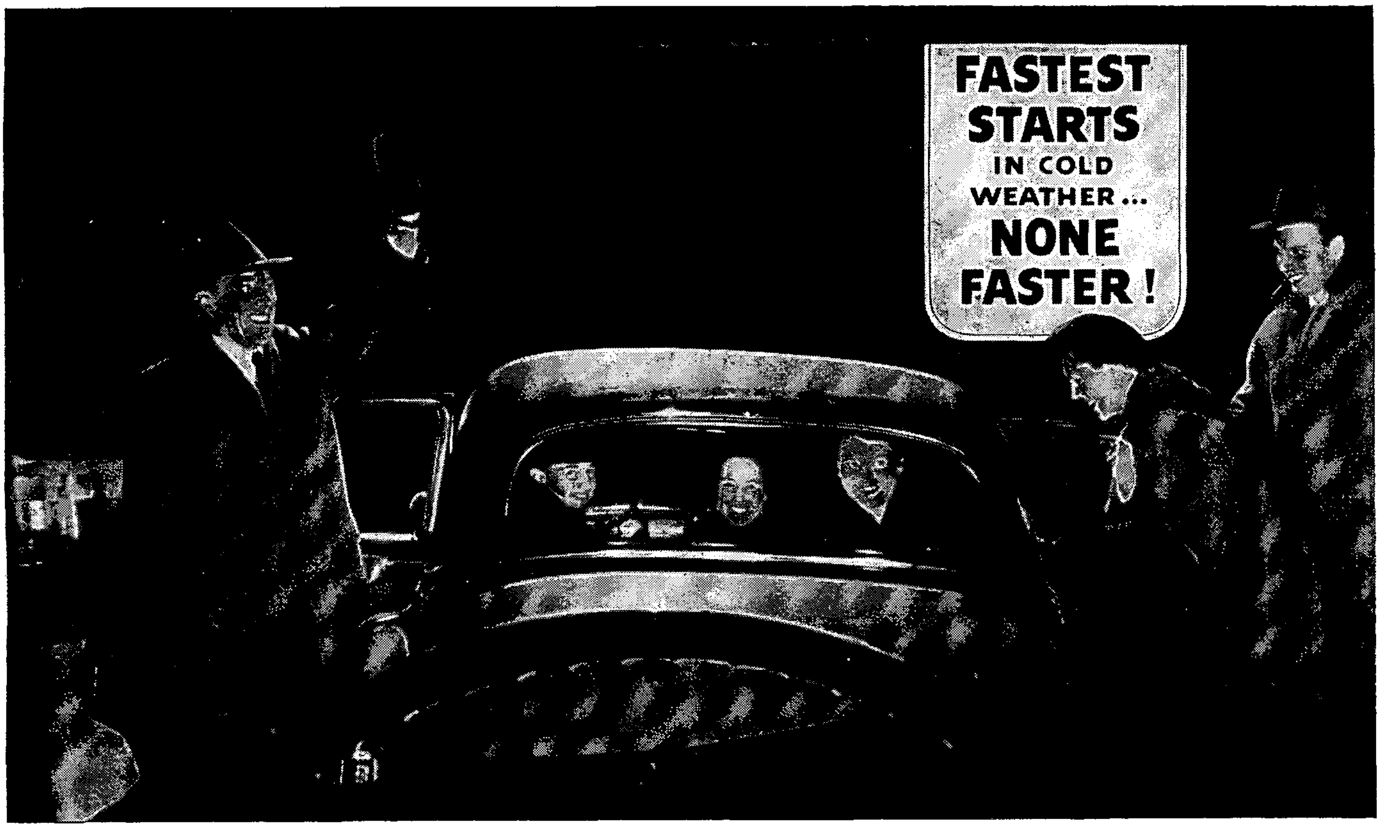


WE tend to think of the artists of each school as a solid unit, advancing simultaneously together toward their common goal, with no laggards and no stragglers. But the group that started out so bravely in youth often ends up sadly reduced in maturity. Some of the men die young, and others, losing their original impulse, give up art and turn to different pursuits; still others, though they continue to paint, either fail to catch the popular fancy or strive too hard in that direction and end up doing work that is far below their best level of attainment.

By one of those frequent coincidences, we have two exhibitions featuring men in the last category—Vlaminck at the Perls, and Jean Metzinger and Auguste Herbin at the Niveau. Oddly, too, in their youth, Vlaminck and Metzinger were for a time close friends. It was mainly their interest in sports, I believe, that brought them together, for Vlaminck, tall, rawboned, and athletic, had once been a professional bicycle racer, and Metzinger, perhaps influenced by the Futurists' passion for depicting movement, was a frequenter of the races at the old Stade Buffalo, back of Montparnasse.

But their paths in art were already divergent—Metzinger's in the direction of Cubism, while Vlaminck was firmly Fauve. As one sees their work now, there was no evidence of similarity whatever. In both shows only early pieces are shown, and at the Perls that means Vlaminck's so-called "blue," or "Cézanne," period, from around 1908 to 1914. Born in 1876, he was in his thirties, and—as was the case with a good many others of his generation—the impact of the great Cézanne memorial showing of 1907 had just hit him, and his work reveals a curious and at times contradictory mixture of Expressionist abandon and Cézannean discipline.

The extremes of the two influences are seen in his "Le Champ Rouge," with its typically Fauvist extravagance of color, as against "La Seine à Chatou," which is so close to many of Cézanne's landscape subjects as to seem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more like a copy than a derivation. In between, though, there are a number of paintings in which Vlaminck mingles his sources more gracefully. The large still-life called "L'Atelier au Vase de Pivoines," while it owes its bold forthrightness of design to Cézanne, has a freshness of treatment that gives it individuality, and the same thing is true of the smallish but still panoramic "Vue de Paris" and the blue "Vue de Londres." Colors generally are subdued, hinting thus at the muddy monotony of his later paintings, but there's also an earnestness, and what seems to be an honest effort to get beyond mere facility into deeper artistic values. I liked especially the big, animated "Le Port de Cassis," with its tangle of spars and masts against the sky, and the compactly patterned "Paysage aux Peupliers," and a series of small paintings done while he was living in Chatou, on the Seine—"Paysage de Chatou," "Le Remorqueur au Pont de Chatou," and so on—are truly poetic in their evocation of the charm of the place.

Vlaminck, now seventy-eight, has long since become a sort of modern "academician," turning out views of bleak northern villages (the skies picturesquely stormy, the stuccoed walls quaintly begrimed) with an almost mechanical rapidity. Metzinger and Herbin are both alive and reportedly still active, but little of their work has been seen here in recent years. Herbin, to be sure, had an exhibition of new paintings (as I recall, in the line of geometric abstraction) at the Janis Gallery a couple of years ago. Metzinger, however, has dropped out of sight completely, and this is unfortunate, for, as the show at the Niveau recalls, there was a time when he gave promise of becoming one of the real leaders of Cubism, and Herbin was only a little behind.

It must be said, too, that even after all these years, the works of both these men stand up extremely well. Dating from the period covered by the Vlaminck collection, they are all more or less in the Facet-Cubist manner, and although they are the least bit cold in feeling (is it this lack of inner warmth that robs them of lasting popular appeal?), all show strong originality in concept and execution. Herbin's work is perhaps the more varied. His "The Yellow Bridge," with its piled triangles of stylized foliage filling the background, has an almost Kandinskyesque exuberance, while, especially in the brownish-toned "Seated Woman," he

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Almost all of the Metzingers shown are still-lifes; browns predominate, which gives some of the pieces a slight (and I'd say entirely superficial) resemblance to Braque, and the subjects are the usual ones chosen by the early Cubists—the wine bottle and glass on the café table, the bowl or basket of fruit on the sideboard. But if the range is narrow, the treatment is unvaryingly graceful and resourceful, and such pieces as "Still Life with Pitcher," "Banyuls Wine" (note the adroit handling of the cut-open melon in the left foreground), and the richly brown "Pineapple and Grapes" are all skillful examples of the early Cubist techniques. The exhibition is small, and I could wish that some of Metzinger's larger paintings had been included. As it is, it's an effective reminder of two men now too much disregarded.

THERE are a couple of sculpture shows that are well worth seeing. At the Stable Gallery is a collection of new works by Isamu Noguchi, his first exhibition in five years. He has spent a good part of that time in Japan, and there's a strong, if generally oblique, Oriental atmosphere about most of the items. The "bone" constructions he once favored have been abandoned; the new pieces are simpler in concept and quicker in modelling, and there's a feeling almost of improvisation that is delightful. I liked best the round, prickly-pearlike "Mr. One Man" and the small, bouncy "Child of the Bell," as well as the more ambitious "Centipede" and "Child's Dream." . . . Sahl Swarz, on view at the Sculpture Center, has been exhibiting in group shows for years. This is his first one-man showing, and the versatility and technical address he displays are amazing. The works range from direct sand castings to constructions in bronze and even in mosaic, and in every department I found something to please me, from "Pompeii—A Victim" and the large head called "Kafka," both done in mosaic, to "Ox, Movement No. 1," "Judas," and the remarkably graceful "The Lovers," in other mediums. —ROBERT M. COATES

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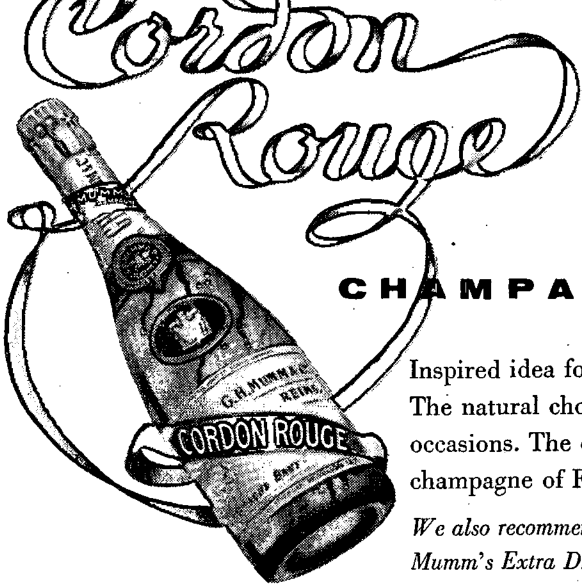

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ERETZ YISRAEL

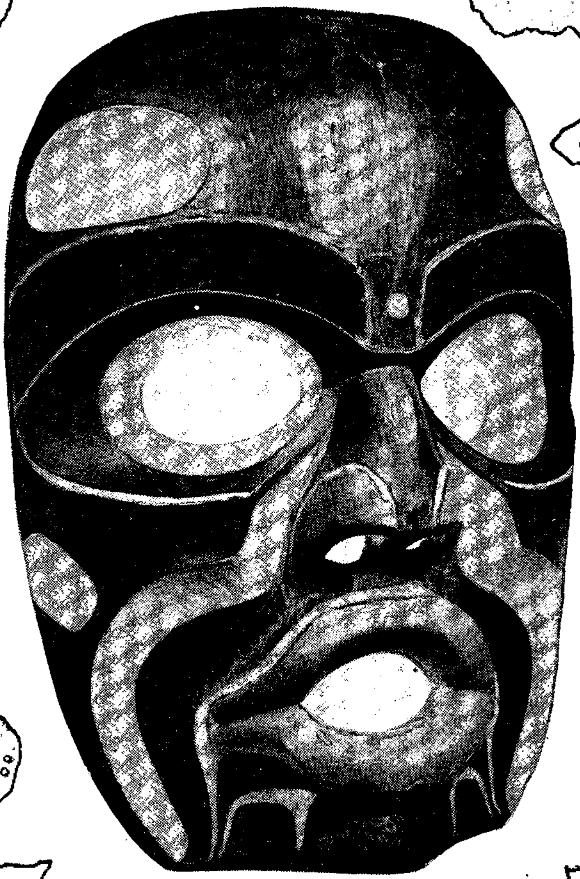
SAMARITAN PASSOVER: A vertiginous trip up the mountain that commands, astoundingly, stage by stage, a more and more immense view of Palestine. This, in the Biblical sense, is a High Place of worship indeed. At the top, we get out of the car and are struck by a prodigious wind that did not reach us in the valley below but that now seems about to sweep us off. A crowd of Arab children, who have come for the show, follow the foreign visitors and laugh noisily as we struggle against the gale and stumble among the rocks. There is nothing to be seen on this summit but a small Mohammedan shrine and the buried foundations of a Byzantine church that makes, in the grass, an octagon.

But farther down, out of range of the wind, the Samaritans are celebrating their Passover. Their High Priest, since early morning, has been reading the Samaritan Pentateuch and has now nearly got through Deuteronomy. This High Priest and two of his elders are garbed in long gowns of green; other elders are gowned in white. All wear hieratic beards and white turbans with red tops. The Samaritans are extremely inbred; there are now only three hundred and four of them—two hundred and seventeen here in Jordan, and the rest over the line in Israel. The elders, in their robes of ceremony, can hardly be told apart. They are tall and well grown, but their bones look frail. Their faces a little lack character, and yet give the impression of exceptional purity. They do not resemble the Arabs, among whom they have now so long lived; they are paler and like Jews of the classical stamp, whose aquiline profiles have been bred away till their noses are almost straight. In a circle about these *Cohanim* (priests) sits an audience partly made up of other Samaritan men, in red tarbooshes and business suits. The women seem all to be lurking in the tents that the Samaritans have put up on the mountain and to which, for the period of the Passover, they have come from the town of Nablus on the plain. There is an outer ring of alien visitors, whose presence reminds one a little of one of those Indian dances of the American Southwest which sightseers are allowed to attend. The American vice-consul from Jerusalem is there to represent the Consulate, to which an invitation has been sent, and the director of the American School of Oriental Research is also present.

The reading of the Pentateuch ended, the High Priest makes a short speech in Arabic, in which the word "Arabia" comes out in a climactic way and is enthusiastically applauded. Then he leads the *Cohanim* in praying, repeating over and over again, "There is only one God," but steadily increasing, step by step, the tempo and the volume. Just below stands another assembly, a group of the younger men, robed in white and with sleeves rolled up for the sacrifice, wearing red tarbooshes and sandals tied with strings. They, too, are determinedly praying. Beside them, in the angle of a stone fence, wait seven fat brown-faced sheep—one for each of the seven Samaritan families—which have been recently purchased with careful selection and scrupulously washed every day. They conform to the prescription of Exodus, on which the Passover service is based, that "your lamb shall be without blemish, a male a year old." And now the sun is just setting; the moment for the sacrifice arrives. The High Priest gets up on a stone and recites the first six verses of Exodus 12, Jehovah's instructions to Moses and Aaron for commemorating their flight from Egypt, which culminate with the words "And the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening." The young men have carried the squirming sheep to a ditch which contains a stone altar, and they now hold the animals' heads over this and saw through their throats with large knives. This releases a demonstration, not an outburst but a reverential acknowledgment. You hear whistles, cries, clapping of hands. The fathers of families now at once smear the blood on the foreheads of their first-born children, and in earlier days they dashed away to smear it on the lintels and posts of their doors. Inquiries as to why this was not being done brought only evasive answers, and it has been only from *Life* magazine I have learned—there was a *Life* photographer present—that the Samaritans are now so poor that they have to borrow tents from the Arabs, who object to having them bloodied. On the sheep, now mere fat, woolly lumps, they pour boiling water from pots, and begin plucking off the wool, to establish that the bodies are unblemished. The High Priest withdraws to his tent to entertain the invited guests.

By this time the sun has disappeared, and an all-but-full bright moon is shining, but suddenly, as we walk through sharp stones

"There now, you said it yourself. You said you don't understand me. It's just as I was telling a friend of mine last evening."



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in the direction of the High Priest's tent, the whole world is blotted out by a darkness of a kind that I have never seen elsewhere and that summons to my mind impressively that opaque word "*arafél*," which is supposed to be compounded of "darkness" and "cloud" and which in Exodus is applied to the obscurity out of which the Ten Commandments were uttered: "And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near to the thick darkness where God was." This darkness is not black, but a sort of dull and dense brown, and seems almost of the consistency of soft-coal smoke. Invisible to one another and hoping we are not getting lost, we try to hold our way on the rocky road, which hardly differs from the stony hillside, till at last we see a group of parked cars, with the lights of the tents behind them. Received by Amran Ishak, the High Priest, cordially but rather remotely, we sit down on benches and beds and are offered arrack and wine, biscuits of unleavened bread and a dish of a paste called *kumas*, that you scoop up with pieces of matzoh. While the ceremony was going on, the Arabs, it seems, were *not* idle. One of the ladies has just managed to rescue a ring which she felt being slipped off her finger, and a young theological student from Union Seminary, in New York, has lost his fountain pen and his watch. The High Priest assures him with dignity that he will see that these things are restored. Amran Ishak has written a book on his people, their history, beliefs, and customs, and parts of it, in English translation, are sold to the visitors in the form of pamphlets. Up to this year, I am told, they have been given away, and the visitors have made small contributions, but this year a set price has been put on them, and one of the white-gowned young men snatches a pamphlet away when, in consequence of a misunderstanding, something less than this price has been offered. Amran Ishak draws back from the scene with a look of controlled indignation. One feels that he is deeply embarrassed, but one cannot tell whether he is angry at the visitor's trying to cheapen the sale or at the young Samaritan's bad manners. It is evident, in any case, that he does not know how to deal with this situation. Though the members of his community are many of them small businessmen in Nablus, he still lives in the world of the Bible, and his book is a résumé of history from the minority Samaritan point of view. There is something about his aspect at once austere and anxious.

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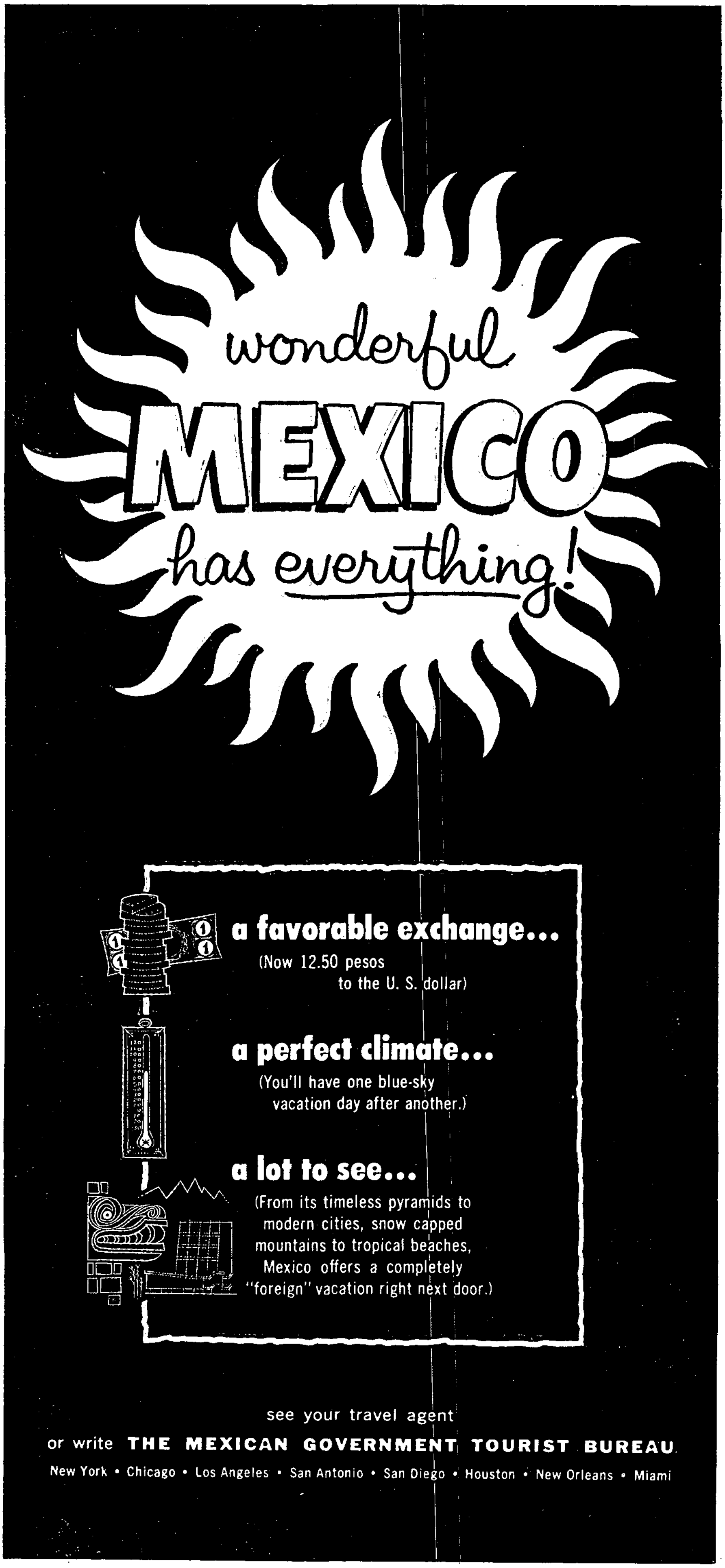
Israel as were the ancestors of the Jews. Their kingdom in the north was, in fact, called Israel, in contradistinction to Judah, the kingdom of the south. But in 721 B.C. this northern kingdom of Israel was wiped out by the descent of the Assyrians, and its people never recovered from this. All the more important elements of the population were taken away to Assyria, but the poorer people were left behind, and these interbred with the conquerors and corrupted their Jehovah worship with that of the Assyrian gods. These were the ancestors of the modern Samaritans. Later on, they were to feud with the people of Judah, who, once the northern kingdom had been destroyed, were in a position to make of their own city, Jerusalem, the unchallenged religious center of the Israelite world. Jerusalem fell to Nebuchadnezzar in 586, and the Judahites were carried off to Babylon, but when, fifty years later, the Persian king Cyrus, in his turn, conquered Babylon, he allowed them to return to Jerusalem, where they set about rebuilding their temple. The Samaritans at this point approached them and offered to collaborate with them, but the Judahites regarded them now as a people of doubtful blood, contaminated by heathen religion, and refused to allow them to participate. The breach was made final when a brother of the High Priest, who had been sharing in the priestly functions, married a Samaritan wife, and was exiled by the elders of Jerusalem, where a very strong policy against mixed marriages had been laid down by Nehemiah. This man, with the backing of his father-in-law and reinforced by other Israelites who had been persecuted for similar reasons but backed by the Persian king, who was glad to see the Jews divided, withdrew to Mount Gerizim and built a temple there; he seems to have been the founder of the present Samaritan sect of independent worshippers of Jehovah. The Samaritans, in any case, possessed their own text of the Pentateuch, and refused to recognize the Prophets, whom they treated as the spokesmen of a rival faction. They rejected the whole version of Israelite history composed by the dominant Judahites; they have never regarded themselves as Jews, but always refer to the Jews as a race of successful impostors, very much as the Trotskyites did with the Stalinist regime in Russia. The Samaritan variants from the orthodox text of the five books supposed to have been written by Moses are relatively slight in extent, but the Samaritans consider them



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of crucial importance, for they indicate firmly and consistently that Mount Gerizim, at the foot of which they live and on which they celebrate their Passover, is the spot designated by Jehovah as the headquarters of his cult, not Jerusalem, which, at the time when the commands of the Pentateuch were given—that is, at the time when the Children of Israel had just arrived at the Promised Land—was not yet in Israelite hands. The Samaritans assert that the Jews, and not they, have doctored the holy writings—that the selection by God of Jerusalem as the center of Israelite religion could hardly have been made before Solomon's Temple was actually in existence. They deny the contention of the Jews that this designation was really a prophecy, and they point out that the form of the verb "to choose" that occurs in the Samaritan version precludes the possibility of this. The truth is, it seems, that the Pentateuch, in the general version accepted by both Orthodox Jews and Samaritans, was put together during the Babylonian exile—so, on the one hand, the Samaritans are perfectly right in insisting that the mention of Jerusalem was made after the building of Solomon's Temple, while, on the other hand, the inference must be that the Samaritans accepted this version from the Judahites, who had composed it, and that they added to it some references to Mount Gerizim.

Yet actually, from the point of view of history, the Samaritans have a pretty good case. Gerizim and its neighbor Ebal are the mountains named in Deuteronomy as the places for proclaiming, respectively, the blessings and the cursings of God. Nablus is certainly the ancient Shechem, the place in which Jacob is supposed to have settled when he came back from serving Laban, and the Samaritans claim that it is also the place where he had previously had his dream of the angels on the heavenly ladder. They are able to adduce the authority of Joshua 24 that the bones of Joseph were eventually brought from Egypt in order to be buried at Shechem, that it was at Shechem that Joshua set up a great stone "in the sanctuary of the Lord." Here, too, according to them, between the two mountains, was Moreh, the meadow where Abraham pitched his tent, and they believe that it was on Mount Gerizim, and not on the rock in Jerusalem which the Mosque of Omar now shelters, that the sacrifice of Isaac was averted. In any case, they built their own temple on Gerizim. This was later destroyed by the Jews in the period of Hasmonean ascendancy, in the

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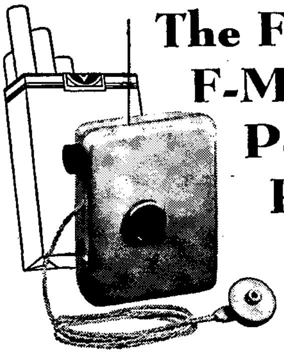

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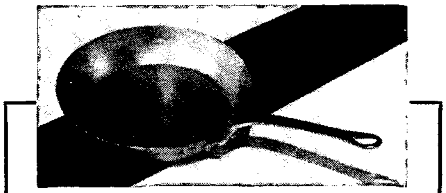

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second pre-Christian century; rebuilt, under Hadrian, when, at the time of the Jewish revolt of the second post-Christian century, the Samaritans had aided the Romans; then destroyed again by the Romans, in 484, at the instigation of the Christians. A rebellion under Justinian, in the following century, brought down on the Samaritans total suppression.

That is, political suppression. Their cult, as we have seen, still survives, and we visitors, leaving Amran Ishak's tent, go back to the sacrifices. The directions set forth in Exodus are being exactly followed. There is, to be sure, one modern innovation. A bicycle pump has been used to blow up the dead sheep and facilitate the removal of the skin from the carcass, but this, of course, has not been prohibited, since no such devices were known to Moses. And now, in the red light of fires—the darkness has passed, and the moon is out—the naked remains are hanging, identifiable only by their dangling heads and their hairy legs and hoofs, each from a horizontal pole supported by two uprights, which are held by a pair of young men. These stand before the butcher, who cuts the carcasses open and removes first the slimy intestines, then the complicated mass of the other organs, from which the liver is hanging. There is a warm smell of raw flesh and excrement. These tripes are washed, salted, and burned, according to the Biblical prescription. Then the bodies are salted and roasted—since God has forbidden boiling: "Eat not of it . . . sodden at all with water"—in an oven made of plaster and earth that has been heated over a fire built in a pit in the ground. They will be cooked for three hours, then eaten at midnight, the moment when, relenting at last to release the Children of Israel, "The Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt." They will be eaten to the chanting of hymns, with the ordained bitter herbs and unleavened bread, and hastily—it is part of the ceremony that the celebrants must tear the meat apart with their hands—since God has said specifically, "Ye shall eat in haste," as they had eaten when they were leaving Egypt.

We did not wait for this final rite, but the wife of the director of the American School wanted, she said, to stay long enough to see a sheep actually roasted. A very feminine reaction, I thought; her interest had been excited in a culinary operation, and she wanted to see the meat in the oven. With the director himself I talked of the Samaritans' pious conviction that they are still

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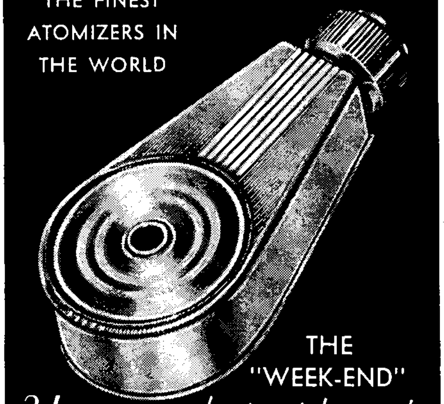

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being punished by Jehovah for their dalliance with the heathen deities, and of their touching resignation to the inevitable dying-out of their clan. They believe themselves to be fulfilling the prophecy of Deuteronomy 28:62, that "Ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude." "They were guilty of syncretism," the scholar replied, and reminded me, by this humorously meant remark, of the distance between their point of view and ours. What is strange to us in this ceremony is the performance of a barbaric butchery with restraint and a complete sobriety; and, coming from the modern world, it is difficult for us to realize that the problem that most occupies the minds of the Samaritans is how to avoid marriages that will involve a too close consanguinity. In the Samaritan community in Israel, the elders have so far relaxed their law as to permit a few marriages with Jewish women, and I was told by someone who had visited it that he had been startled there to hear German spoken; yet, in general, the Samaritans expect to die out, and, in the meantime, the High Priest writes, "This nation carries out the ancient customs according to the Mosaic law as well as they can, and have always offered the proper prayers to the God of all creation, that He might keep them from all harm, misfortune, and all violence."

While I was standing there in the dark, a long-gowned and bearded elder came up quietly from behind me and begged in a low voice, "Baksheesh for the Samaritans!"

The Guardians of the City: It is absurd, no doubt, as well as pathetic that, from principles of religious purity, the Samaritans, after living among Arabs for something like thirteen centuries without intermarrying with them, should be dooming themselves today to extinction. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Hebraic tradition of exclusiveness. But one finds in the Jewish community, on the other side of the line, in the Mea Shearim (Hundred Gates) quarter of the new city of Jerusalem, a minority no less intransigent—the ultra-orthodox group that calls itself N'turei Karta, Guardians of the City. Just as the Samaritans exclude the Jews, and the Orthodox Jews exclude the Christians, so the Guardians of the City exclude, by their rigorous Judaism, not merely non-orthodox Jews but also the majority of the orthodox, and, together with other residents of more or less their way of thinking, have actually estab-

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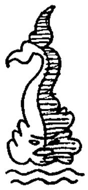

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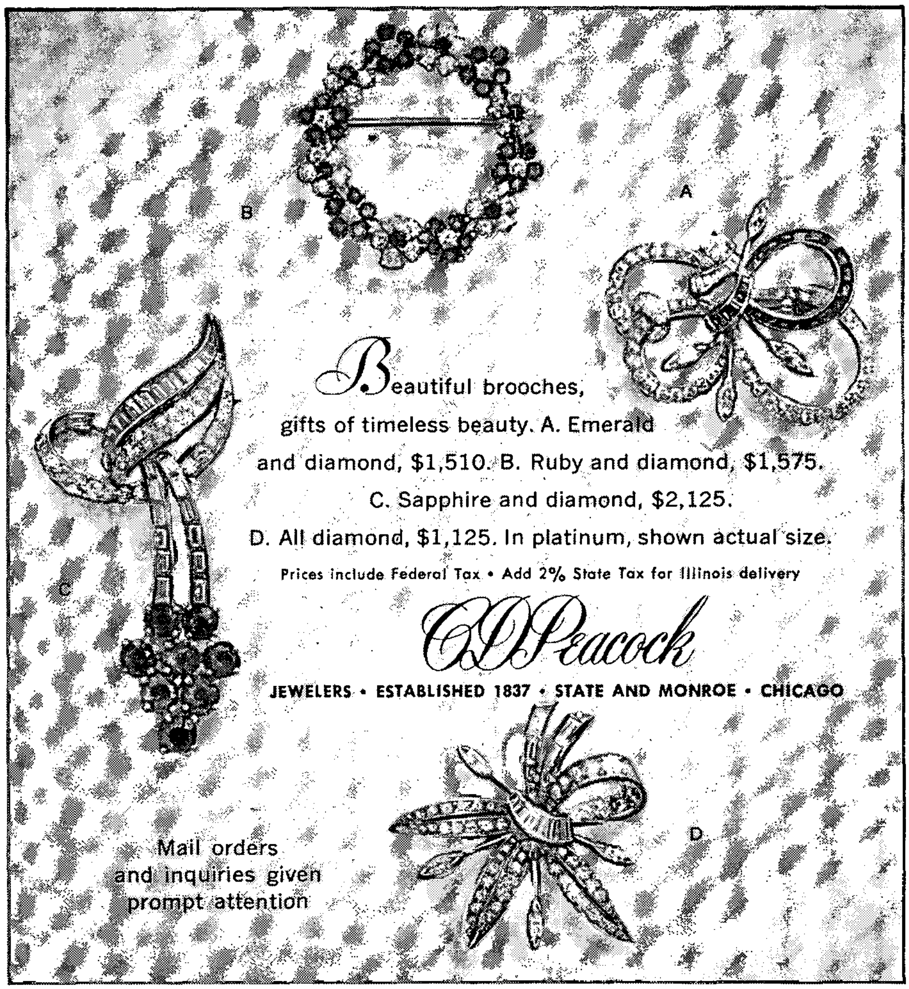
lished in Mea Shearim, in this modern all-Jewish city, a community much like a ghetto.

This group derives from all over Europe—Poland, the Baltic Provinces, Rumania, Hungary, Germany—as well as from the United States. For hundreds of years, special scholars were sent by the Jewish communities of Europe—and, since the later nineteenth century, of America—to study in Old Jerusalem. They were subsidized for life from a fund supplied by free contributions from the congregations of countless synagogues, and they were expected to devote themselves to the study of Torah—that is, of the Pentateuch and its infinitely elaborated commentaries. The families of these students eventually "increased and multiplied" to a community of some five thousand. They had the comfort, in the Old City, of living close to the Wailing Wall, but, at the time of the war with the Arabs of 1948-49, they were driven to take refuge outside the old walls, where they gave themselves their present title of Guardians of the City. The city they guard is not that which the Israelis have made their capital. The Guardians of the City will not recognize the Israeli state, for they believe that it is only the Messiah who can found a state of Israel on earth, and that the profane impostures of the Zionists are preventing the Messiah from coming. Insisting that Hebrew is a sacred tongue that cannot be used for common purposes, they refuse to speak this national language, and adhere to their native Yiddish. They will not share in the general life; they have managed to remain more or less autonomous; and though they have come from so many countries, they give an impression of all but complete uniformity. As in the case of the Samaritans, they are very inbred, and there is a dominant influence—Polish. They are said to reproduce in their costume the fashions of well-to-do Poles of two hundred years ago. On a Sabbath, when the people are walking out, all in their best clothes, they strike, in the Middle East, a note strangely inappropriate. Even in the hottest weather, when such costumes must be almost intolerable, the men wear large round fur hats (called streimels) and long straight coats (kaftans) of dull or of glossy black that come down just below their calves, under which they have knee breeches as often as trousers and white, black, or yellow stockings. In obedience to Leviticus 19:27—"You shall not round off the hair on your



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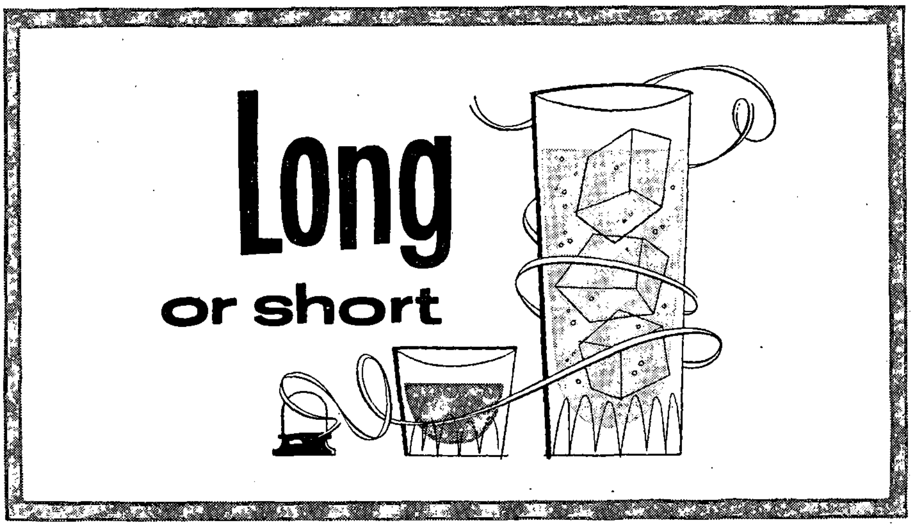

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temples or mar the edges of your beard"—they have allowed beards and hair to grow, and have cultivated, in front of their ears, the long locks that are the sign of the most literal orthodoxy. The women must walk behind the men. Their heads were shaved when they were married, and they wear unattractive wigs. The men are not allowed to shake hands with the women, and even their husbands, I was told, are not supposed to look them in the face; there is prescribed for sexual intercourse a method that obviates this. Rabbinical law provides that a husband may divorce his wife for letting the dinner burn. The walls of the Mea Shearim quarter are covered with posters that warn the men not to let their women listen to radio—"You will hear a woman sing, but will it be a clean woman?"—and they are rallied to resist the Israeli law that conscripts women for military service.

The lives of these people, their conviction of merit, their prestige in the eyes of their neighbors, are all made up of observances or of casuistical substitutes for observances. Thus they are not supposed to carry handkerchiefs, and they wind them around their belts. The reason for this is as follows. The prohibition against work on the Sabbath occurs in the chapter of Exodus (35) which orders the building of the Tabernacle. This led to the later conclusion that only work connected with this building was meant, and this work was discriminated into thirty-nine classes, of which one was the carrying of an object from one place to another. The significant types of place were specified, in turn, as four, and the most severe prohibition was that against transferring private property to any public place. The Tractate "Sabbath" of the Talmud discusses, in this connection, the problem of clothing and adornment. It becomes a very nice question which articles may be classed under these categories, and how they shall be worn so as not to be carried and not to be subject to the defilement Leviticus warns against. The handkerchief does not appear in the Talmud, but is later dealt with in the "Shulkhan Arukh," a code of religious practice completed in the sixteenth century, which explains that it must be worn "below the outer garment," that it must not be knotted on anything (tying knots on the Sabbath is one of the thirty-nine prohibitions), and that it ought to be "wound on the trousers," so that it will not be directly carried. I was told that if they indulge themselves

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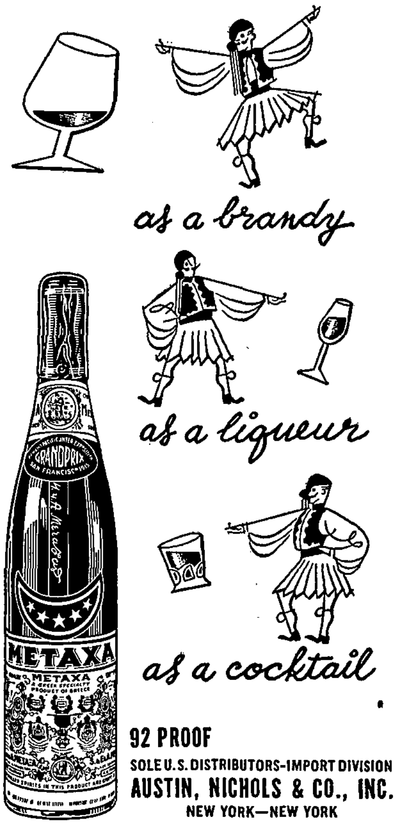

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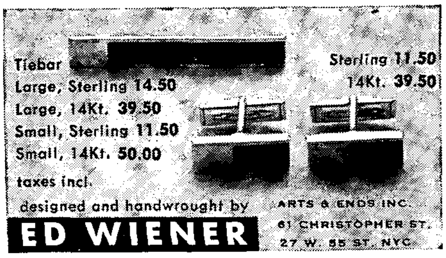

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in trimming their beards, they do it with blunt scissors, since the prohibition of Leviticus 19:27 against "marring" the edges of the beard is thought to be limited by 21:5: "They . . . shall not *shave* off the edges of their beards," so that, according to a Talmudic interpretation, it is permissible to use anything but a razor, and having the scissors blunt removes them, presumably, as far as possible from the category of razor.

There are children of all ages in the street, the little boys all with skullcaps and side locks, which ought to be worn with dignity and do not suit the scrambling young. A crazy man squats by the wall and prophesies or airs his grievances—it may well be the same thing; an old man of solemn aspect, with white beard and black skullcap, sits out on his little porch reading what must be a holy book. A deformed and cross-eyed man—typical idiot of a Central European village—limps along the pavement. I was told by an American Jew that a visit to Mea Shearim reminded him of nothing so much as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," but I did not find it quite so macabre. The people seem mostly healthy and rather remarkably tall, but—what is not characteristic of Israeli Jerusalem—they do live in a certain squalor.

I persuaded a newspaperman to take me to the synagogue, which, though its actual congregation is not more than four or five hundred, is the N'turei Karta headquarters and the core of the orthodox resistance. He warned me that it would be dirty, but the atmosphere of rigorous devotion did much to redeem this. We arrived during Afternoon Prayers, and a pleasant, stout, white-bearded man offered us seats on a bench; a dingy and much-thumbed prayer book lay on the desk before us. The more pious of the members, in flat-brimmed black hats, were praying against the wall, bobbing their heads at the name of God, which provoked an echoed response even from those who were not actively participating. For people were coming and going and walking around the room. Some showed a touch of dandyism in their well-curled and well-oiled brown ear locks and their long yellow-and-brown-striped coats; others, with sallow complexions, who nibbled their fingers and picked at their beards, had intellectual faces that seemed capable of exaltation. One lean young man, with a thin, pointed beard, looked a little mad. A small boy, with skullcap, cropped head, red side curls, and a torn yellow sweat-

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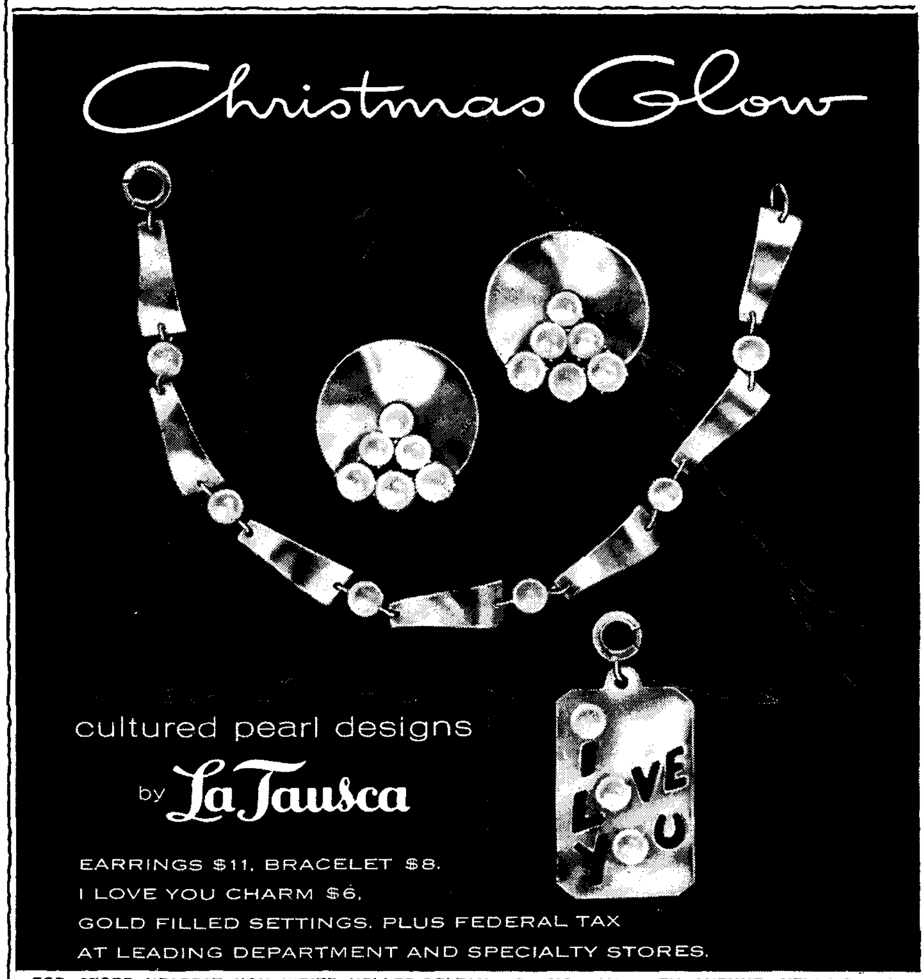

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er, was no doubt filled with dreams of distinction—dreams the realization of which might seem to the outside visitor to be bounded by this plain, shabby room, at the same time his school and his field of ambition, yet which actually know no bounds, since they would occupy themselves entirely with a realm of divine law that would always and everywhere remain the same. Above, on one side, loomed the gallery for women, blankly, inexorably boarded off, in which they cannot be seen and from which they cannot see anything.

Prayers over, the black-hatted men sat down at long tables, on benches along the wall, and stuck their noses in volumes of the Talmud. You have to study Talmud, my companion explained, by night as well as by day. Yet the synagogue is also a social center, and people hang around to gossip. We go to talk to the rabbi, about whom a circle has gathered. His name, Amram, is, I take it, the same as that of the Samaritan priest, and he makes upon me a little the same impression: of a purity that approaches the insipid yet is backed by an official firmness. He is pale, and his eyes and his beard are pale. One eye is half-closed, as if from too much reading. One would say that his face is a good face if it were not that it so plainly looks out from a world that is different from ours that we know that it would not be possible for the Rabbi and us to agree as to what constitutes goodness. The saintliness of Rabbi Amram is accompanied—as it were, protected—by a quality that is not perhaps shrewdness but rather a habit of calculating in his dealings with the people of an alien world which it is impossible for him at all to take seriously. From that world he wants no publicity; he has never allowed himself to be photographed. I feel as if I were peering at something that is hardly meant to be seen. The Rabbi Amram's family have been living in Jerusalem from five generations back. When he is asked what the aims of the Guardians are, he replies that they just want to be simple Jews who live as their forefathers did. They cannot accept Israel, because it is not the true Israel; the Messiah alone can establish that. At this point, the jolly old man, who had offered us seats and who was now standing by, said something with great emphasis that was relayed to me as "They eat pig!" The Rabbi has never sent a letter since the beginning of the present regime, since to do so he would have to buy a stamp, and this would imply recognition. He has refused, for the same reason, to acquire a ration card, but his congregation keeps him fed. He does not think it right to contend with the Arabs, and he adduces a Talmudic teaching that one must not revolt against the Goyim, but he denies that a man named Laibala Weissfisch, a fanatical maker of Torah scrolls, who has recently visited the United States, allegedly to make proposals prejudicial to the interests of Israel to the Arabs in the U.N., is in any sense a spokesman for the Guardians. When, however, we ask Rabbi Amram whether or not the story is true that, at the time of the Arab war, the Guardians had flouted the nationalists by going to the enemy with a white flag, prepared to make a separate peace, he answers that actually it is not true, but that he has never made a point of denying it, since he regards it as a good idea, perfectly consistent with their principles, which they probably ought to have thought of and carried out. I asked him whether he hoped ever to get back to the Old City, and he replied, "That would be God's blessing!" When we had left, I said to my guide that I was sorry I had not inquired what he thought of the state of the world. "I can give you his answer," my friend replied, "exactly as if you had asked him; he would have told you that he leaves all that to God."

Yet this mild-appearing patriarch—he has seventeen children—so venerable at forty-eight, has made himself a formidable nuisance. If Mea Shearim is a ghetto, it is a ghetto that persecutes its neighbors as much as they persecute it. The Guardians of the City have constantly to be haled into court, and are often sent to prison. They and others of their way of thinking bar off public roads on the Sabbath to make them impassable for cars, which, when stopped, are surrounded by children dangling ear locks and shouting, "Shabash! Shabash!" The Guardians take down the numbers of cars that are out between Friday and Saturday evenings, watch to find them parked, and smash them up. This has made the police apprehensive. Last Purim, a frivolous young man attended a costume party in the costume of a denizen of Mea Shearim, with

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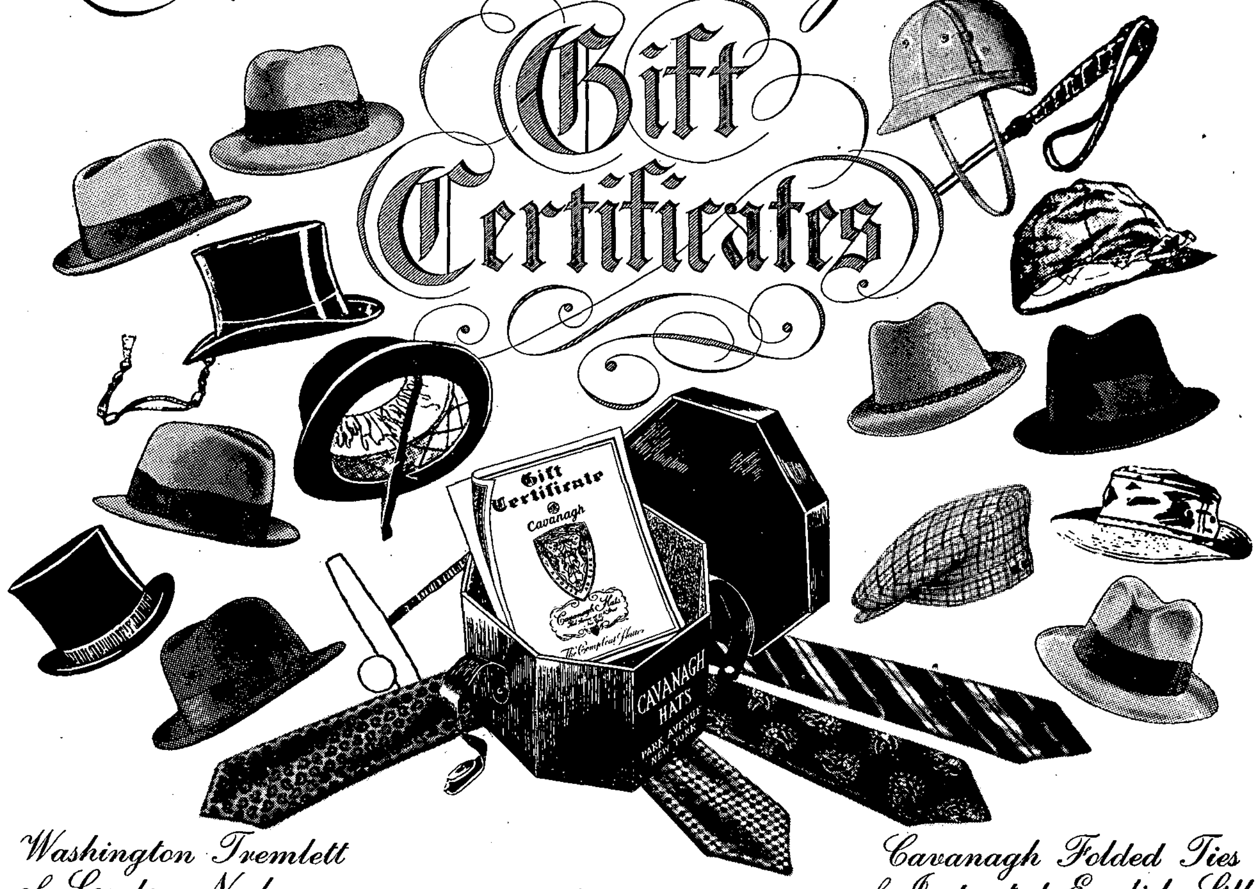

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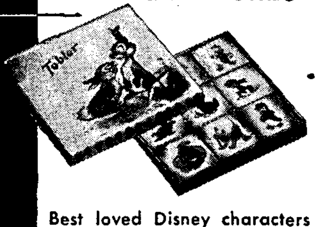

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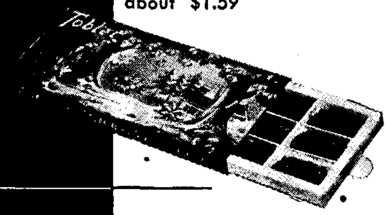

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streimel, kaftan, and side locks. After arriving, he went back to get something from his car. It had been raining, and he lifted the hood to see whether the engine was wet. It was Friday evening, Sabbath. A policeman immediately seized him. The young man explained his costume, but the policeman refused to believe him. "Pull my side locks and see," said the reveller. But the policeman thought this was a ruse, that the fanatic wanted to frame him and would have questions asked in parliament. The masquerader had to take them off himself. On the issue of female conscription, the struggle has reached a point—with the Guardians and their sympathizers flatly refusing to yield—where, in order to avoid the necessity of trying to use force and creating martyrs, the government may have to back down. The power that the Rabbi wields within his own sphere of influence seems to be all but absolute. The movies are strictly forbidden, and if a man is known to have gone to one, he is sure to have his subsidy cut off or find himself put out of his flat. Since the Guardians of the City do not recognize the Chief Rabbinate, anyone who is known to have stood in the presence of the top-hatted Chief Rabbi (let alone have entered his synagogue), even in connection with a funeral, is immediately ostracized. They have several times burned a newsstand, not far from Rabbi Amram's synagogue, that persisted in selling novels, which the women are forbidden to read, and the illustrated weeklies, which are considered pornographic. To almost everybody else in Jerusalem, the Guardians of the City are a headache, a constant source of embarrassment. The worst of it is that, unlike the Samaritans, they are militant proselytizers, with methods not unlike those of the Communists. They spy on their own people and spy on their own spies; they organize demonstrations and infiltrate Talmudic schools. What the Israelis are to the Arabs—not that they use these methods—the Guardians of the City are to Israel.

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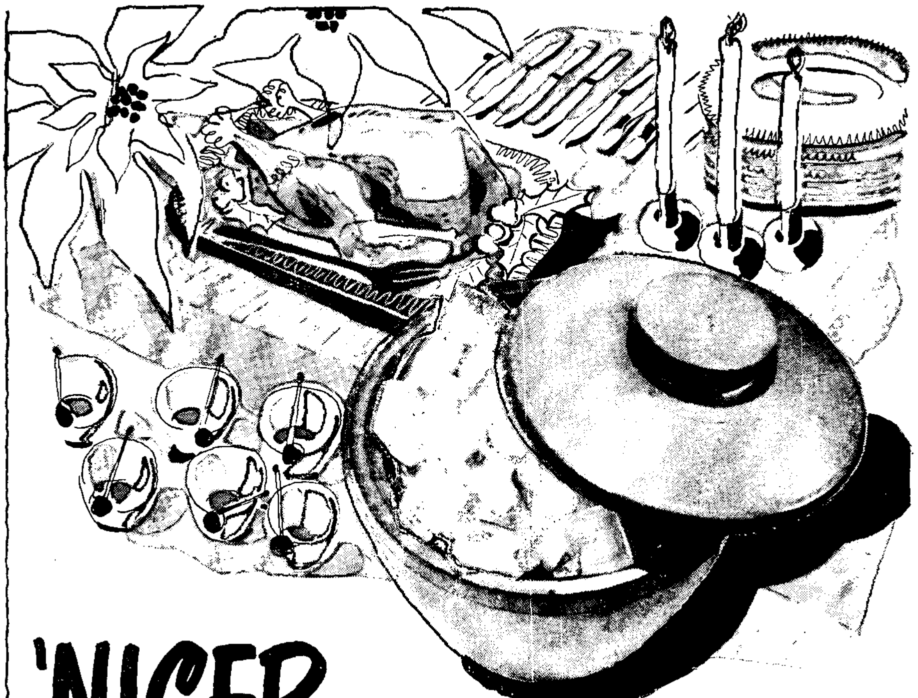
have been translated into English—the novel called "The Bridal Canopy," which was originally published by Doubleday and has now been taken over by Behrman House; a long short story called "In the Heart of the Seas," which is one of the volumes of the Schocken Library; and a shorter piece called "Chemdat," in the autumn, 1952, issue of the Jerusalem periodical *Israel Argosy*. (A book called "Days of Awe," a treasury of legends and traditions connected with the Jewish high holidays, also published by Schocken, is of less interest to non-Jewish readers.) In Israel, people complain that these versions do nothing like justice to Agnon's remarkable style, but the two books, at any rate, that have been translated by I. M. Lask certainly read very well, and even in the alien medium it is evident that the texture of the writing is distinguished, poetic, and strongly personal.

Since I know nothing save at second hand of the very considerable literature in Hebrew that has come out of Central Europe, Russia, and Palestine in the course of the last century and this, I cannot speak of Agnon's relation to other Hebrew writers. But one is struck at once, in reading him, by similarities to two other Jewish artists—Marc Chagall and Franz Kafka, both born, like Agnon, in the eighties. The picture of Jewish life in Agnon is, as in their cases, completely different from any kind of "genre" work that is derived from nineteenth-century naturalism. Involved in this picture, to be sure, is a definite local setting of domestic interiors and taverns, poultry yards and village crafts—long journeys in wagons on country roads, with the landlords looming remotely as menaces more often than patrons, the Gentiles, in general ("forgive me for mentioning them"), present only, as it were, offstage, to be shunned when they parade their "images" out-of-doors in religious processions. (The religion of the Gentiles is so little understood even by the masters of Talmudic learning that the symbolic Christian fishes on tombstones are taken as indicating that the descendants of Jonah are buried there.) But far more important than any of this are the rituals of the Jewish holidays, the marriage and funeral ceremonies, the devotions of the synagogue and the pursuits of the Yeshiva, House of Study, where young and old pore over the Talmud, memorizing pages, disputing in form. It is these that make the frame on which everything rests—a life of the spirit that requires concentration and is



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always more or less intellectual, a constant solicitude as to the attitude toward one of God, who is usually called the Name and remains rather impersonal as well as invisible, since He does not, as in Christianity, figure as the Heavenly Father of a part-human intercessor, yet is somehow, in His infinite wisdom, arranging and projecting everything.

The humor and the pathos of Agnon—and he is truly a master of both—result from the spectacle of men and women *living* in a homely environment, which has been searchingly observed by the author but is only implied by his delicate art, yet *imagining* in terms of a universe that has no real locale or date except possibly in the hoped-for return to that distant idealized Israel toward which the most pious among them have never ceased to yearn. The whole content of Agnon's work—at least, in those of his stories I know—is the poetry and irony of this situation. It is, I fear, not very impressive merely to read *about* Agnon; the mixture of Galician village life with esoteric rabbinical learning may well not appear enchanting. And yet Agnon makes it so. He has partly the same sort of charm as Chagall, the charm of a peasant world—though these Jews are not really peasants—both enlivened and veiled by folklore, in which the domestic animals become almost the equals of men, and visions of husbands or brides seem, in broad day, to float in the heavens. The dream of the boy in "Chemdat," in which he sees his unloving stepmother sitting in the top of a tree and whistling like a bee eater, is very much in the vein of Chagall, as is such an animal parable as that in "The Bridal Canopy" by which one of the wagoner's horses, Ivory, demonstrates to his companion, Peacock, that it would be wise not to kick at the yelping dogs of the unfriendly Gentile foresters: "There was a cock that lived with a Jew" and that became very much depressed from brooding on the Eve of Atonement, which requires, as he has learned from the prayer book, the taking of a cock by the worshipper and whirling it about his head, with the words "This cock shall go to death," and then handing it over to the slaughterer. He communicates his anxiety to a mouse, and, as the upshot of a conversation in which a good deal of Scripture has been quoted by both, the mouse makes an offer to help him. "Choicest of Poultry," he says, "the days of the Night Prayers of Penitence that precede the New Year do approach, when men arise betimes to the synagogues; I shall go to eat up the

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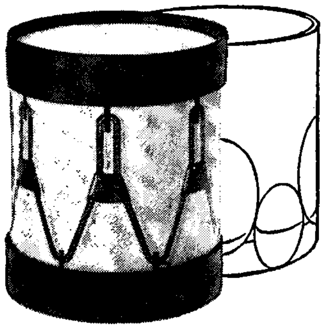

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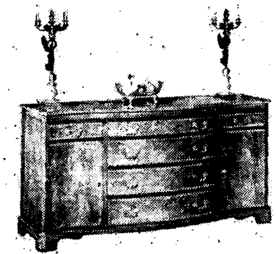

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prayer book so that not so much as a single letter shall be left." Says the cock, "For thy salvation have I hoped, O Lord!" When the family of his owner have left the house, the mouse is as good as his word and comes out to eat the prayer book, but "thereupon the cat on the watch fell upon him and consumed him." And when Peacock heard this story, "he kept his legs out of the argument and never interfered with what wasn't his own affair."

But in Agnon you have also the moral, the theological element that is characteristic of Kafka. Kafka, born in Prague in the eighties and the son of a wholesale merchant, was one generation removed from the villages to which his father sold his wares, and he did not study Hebrew until late in life, but he derived from his mother's family a tradition of piety and learning. Though five years older than Agnon, he represents a later, more "assimilated" phase of the same Judaic culture, and it is only by reading Agnon that you come to see how deeply Judaic the work of Kafka is. (I am told that the most recent work of Agnon is even closer to Kafka.) Though in Kafka you do not get explicitly the background of Talmud and ghetto, the typical hero of Kafka, like the typical hero of Agnon, is a man who is trying to survive in an alien, often unsympathetic, and only partly comprehensible world, and who is bent on maintaining or discovering a technique that will make it possible for him to live in it on good terms with the Name.

The difference between Agnon and Kafka is that Reb Judel of "The Bridal Canopy," though equally at cross-purposes with the larger social community and even with the common conditions of life, is diverted only momentarily from the path to salvation he has taken, the path of study and prayer, whereas Kafka's all but anonymous "K.," who is never given a Jewish origin, cannot be sure of anything, and confuses, as Reb Judel would never do, his duty to an imperfectly accessible God with his duty to established society. In Kafka, the situation of the Jew in Central Europe makes connections, as Agnon does not, with a more general social situation, and he becomes the moralist and poet—or, better, perhaps the poet of moral uncertainty—of a baffling historical moment. It is difficult to see how Agnon can ever have Kafka's audience. Yet, inside his traditional Jewish world, the human interest of Agnon's fiction is much wider and warmer than Kafka's. You have not only Reb Judel's relation

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to the Name; you have also the importunate problems of his family and his neighbors—the good-for-nothing and morally callous cantor who gets drunk on the Day of Atonement yet can make the congregation weep; the poor young man who has slept for years on a bench of the synagogue, using his pants for a pillow, and who, finally becoming betrothed to the daughter of a well-to-do tax collector, looks forward with painful longing to the comforts of the bridal bed, but who, lifting his foot to get into it, on a prenuptial visit to his father-in-law's house, hears the crack of the whip of the coach in which his prospective bride is running away with a Gentile. You have the arrogant and choleric official the whole structure of whose life is shaken by losing his pet cat; the sterile wife, loved by her husband, whom the persistent campaign of his relatives compels him at last to divorce; the gentle daughters of the Hassid Reb Judel himself, who, dowryless, pay the price for their father's relentless piety. These personal situations—by which the ideals of Judaism are shown as implicated with human nature, if not quite, perhaps, tied down to earth—are always treated by Agnon with sympathy. In Kafka, the irony of the French Flaubert has tinctured with a certain contempt the abstraction of Jewish analysis. The irony of Agnon is all-pervasive, too; he is never sentimental, still less melodramatic. But—it may be a manifestation of the spirit of the Hassidic sect, who particularly cultivated cheerfulness and whose exploits Agnon loves to celebrate—Agnon never blights his characters, and he cannot resist a miracle. Reb Israel Solomon's cat will be found; the wife whom her husband is divorcing will faint, in the first sign of pregnancy when he has taken her before the rabbi; the daughters of Reb Judel will discover a buried treasure in the moment when all seems lost. In the story called "In the Heart of the Seas," in which a group of Hassidim actually sail to Palestine, the element of the miraculous is carried even further, yet it never offends as incongruous, since it passes into the narrative as something it is perfectly natural to add to the memory, the legend—something, indeed, that is necessary in order to justify the Jews and the ways of the most Holy and Blessed to His People. So a precise and poetic notation— "The day gradually faded. The East turned silver and a rising mist chilled the ground"—may merge in the smoothest way with a vision that is apocalyptic, and episodes

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built up solidly may finish with the suddenness of a folk tale—Agnon is an accomplished storyteller with a technique of his own of suspense and surprise—and slip without transition to something else.

Agnon is a classic; he is taught in schools; he has been mentioned for the Nobel Prize. One is quite ready to accept him as a true representative of that great line of Jewish writers that begins with the authors of Genesis. But one feels that he comes at the end of a culture. He himself is evidently as saturated with the learning of the Bible, the Talmud, the Cabala, and all the rest as one of his own Hassidim, yet—so far as I have read it, again—there is always an element of pastiche in his work. The larding of literature with ancient quotations has long been a feature of Hebrew writing, and the poetry of the eleventh-century Jehuda Halevi seems almost as much put together from the Bible as a medieval cento from Vergil; but isn't there, after all, a great difference between the attitudes toward the passages they quote of Agnon and of Jehuda Halevi? It was said to me in Israel by an admirer of Agnon that he is marvellously noncommittal—that he never gives it away that he does not see his people in their own terms, that he does not believe as they do. And this made me aware that his public must apprehend Agnon somewhat differently from the reader with no Jewish background. It may be possible for such a reader to misunderstand Agnon's humor. These stories seem at first to belong to the category of the false naïve. One assumes that they could not have been written by a man who took Judaism seriously in the sense that his Hassidic heroes do. Yet even a slight acquaintance with the Talmud will make us realize from how far back the elements of fantasy and irony have been intimately associated, in literature, with the strictest Jewish religion. Mr. Michael L. Rodkinson, the translator of the Talmud into English, speaks of "the vein of satire or humor that runs through" this variegated work, so difficult for the Gentile to get the hang of. And one remembers Renan's theory that the Book of Jonah was a work of humor, a satire on the prophets of the Exile, so much in love with their predicted dooms that they were furious when these were averted. It may be that this Jewish self-mockery, tragic in its implications, this drollery that is also moral, goes back to the first great defeat at the hands of the Babylonians, and the impotence for action, the minority

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status, that this for a time imposed. It is, in any case, very old, the irony which still gives its accent to Agnon and to the Yiddish humorists, and the non-Jew must be on his guard against failing to appreciate how deep it goes, not merely in Jewish tradition but also in experience of human life.

Yet, even allowing for this, is not Agnon's work a monument to a culture that has lost much of its reality, that can no longer be accepted as valid? One of his other two long novels, I understand, deals with the Polish-Jewish world in the period after the First World War, when it was already disintegrating, and the other with the second immigration to Palestine, at the beginning of the present century. It all sounds rather elegiac, and I learn from Mr. Simon Halkin's book, "Modern Hebrew Literature," that a nostalgia for the life of the ghetto has become an important motif in the writing of Agnon's generation. On the other hand, not quite all Israelis share the general taste for Agnon. I met a few who did not approve of him. These were young people, impatient of the synagogue, who desired to get as far away as possible from Reb Judel, with his drug of study, in his closed-in, precarious world. . . .

I encountered a postscript to Agnon's world as I was coming from Mea Shearim one Sabbath. I had not been there before, and, although, consulting a map, I had identified the Abyssinian Church House by a colored nun who was gardening, I presently became confused by the convents and churches and schools of the many nationalities and religions, so uglily and grimly entangled in the great barricades of barbed wire that have not been removed since the Arab war. My objective, as a landmark, was Barclays Bank. Stopping to examine my map, I caught the eye of a black-hatted, black-bearded, bespectacled little man standing all by himself in the sun on the other side of the street. He came over and addressed me in German. I asked him the way in English, and he walked along to show me. I noticed that he omitted the articles in English and asked him whether he was Russian. "Away back, perhaps," he said. "I don't know." He made a remark or two in clumsy Russian, and then explained that he came from Poland. I asked how he had learned English. "I took ten lessons," he said. How long had he been in Israel? "A year and three-quarters," he answered, "but it

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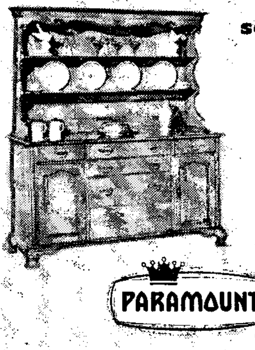

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only seems a few months." I saw that he was very happy to be there. He practiced some kind of craft—I don't remember what. As we went on, I got the impression that he was perhaps a bit off his head. At one point, he slipped into Yiddish—"Do you speak a little Yiddish?" he asked. There were stories I did not understand: a tennis match, and then someone fell dead. But I got an impression of a dreadful experience that he had now at last put behind him and from which he had now ascended into a realm of freedom and peace. "I never had a quiet day in Poland," he said, in concluding these memoirs. When he had brought me to Barclays Bank, we shook hands, and he beamed and went back.

THEOCRACY: The Guardians of the City are an extreme and fanatical group. But what is the importance in Israel of the Orthodox Synagogue in its normal official form? The word I heard most often when I asked about this—and uttered with apprehension—was "theocracy." All the most intelligent Israelis I talked with were opposed to allowing the Rabbinate to dominate Israeli life. The principal issues here seem to be the observance of the Sabbath, kosher food, and the licensing of civil marriage. On Friday afternoon, at sundown, almost everything shuts down in Israel, and remains so till the following sundown. It is a good deal more complete and frustrating than any Puritan Sunday. The buses do not run, and even the non-religious Jew may not care to be seen in a taxi. The prohibition against working on the Sabbath may, in the case of the more scrupulous orthodox, interfere with the public services, and has sometimes given rise to absurdities of casuistical dispensation, as when a wireless operator was authorized by his rabbi to continue sending messages on condition that he use his left hand and write only in the Roman alphabet. In regard to the kosher problem, though most Israeli restaurants are non-kosher—in the Swiss-run King David Hotel, even bacon occasionally turns up—the importation of non-kosher meat is forbidden by the government under pressure from the Rabbinate, and kosher meat is expensive. The problems—to an outsider, so odd—to which the old dietary laws give rise was illustrated for me one day when I visited the children's barnyard on one of the communal farms (*kvutzoth*). Here the children themselves took care of the animals and poultry (which latter included a pea-

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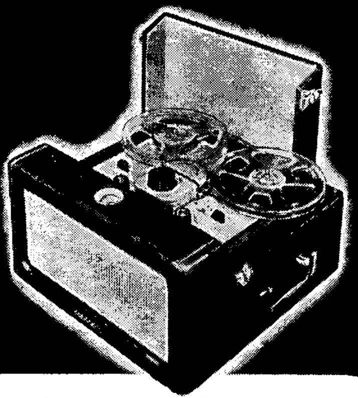

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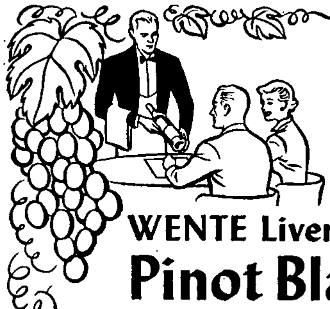

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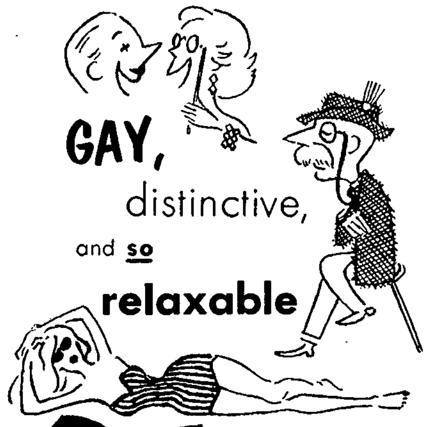
cock), and they all were immensely plump and had the look of beloved pets. I mistook some little turkeys for guinea fowl and was told by the doctor who showed me round that they were hoping to eventually raise guinea fowl, but that, for reasons of which he was not quite sure—because guinea fowl did not have spurs, he thought—they had not yet got it cleared by the Rabbinate. He inquired of a boy who was standing by, but he did not know either; "There are better rabbis than I," the boy added. The doctor went on to explain to me that they had got around the prohibition against rabbits and guinea pigs by the plea that these animals were bred not for eating but for laboratory experiments.

The difficulties and incongruities of rabbinical rule in a modern state were several times brought out for me in connection with the marriage question. The insistence on rabbinical marriage makes it impossible for those who, by conviction, are non-religious or anti-religious to get legally married at all—with the result that in the communal farms, as one person delicately put it to me, "there is a good deal of non-marriage." The anachronistic character of these marriage laws was illustrated in a curious way by a story that was told me in Israel by an American businessman, himself a Jew, who had been living in New Hampshire. He made periodical trips to Israel, and had been asked by a lady, whom he had known in the States but who had gone to live in Israel, to appear as a witness for her at some religious formality in connection with her coming marriage. He was surprised and a little horrified to find himself taking part in a ceremony based on Deuteronomy 25:7-9, which decrees that if one of two brothers shall die without male issue, his widow must marry his surviving brother unless it is agreed between them that he will publicly repudiate her. If the parties do so agree, the man, in the presence of "the elders of his city," must announce, "I do not wish to take her," and the widow must then "pull his sandal off his foot," spit in her brother-in-law's face, and answer, "So shall it be done to the man who does not build up his brother's house." It was the carrying out of this that startled my friend from the States. In the course of another conversation—this time with scholars and writers of the generation still in its thirties—I inquired about an anti-clerical organization about which I had heard from someone. Two of the people present did not know that this



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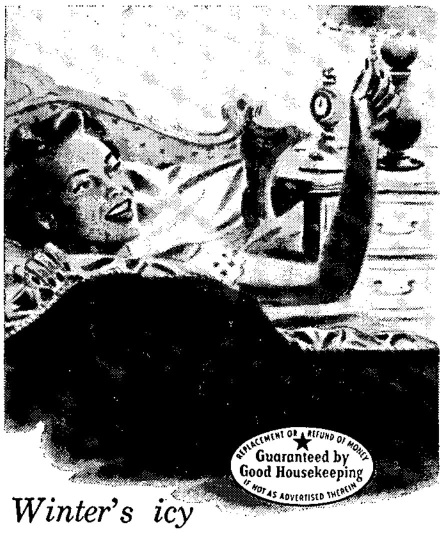
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existed, but it turned out that the third belonged to it. He went on to explain, however, that he could not support one of its principal aims: to get civil marriage and civil divorce legalized. His reason for this was based on Deuteronomy 23:2: "No bastard shall enter the assembly of the Lord; even to the tenth generation none of his descendants shall enter the assembly of the Lord." By "bastard," he meant the child of civilly divorced parents or the child of a married woman by a man who is not her husband in rabbinical law; but it had occurred to him that the child of a civil marriage, as well as his descendants to the tenth generation, would suffer from the disability of remaining, for the orthodox, bastards and excluded from divine service. To the other young people present, this point seemed unexpected, as it did to me. They told him he read the Talmud too much.

Yet, as the conversation went on, these dissenters from Talmudic scruples developed a point of view which, to me, was equally unexpected. I had been talking to a man of about their own age, born in the United States, who had been ordained as a rabbi and who at home had moved further and further in the direction of the Reformed Synagogue. He had finally given up the priesthood and come to settle in Israel, where he was now doing secular work. He had told me that he hoped to see there a complete rewriting of the prayer book and a substitution for the orthodox ritual of a kind of Biblical cult along the lines of the ceremonies sometimes performed in the *kibbutzim*, in which the reading of passages from Scripture was accompanied by singing and dances. This idea, when I probed my young friends with it, awakened immediate derision. They guessed at once that it came from an American and declared that, however little orthodox they were, they considered the Reformed Synagogue entirely inappropriate for Israel. They themselves had come, as children, from Poland, Lithuania, and Russia, and they regarded the Reformed Synagogue as an essentially non-Judaistic product of the pressure upon the Jews of Protestantism in Germany and the United States. It was a form of adaptation to alien societies that would be quite out of place for them. And, in talking to other Israelis, I found a preponderant loyalty to the Orthodox Jewish faith as against any substitute. It is difficult to get statistics on Orthodoxy or even on synagogue attendance. The sole figure as to which it was possible to get any-

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body to hazard an estimate was that twenty per cent of the Israelis wore ear locks. But it is plain that the Orthodox Synagogue, even for many who are not very pious, has its importance as a social center; and the holidays seem to be celebrated by practically everybody. They take them perhaps more seriously, enjoy them perhaps more, than Christians do any of their holy days except Christmas. Rosh Hashana is a religious occasion, as New Year's is not for Christians, and the latter have nothing like the Day of Atonement, which seems always to impose for the Jew the duty of setting himself right with his conscience by repairing, or at least acknowledging, his trespasses against his fellows. These holidays give its structure to the Jewish year; and without an established religion, it would hardly be possible to keep them up. Besides this, it is the Jewish religion that has sustained the Jews in their exile, that has preserved their coherence as a people, and that has led them, at the end of centuries, to return to Palestine. Their secular state is quite new; it is, after all, the orthodox "theocracy" that has provided their internal government for the last two thousand years, and it will not be so easy to get rid of it, or even to do without it. In the meantime, it becomes a political force, sits in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament, and enters into expedient alliances. Yet, in spite of this intervention, the Israeli Rabbinate seems to tend, as churches are likely to do, to regard its own welfare as inevitably at variance with the purposes of the secular state. "The anti-religious movement," said a government official to me, "has restrained itself in the interests of the national unity; the religious elements haven't."

TANACH: But, aside from rabbinical influence, the Bible—which the Jews call Tanach, putting together the initials of its three main divisions: the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings—figures in the life of Israel in a more striking way than one might expect. Every evening, at what is called the "peak listening hour," just before the eight-thirty broadcast, the music for the chanting of the classic announcement from Isaiah 2:3—"For from Zion will go forth the Law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem"—is sounded on the Jerusalem radio, and a chapter of the Bible is read. This reading is a remarkable performance. It is done by Mr. Shlomoh Bertonov, the son of a well-known actor and himself formerly an actor. Now, it is natural, in reading the Bible, to reflect that the narrative and poetic parts would lend themselves to such recitation as has long been practiced in Italy by the professional reciters of Dante, and it is something of the kind, on a very high level, that Mr. Bertonov has been giving his audience. In the course of my visit, I was able to hear only parts of Jonah and Zechariah, but these seemed to me among the best readings that I had ever heard of anything. Mr. Bertonov enunciates so clearly that every syllable tells, and by pronouncing the aleph and the ayin, the two Semitic gutturals that have dropped out of use in Hebrew, he adds to the effect of authenticity. He dramatizes his readings just enough, brings to them just enough of this Russian actor's gift of impersonation, to make you feel that you are really listening to God admonishing Jonah or Zechariah foretelling the rebirth of Jerusalem. This, you say to yourself, is how the Prophets must have sounded—at the same time august and astringent, with strong rhythms that seem so natural to the language that this might be indeed the language of God. How positive and vibrant that word "Adonai" that is read for the unutterable name of God and that has now become inseparable from the rhythmical context! But it is not merely the high spots of eloquence and drama that Mr. Bertonov has been broadcasting; he has been reading the Bible straight through, and I was told that he was never more impressive than in handling such unpromising passages as the repetitive rites of Leviticus, the enumerations of Numbers, and the ever-recurring genealogies—in which last the importance of every name for the conservers of the old chronicle was brought out in such a way as to make one feel a sense of triumph in the persistence of the Twelve Chosen Tribes through the otherwise anonymous ages. When these readings had gone on for over a year, the audience, I was told, began to grow rather restive, since they had just been taken through these more tedious books, and weren't sure that they hadn't had enough; but when at last Mr. Bertonov took a few weeks off and they had to hear a substitute at eight-twenty, they soon felt that something was lacking and began writing letters of protest. At the time of my visit to Israel, Mr. Bertonov was still only a little more than two-thirds of his way through. (The Hebrew Tanach is arranged somewhat differently from the Christian Bible.) I was sorry not to hear him do the Psalms, on which he was beginning the day I left.

Another and more curious evidence of the vigorous survival of the Bible in the consciousness of this modern state is a fortnightly newspaper called *Chronicles*, which puzzled me when it first caught my eye on the newsstand, and which continued to seem to me odd even after I had bought and read it. The headlines announced, "JACOB'S SONS ARRESTED IN EGYPT ON SPY CHARGE," and a story lower down ran as follows:

> JACOB PROTESTS:
> "MY SONS ARE INNOCENT!"
> BY OUR CORRESPONDENT
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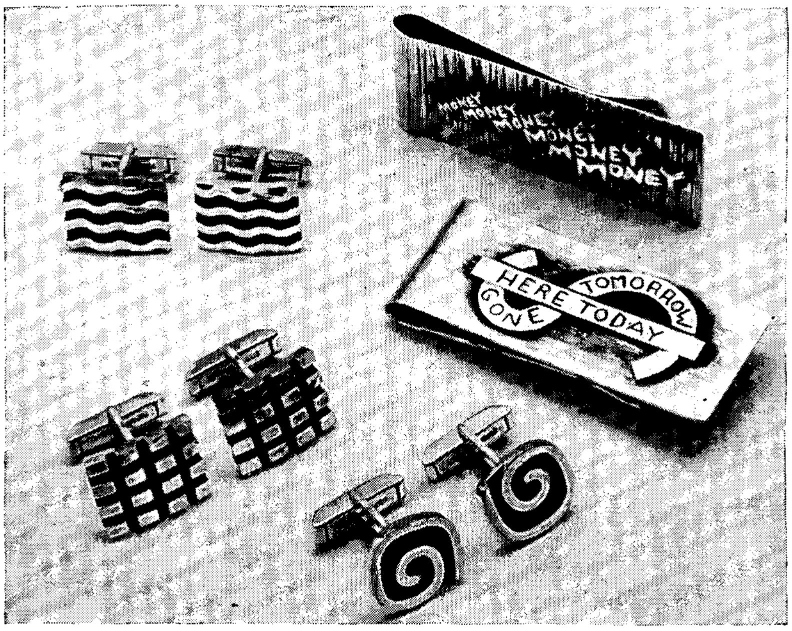
> HEBRON, 21 Nisan—"It's all a terrible mistake!" said Jacob (also known as Israel), when he heard that his sons had been arrested in Egypt as spies. . . . Your correspondent found the venerable old Hebrew (he is getting on for 130) lying down in his tent, with difficulty holding back the tears that came to his eyes. . . .

On the inside page, I found a picture of "seven scrawny cows"—"TWO DOWN, FIVE TO GO. With each crop failure, another cow is rubbed out"—and a department called "Learn Egyptian," which contained an easy lesson in hieroglyphics, with the reminder that "Egyptian, like Akkadian, is read from left to right." An editorial brought out the fact that Zaphnat-Paneach (the name given Joseph by Pharaoh) "comes himself of Hebrew stock. But this very fact seems to cause him to bend over backwards in an effort to be 'more Egyptian than the Egyptians themselves.' Not only has he failed to lift a finger to clear the suspects, but, on the contrary, he was the first to accuse them of being spies and of having entered the country with hostile intentions. It is he who is fanning the fires of racial hatred, with his baseless charges against ten innocent men." The next number of *Chronicles* was devoted to the death of Joseph and contained an editorial beginning, "A great Hebrew and a great human being has passed away," a black-bordered mourning notice inserted by "The Bereaved Family," and an ad by a Theban embalmer announcing, "For the Man of Distinction, there is our 40-day de luxe method—Plan 3: Extraction of brain by special new process, via



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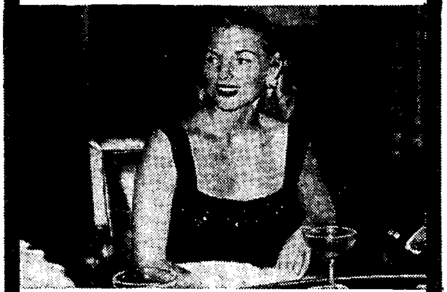

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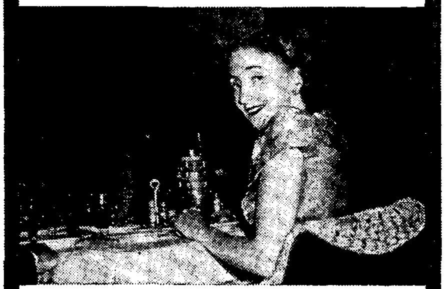

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the nostrils. Removal and special embalmment of all internal organs except the heart," etc., etc.

The whole thing was well sustained, and I assumed that it was meant to be humorous till I learned that this singular paper, which is subsidized by a wealthy Dutch lady, is intended to be educational, is printed in three editions—Hebrew, German, and English—and is distributed widely for use in schools. There can be no question, however, that an element of satire has crept into it—as, for example, when an editorial mentions that Egypt, "the greatest, nay, the only military power on earth today, the nation on whose good will hinges the fate of a starving world, is in a state of high hysteria and deadly fear over the harmless activities of ten brothers who came to Egypt to buy food for their hungry wives and children." But the paper, in this respect, also, furnishes another example of the confusion of past with present that has always been characteristic of the Jewish point of view.

These Biblical analogies, one feels, are often at the back of Israeli minds. General Yigael Yadin, the son of the late Professor Sukenik of the Hebrew University, is a scholar as well as a soldier. At the time of the Arab war, when he was acting as Chief of Operations, he concluded, from his knowledge of the Bible, that the Syrians, in their attempt at invasion, would inevitably take the same route as the ancient armies of Assyria two thousand eight hundred years before. He read his officers the relevant passages from Kings before the fighting began, and consulted them in posting his modern troops. The result was entirely successful, and this story, which is often told, has suggested to me other parallels, which I did not, in fact, hear mentioned. It was said to me by a humane Tel-Avivan, not long ago from the States, apropos of the murderous raids by which the Israelis retaliate for the murderous raids of the Arabs, that he feared that his fellow-countrymen were a little losing respect for the Sixth Commandment, and the justice-loving side of the Biblical tradition leads this kind of Jew to worry as to whether the Israelis have a right to their land; they would feel better if the Arabs got their compensation. Yet whoever has been responsible for such incidents as Kibya and Nahhalin might have cited plenty of texts, such as Exodus 23:28-30—"And I will send hornets before you, which shall drive out Hivite, Canaanite, and Hittite from before you. I will not drive them out before you in

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one year, lest the land become desolate and the wild beasts multiply against you. Little by little I will drive them out before you, until you are increased and possess the land"—and Deuteronomy 6:10-11, in which Jehovah promises the Israelites to give them "great and goodly cities, which you did not build, and houses full of all good things, which you did not fill, and cisterns hewn out, which you did not hew, and vineyards and olive trees, which you did not plant." Do such memories confirm the minds of the occupants of Arab houses, of the cultivators of Arab farms, whose original owners can still see their old homes, just across the frontier, and occasionally give way to the impulse to revisit them and seize a few sheep? The terrorism of modern Israel was the result of the Nazi persecutions and of the policy of the British, who refused to let those who were fleeing from him even land in a country which the British themselves had set aside as a Jewish refuge, and who finally left the Jews to the mercy of seven Arab states ("seven nations mightier than yourselves," Deuteronomy 7:1). It was in those days as justifiable as anything of the kind can be. But, though many people disapprove of it, the terrorist habit has been established, and the element of moral fanaticism that stimulates and sustains it seems something of a reversion to Biblical times, when the Twelve Tribes, returning from Egypt, invaded and conquered Canaan. The terrorist Menachem Beigin, who has been described by Arthur Koestler as giving the impression of a gentle young schoolmaster, but who once, Koestler tells us, in an anti-British gesture, blew up a whole wing of the King David Hotel, destroying ninety-one people, British, Arabs, and Jews indiscriminately, is at present a member of the Knesset. The reprisals against the Arabs are evidently carefully planned (I do not mean to imply that Beigin is necessarily involved in them). The day after the Nahhalin incident—I had heard the explosions at midnight, sitting in my hotel room—the telephone boy said to me, "That was a good operation last night!" As I was later to learn from the New York *Times*, but not from the Jerusalem *Post*, six Arab homes had been bombed and a village mosque had been sacked; nine people had been killed, including a woman, and nineteen wounded. True, the Arabs had massacred the passengers in a bus—killing nine men and two women and wounding a couple of children—in the Negev a few weeks before, and had been long making them-

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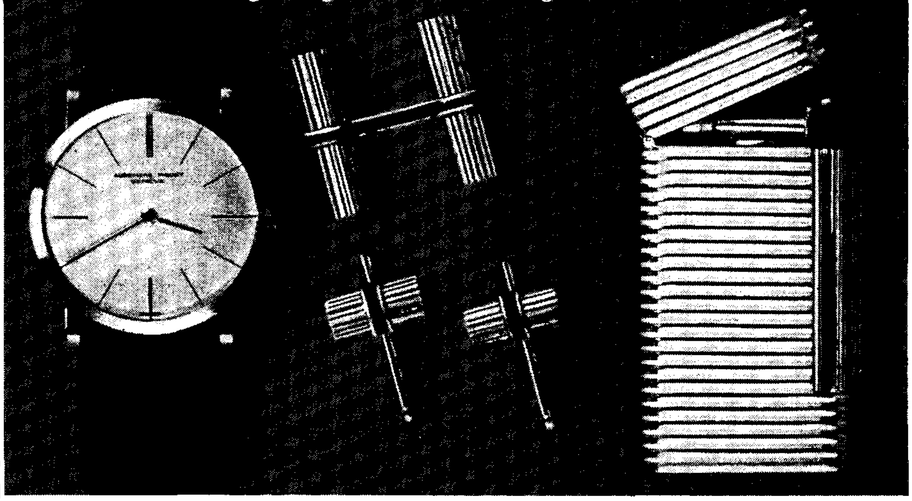

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I am, however, not interested here in examining this situation. I want to suggest, simply, that the Israelis, in relation to the Arabs, have shown certain signs of returning to the callous intolerance of the Israelites in relation to the people they dispossessed. I was sometimes reminded of the tone of Jehovah, in His final speech to Jonah, in regard to the hundred and twenty thousand Ninevans, "who do not know their right hand from their left." Jehovah is scolding Jonah for his indifference to the fate of these Ninevans, but His opinion of their cultural level is undisguisedly low. So the position of the Arabs in Israel—especially as one sees them in the country—is rather like that of the Navahos in the American Southwest: a once fierce but still picturesque, pathetically retarded people, cut off from the main community but presenting a recurrent problem. In a large Arab town like Acre, the squalor of the swarming streets inspires in an Israeli the same distaste that it does in the visiting Westerner. For the Jew, who takes family relations so seriously and who, in Israel, has labored so carefully with the orphans from Poland and Germany and the children of the illiterate Yemenites, the spectacle of flocks of urchins, dirty, untaught, diseased, bawling and shrieking and begging, in the narrow and dirty streets, inspires even moral horror. If the restrictions imposed on marriage by the ancient rabbinical law are considered by many too rigid, the facility of divorce for the Arabs, which, together with their nomadic habits, encourages the father of a family simply to abandon his offspring and move on to take a wife in another place, must be felt to be an evil far worse. It is not that a certain contempt for the Arabs is not natural for anyone trained in the West, nor is it that any ruthlessness of Israel is not matched by the infantile spite of the Arabs and the rather stupid obstinacy of the Arab refugees in Jordan, who have refused the offers of U.N.R.W.A. to accommodate them in other localities and continue to insist on returning to their villages and farms in Israel. I am occupied here solely with bringing out the operation in Israel of a certain Jewish tendency toward exclusiveness—I shall deal later on with the converse of this, the life-giving elements of the Jewish tradition—as a limiting and sometimes a destructive influence.

One feels this exclusiveness, also, in the attitude toward the literature and the language. If you arrive with the

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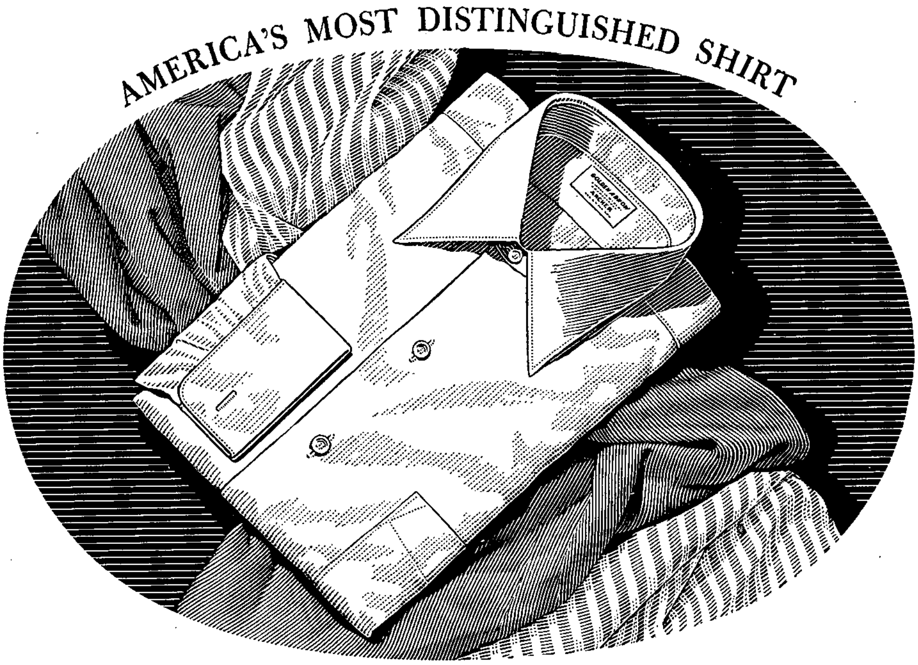
notion that the revival of Hebrew is an artificial chauvinistic absurdity, like the official use in Ireland of Irish, you will realize the difference between them when you find that all Israelis speak Hebrew and hear how natural—quick and staccato, made up mostly of short words—it sounds on Israeli lips. But, though many people in Israel speak English, and though the signs on the principal streets are in English as well as in Hebrew, even the foreigner who knows the alphabet will often be baffled or lose his way. The Israeli will tell you with perfect truth that his children, who have been talking Hebrew from birth, read the ordinary vowelless printing more easily than the exceptional "pointed" text, but for the foreigner it is all a shorthand, to decipher which you have to know the language well even to make out the signs on the shops. It is as if you arrived in an English-speaking country and found everything printed in abbreviations like "blvd.," "bldg.," and "Ltd."

This impression of cultural exclusiveness is borne out by a reading of the admirable book—indispensable for the understanding of Israel—called "Modern Hebrew Literature: Trends and Values," by Mr. Simon Halkin. Mr. Halkin, who teaches this subject in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, is a man of the great intellectual world and far from indifferent, himself, to the literatures of other traditions and tongues, but the story he has to tell is that of the turning-away of a certain school of Jewish writers from the German-Jewish enlightenment of the early nineteenth century to a rigorous preoccupation with Hebrew language and thought, which was to concentrate more and more on the Zionist return to Palestine, and then, when the country was won, on the building of the Israeli nation. One feels the doors shut behind one. Here is a book which discusses at length the literary activity of the Jews in the Germany of the early nineteenth century, yet which never mentions Marx or Heine; that deals with Moses Mendelssohn almost exclusively from the point of view of his failure in pure devotion to the perpetuation of Hebrew letters; a book for which Kafka and Proust—Europeans, though so deeply Jewish—are completely beyond the horizon. One is guided through a narrow corridor at the far-distant end of which the gleam of the sanctum sanctorum only makes one the more aware of an all-enveloping darkness. In this corridor, we cannot catch sight of any of those outstanding Jews who have



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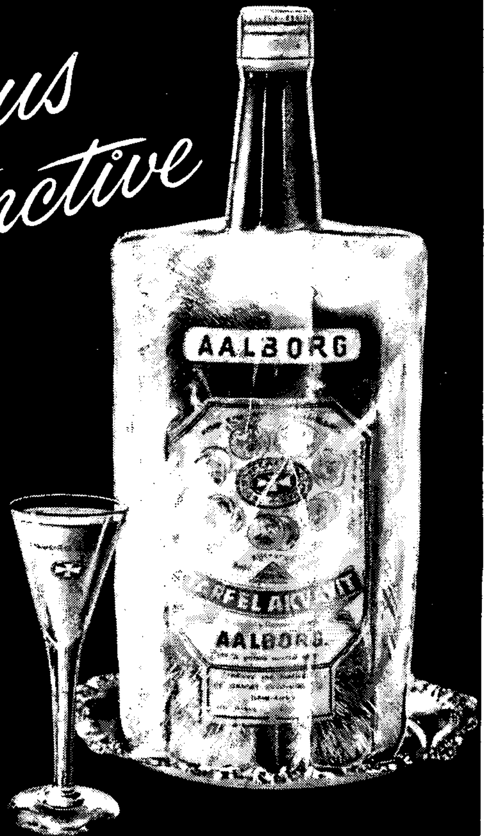

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made themselves places in the modern world, contributed to the general light: Bergson and Einstein, Trotsky and Freud, Disraeli and Brandeis and Brandes—one would almost say Weizmann himself, who was, after all, a great chemist. There is something of this narrowness, also, in the tendency of even the most alert and the best-educated Israelis to be occupied with the problems of Israel at the expense of awareness of or interest in what is happening in the world at large. In the Jerusalem *Post*, certainly, the quarrel of the Israelis with the Arabs throws everything else into the background, till you are almost ready to believe that more serious hostilities between them would amount to or imply a world war, and the Israeli side of the controversy is presented with such mass and vehemence that you can get no idea from the press of what is really going on in the Arab states only a few miles away.

Even the movement against this narrowness has taken on the characteristic accent of intransigence and Biblical reference. The group of young people that calls itself Aleph and that publishes a paper of that name but is usually known as the Canaanite movement has been interestingly accounted for, in terms of the social forces behind it, by Mr. Robert L. Lindsey in the July issue of *Commentary*. Mr. Lindsey explains that, for many young Israelis, the various forms of the Jewish faith have ceased to have any validity. The theocracy of Orthodox Judaism is in process of being got rid of. Zionism has lost its force—since the goad of anti-Semitism that stimulated it has never been felt by the new generation, and the return to Palestine from exile is, of course, no longer an objective for the young men and women who were born there. The Socialism that blended with Zionism in one of its early phases has lost credit through the anti-Israel policy of the Labour Government in England and the persecution of Zionism by the Soviets. And if one finds oneself neither a Zionist nor a member of an Orthodox congregation, in what sense is one still a Jew? Let the conception, then, of Jewishness be dropped. Why perpetuate unnecessarily the quarrels of the Israelis with their neighbors? Let them cut off their connections with the Diaspora, let them cease to accept money from abroad. Let them make common cause with the Christians, the Moslems, the Kurds, the Circassians, the ancient Syrian Druses (who are supposed still to worship the Golden Calf), and all the other Middle Eastern groups, who are as much ingrown as

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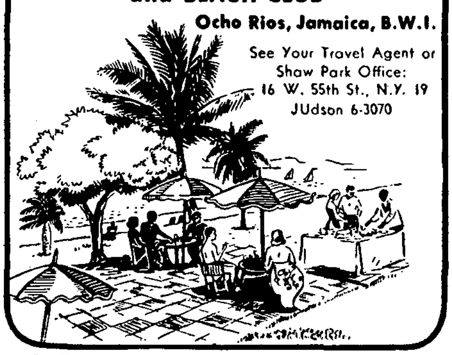

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the Jews and equally handicapped by being so, but who are all forced to live together and ought really to call themselves Canaanites, since Canaan is what their country was originally called. But the Canaanite movement, it seems, has also a theological aspect, which Mr. Lindsey does not explain. The Canaanites propose to repudiate not merely the whole Diaspora but also that part of Jewish history—a part which is almost the whole—that is based on the worship of Jehovah. For the Canaanites, not only is Moses a foreign heresiarch, who brought the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan and sent them over to sack its cities, to dispossess its inhabitants, and to impose on it the cult of an alien God, but Father Abraham himself is an interloper. They have returned to the worship of Astarte "in groves and high places"—which is jollier, certainly, than the synagogue, since Astarte was the goddess of love. (Let us hope they do not revive Moloch.) But, even in trying to establish a solidarity with the other Middle Easterners, they are behaving with a Jehovan exclusiveness in turning the principle of exclusion against all the other Jews.

I read the Hebrew Bible every afternoon with a young teacher from the University, a man who had been born in Jerusalem and had never been in any other country. From the French windows of the King David Hotel, that opened on a little balcony, one looked over, across the valley of Gihon, to the walls of the Old City, and, pointing to the Jaffa Gate, my instructor was able to explain to me how the "inns" at which travellers slept and such lodgings as the "house" of Rahab the Harlot were more or less a part of the gate, which was still—as I was later to find when I visited the Old City—a market place and center of gossip, like the square in a Latin town. One turned from the dark, heavy text to the bareness of present-day Jerusalem, with its pale buildings, ancient and modern, below the immense bright sky. The Pentateuch, under these circumstances, came to seem to me so purely, so profoundly Jewish that it became for me a matter of wonder that so many non-Jewish peoples had been able to take it over and adapt it to serve their needs. It began to seem quite grotesque that the chapters and chapters of observances—which would seem to be of serious interest only to anthropologists, historians, and Orthodox Jews—should have been studied with reverence by the Christian Church, that the incidents of Israelite conquest should for centuries have fur-

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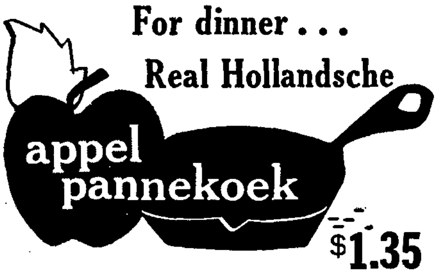

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nished texts for the sermons of Anglican and Puritan divines. The reading back of Christianity into the books of the Jewish scriptures, the turning to Christian purpose of the "Yet I know that my redeemer liveth" of Job, and of the "man of sorrows" of Isaiah 53—once the "sea of faith" has ebbed, what a curious exploit it seems! My young instructor was in a constant state of astonishment, verging on indignation, at the renderings of the King James Version, the only English text I had with me, which he had never examined before. I had been told by another young Israeli scholar that it had one day occurred to him to wonder how the Christian authorities interpreted that roundly erotic rhapsody called "The Song of Solomon" or "The Song of Songs," the rabbinical view of which makes Jehovah the bridegroom and Israel the bride. He had been charmed to discover such chapter headings as "The mutual love of Christ and His church," "Christ awaketh the Church with His calling," "A further description of the Church's grace" ("How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter . . . Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins," etc.). Yet if Israel and Jehovah, why not Christ and the Church? It was, after all, the Hebrews themselves who set the example for the Christians of describing the recent in terms of the ancient, of regarding the careers of contemporaries as fulfilments of inspired prophecies, of showing that the new meaning was there all the time in the old text.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN: Waked up every morning early by the bright, firm, and even light, looking out on translucent clouds that hung in a pellucid heaven, far below which Mount Zion, a modest mound in the bosom of the high, barren hills, just outside the walls of the ancient city, was crowned with the diadem of its monastery, I grew to be fond of Jerusalem, of which much of the attraction resides in its combining luminosity with bareness. This is said to be the best time of the year—late March and early April: the steep and yet rounded hills, studded with little gray boulders, striated with narrow ledges, are now freshened for a brief time with green, and in the country, where the mixed flocks of goats and sheep graze on the fenceless slopes, there is a sprinkling of wild red poppies and little yellow daisies. In a few weeks, they tell me, the landscape becomes parched, with only the deep-green oases created by irrigation. It is a mild and monot-

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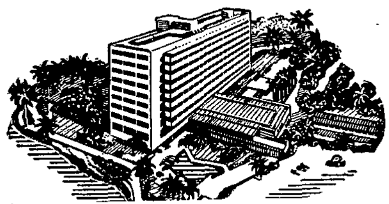

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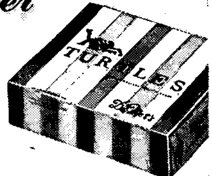

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onous country, and this is what is unexpected. Did the Prophets, in their gloom of foreboding, flash their lightning of conviction from these quiet hills, where everything is open to the sky? Were the savage wars of Scripture fought here? Did its paeans first sound from these pastures? The prejudice of the Jews against images may be partly explained by these contours which do not suggest shapes, by these colors which do not compose pictures. The little old villages of the Arabs were almost like boulders themselves; Stephen Spender has truly said of them that they fit into the mountainsides like teeth in a jawbone. The new settlements of the Israelis are equally unostentatious—neat groupings of low white houses that give an effect of ease; I saw one with pale pink roofs that was charming. Modern Israel, on the whole, has kept to the old Jewish severity. There are no pictures in orthodox homes, and the pictures in other houses, even where the books are good, are likely to be not well chosen. It is strange to reflect that from here came those legends that inspired so much of the art of the Renaissance, all that blazing of color, that teeming of flesh—Pharaoh's daughter in her gorgeous silks, surrounded by the ladies of an Italian court, as she comes upon Moses in the bulrushes; the rippling and wistful Botticellian Judith, exhaling a delicate charm after cutting off the head of Holofernes; the beautiful blue madonnas, the flamboyant or crepuscular crucifixions; Michelangelo's romantic Moses, his full-bodied Adams and Davids; all the coffers of the Roman churches overflowing with jewels and fabrics, all the Florentine miles of paint. How very unlikely it seems that they sprouted from the history of these calm little hills, dotted with stones and flocks, under pale and transparent skies.

The emotion and the drama of the Bible not only no longer seem present in Palestine; they have left no real monuments behind them. The Acropolis and the Forum are still there to see,

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but Solomon's Temple and Palace are not. It is only that the site of Jerusalem has in itself an arresting grandeur. It must be the highest of all great cities, and it is wonderful and almost terrifying to look out on the valley of Kidron and across at the opposite hillside littered with the tombs attributed to Absalom and other ancients as well as with the stones of a cemetery of modern Jewish graves which the Arabs have thrown on their faces, or to gaze up the precipitous slope at the wall that still circles the city. But of Jewish pre-Christian Jerusalem, little today survives: the fragment of wall to which the Jews used to come to weep for their lost kingdom, the tombs of the Sanhedrin in the hillside, with their high and imposing façades and their narrow, rectangular doors, designed to make looting difficult, that give glimpses of large square chambers, plundered long ago and empty now. The foundations of the present old wall are supposed to have been laid by Herod, but the rest of it was probably built by the Byzantines and Suleiman the Magnificent. If the wide, paved expanse of the sanctuary in which the Mosque of Omar stands on what has always been accepted as the site of the Temple was actually laid out by Herod, it was done under the influence of the Romans. Below it lies the only construction that impresses like those of Rome: the great pillared subterranean vaults that are known as Solomon's Stables. Here the Jews took refuge from Titus, come to destroy their Temple; here, more than a thousand years later, come to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, the Knights Templar stabled their horses. One can see their hitching holes in the columns. These grim and enormous piers that stretch away in endless long rows, lit only by one set of windows, on the side that forms part of the precipice, make a kind of gray underground forest that is dreadful and troubling today, with its air of an abode of power that no power has permanently possessed or has stamped with its peculiar identity, neither Herod nor Rome nor Christendom. But, for the rest, what could be less suggestive than those dreary grottoes and caves and rocks, sheltered mostly by rubbishy churches, that are shown you as Calvary, the Sepulchre, the place of the Annunciation, the house of Jesus at Nazareth, the Fountain of the Virgin, the Tomb of the Virgin, the place where the Virgin died. They are none of them considered authentic, and would not be any better if they were. Only Galilee, the Lake of Tiberias, as you come down to it from the mountains above—softly

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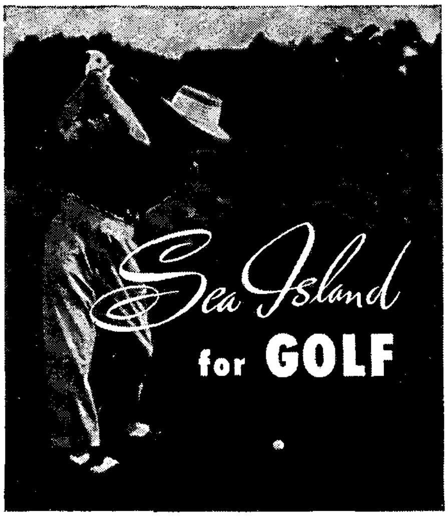

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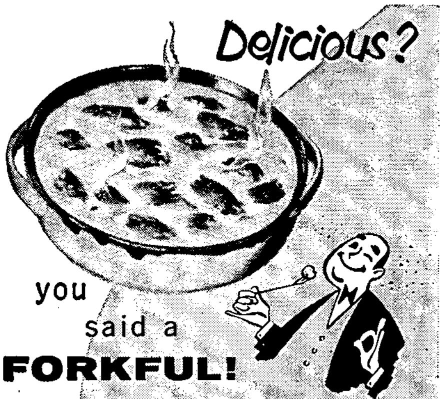
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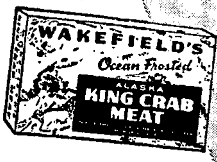

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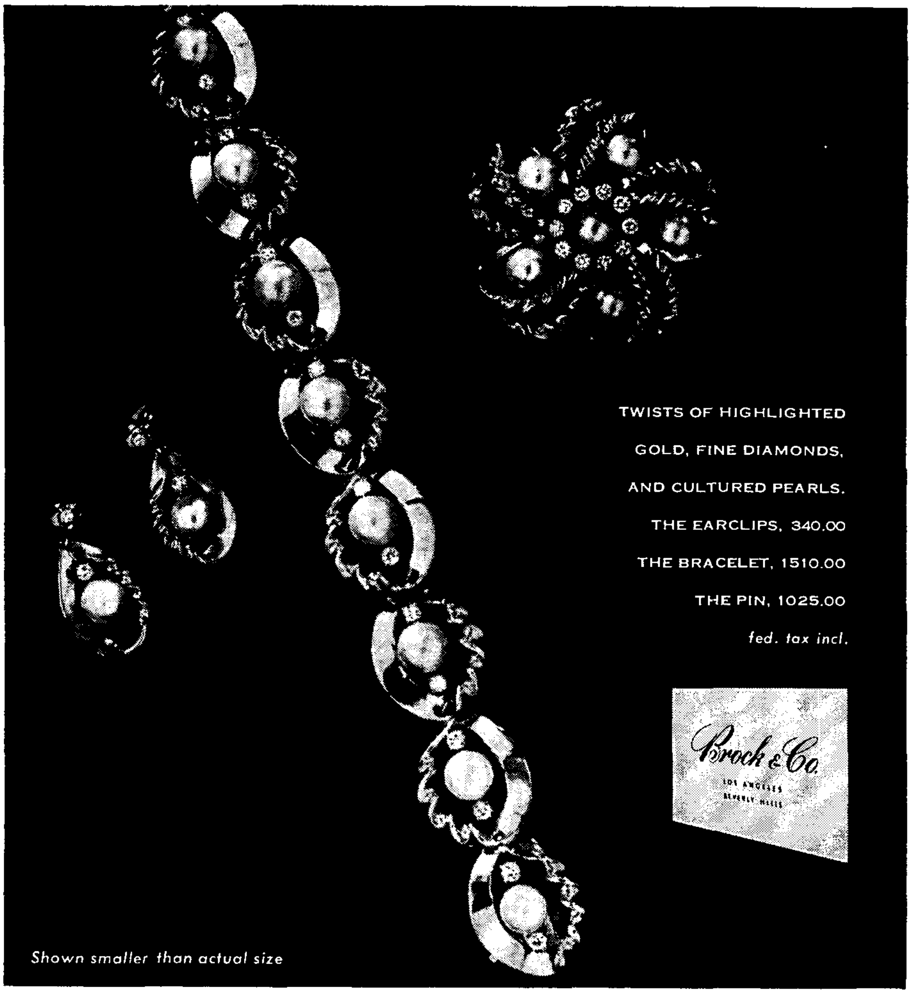
misted, with its blues and greens, the far bank a wall of wrinkled yellow rock, and its waters blue, still, and dull—has something of idyllic mystery. At Capernaum, on the far bank, is a synagogue in which Jesus is supposed to have taught, and one passes a church on a little hill that is said to mark the setting of the Sermon on the Mount. Yet, even discounting the miracles, it is hard to imagine what happened here in any very lively or concrete way. I found it easier, when I was coming through Italy and passing Lake Garda, on which I could see from the train the little peninsula of Sirmio, to imagine the poet Catullus coming back from his Bithynian exile and, as he puts off the cares of his journey, finding peace in his longed-for bed. For Garda was concrete to Catullus, it was solidly and pleasantly a part of his life. He has left a description of it, by which we can recognize it. But the Gospels do not describe Galilee. Sirmio is still there in Italy, but in a sense the Holy Places are not there. . . .

What you find in Palestine instead is a kind of debris of the three great religions that have sprung from and flourished there. Side by side and mutually exclusive, you have the synagogue, the church, and the mosque, as well as the many varieties of the Christian church in both its Eastern and Western, its Catholic and its Protestant forms. They have for so long been practicing dissension in the name of the single God whom they all derive from the ancient Jews that one has almost forgotten the irony of their bitterness or contempt for one another. But the nonreligious visitor, in entering these places of worship, bewildered by the constant necessity of remembering whether to keep on his hat, take off his hat, or take off his shoes at the door, may become a little impatient with the outward forms of religion. On Mount Zion—which has given its name to Heaven—he discovers a state of affairs, a squalor, confusion, and strife, at the same time disgusting and comic. I climbed up there with a guide, by a long flight of steps, to inspect the so-called tomb of David. You see, first, inscribed on a wall in bold and clear Hebrew lettering, the familiar quotation from Isaiah—"For from Zion will go forth the Law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." But Mount Zion, just outside the old wall, is a corner of the Old City that has remained in Jewish hands. The frontier, with its barbed-wire spite fence, runs right between it



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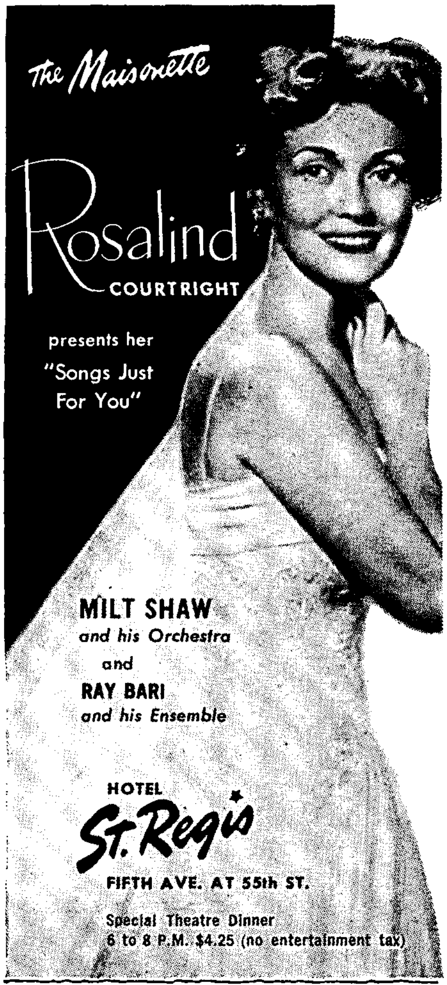
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and the wall, and you are obliged to enter the tomb by a narrow path lined with barbed wire and hung with signs in Hebrew and English that warn you, "Danger Mines." Beyond the barbed wire are an empty Arab house and little fields that must once have been lawns but are all grown up now with long grass. The red poppies and yellow daisies remind one of that passage from Edgar Quinet that Joyce likes to play with in "Finnegans Wake": the wild flowers that go on blooming through the wreckage of civilizations and come down to us through the ages, "*fraîches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles.*"

Inside the supposed tomb, you find a Jewish house of prayer, dedicated to David, with a display of silver vessels and sacred red cloths, presided over by pale, bearded custodians. This a few years ago was a Moslem house of prayer, before the Jews captured it from the Arabs. Up against it is a Benedictine monastery, about which my guide, though an archeologist and well versed in all the antiquities, misinformed me by telling me it was Dominican. I was always surprised by the ignorance exhibited by the different religions in regard to one another's affairs. I succeeded in persuading this man to come with me to see the monastery, though he showed a certain reluctance—I do not know whether because he was hesitant about getting too close to the Arabs or because he was afraid that the monks might not want him in their Christian cathedral; and another Jewish visitor, who heard us talking, hooked on to us and decided to go with us. He said that he ought not to go—an Orthodox Jew, it seems, is forbidden to enter a Christian church—but that he didn't want to miss the opportunity. Most of the monks had been withdrawn since the war, but we found a German brother who took us around. It was not a very beautiful place; it had been built fifty years before, on the foundations of a Crusaders' church. There was an altar contributed by German Catholics for somebody murdered by the Nazis, and Hungarian chapels with frescoes in horned-toad Hungarian style. The monk took us down to the crypt and lit candles to show us the statue that stands where the Virgin is supposed to have died: rigid, recumbent, with an ivory face and mantled in dried-blood red marble. The two Jews were quiet, a little shy. Emerging, we explored apprehensively the deserted stone paths of the monastery that led us between high walls and ended in barbed-wire cul-de-sacs. There is no neutral ground here,

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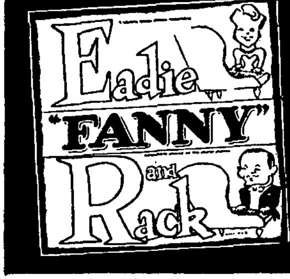

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and where the two sides are close together, the inhabitants of the two cities like sometimes to take potshots at one another. We returned to the valley, keeping carefully to the path that makes the right-of-way to Zion and crosses the neutral strip which separates Israel from Jordan. This is mined and fenced off with barbed wire. Occasionally a dog or a child strays over and steps on a mine. Not far off, an extension of this valley was the ill-famed ancient Gehenna, where the Hebrews relapsed into the primitive cult of sacrificing their children to Moloch. On your way to and from Zion, you pass the Jerusalem Animal Hospital, which is just over the line on the Israeli side. The barking of the dogs in this hospital had been keeping me awake at night, and, before I found out what it was, I had almost imagined that the dogs on both sides took up at night the quarrel of their masters and yapped at each other till morning. (At the time of certain shootings in this part of the city that have taken place since I left, the veterinary hospital, I learn from the *Times*, was isolated from food supplies, but the "matron" stood by her charges and has received a citation from the S.P.C.A., with a bronze medal of the kind "usually awarded to an animal for bravery," and another from the American Feline Society.)

The presence of this valley of hatred, though rarely referred to in Israel, is constantly felt and inflicts constraint. For the Eastertide pilgrims who cross the line on their way to the Mount of Olives and the other places associated with Jesus, it should heighten their respect for His teaching. The passage from Israeli to Jordanian Jerusalem has been made by the Arabs, in their fear of the Israelis and their somewhat childish desire to behave as unpleasantly as possible, to seem almost as difficult and perilous as gaining admission to Lhasa. If you come with an Israeli passport, they do their best to make it impossible, and travellers are driven to such farcical devices as double passports and detachable visas. One visitor who had been in Israel and who, just as he was leaving Jordan, inadvertently thanked the authorities in Hebrew was held up for several hours. I had found this same atmosphere of suspicion when I applied for a visa in London: the doorman at the Jordan Legation, who had held the door open on a crack, directed me to the rear of the building, where I climbed up a kind of fire escape to some rooms on the top floor, apparently closed off from the rest, in which an anxious official, alarmed at my having

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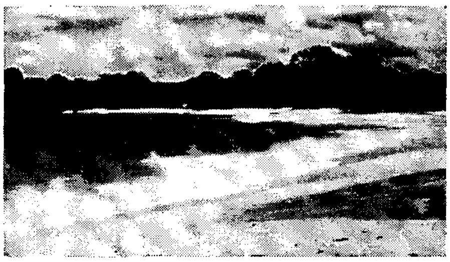

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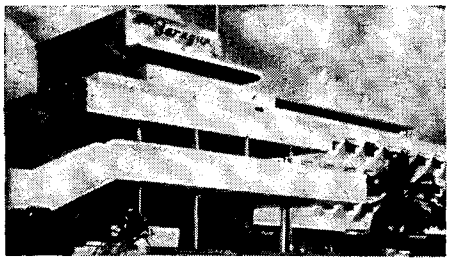

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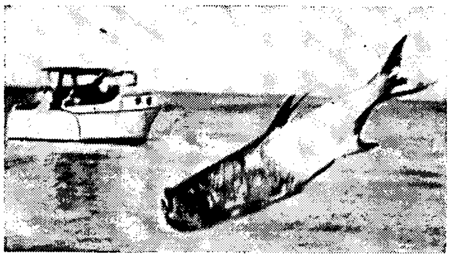

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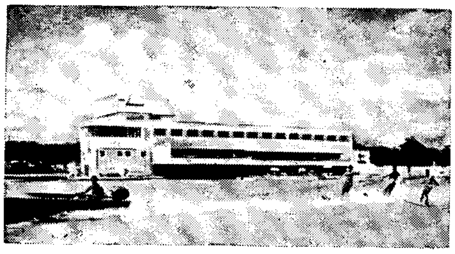

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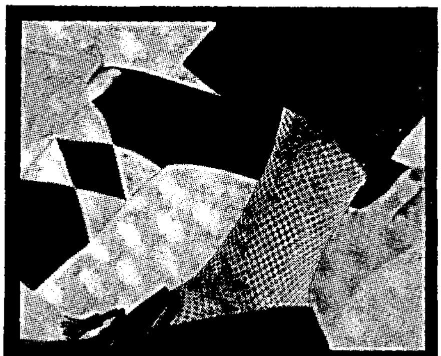
written "None" after the question about my "Religion"—I had previously been questioned as to whether I were Jewish—suggested in a feeble way that he might forward my request to his capital and convinced me that my case was hopeless. When I did succeed finally, through the efforts of our consul—who functions in both the Jerusalems—in crossing the inflamed frontier, I happened to arrive in Old Jerusalem at the moment when the Israelis were changing the guard at the Hebrew University, on Mount Scopus. This institution was founded by Weizmann in 1925 and has a library of a million volumes, but it is an enclave now in Arab territory, under the protection of the United Nations, and not available for use by the Israelis, who have thus lost their scholarly equipment and are obliged to house their college where they can. There is also a Mount Scopus hospital, which the Israelis had also to abandon when the Arabs, shooting into their convoys, killed several doctors and nurses. The Israeli guard on these buildings is changed every two weeks, and there at the Mandelbaum Gate, in front of the gashed and gutted houses that have been left as they were at the armistice, with their gaping arched Arab windows that so much suggest a life of ease, stood a squad of Arab soldiers at attention, while the gray Israeli trucks (which were blinded so that the inmates could not look out) had their oil drums and food supplies searched.

The medley of sects and religions is seen at its most fantastic in the shrines of the Old City. The so-called Mosque of Omar is a pretty little Moslem rotunda, gracefully arched and domed, and covered with charming blue tiles contributed by Suleiman the Magnificent, that shelters a large yellowish old bumpy rock believed by the Jews to have been, first, the rude altar to which Abraham came with Isaac, then the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, on which David was ordered by God to build the altar that later became that of the Temple. It is surrounded by an iron grille contributed by the Crusaders. This monument is now in the hands of the Arabs, and it is the Moslems who worship there at the consecrated rock of the Jews. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which shelters two other rocks, supposedly Calvary and Jesus's Tomb, is guarded by a Mohammedan doorman, who always has charge of the keys, but it is otherwise occupied by Christians. This confused and uncomforting building—on the site of which, according to legend, Hadrian



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erected a Temple of Venus, in order to keep Christians away from it—now houses five Christian churches, cathedrals within a cathedral: the Greek Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, the Syrian, the Armenian, and the Coptic, the services of which overlap, interrupting and blurring one another.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is badly in need of repairs—is, in fact, on the point of collapse and only propped by a precarious scaffolding—but the five cults responsible for it can never agree as to what is to be done. When I inquired what was going to happen to it, I was given the cynical answer that the very next earthquake would shake it down, and that no one then would have to worry. It is a macabre, claustrophobic place, and probably contains more bad taste, certainly more kinds of bad taste, than any other church in the world. You enter the imprisoned parvis through the wall of the Arab street by apertures uncomfortably narrow, and are confronted with a great cage of braces that almost conceals the façade: a metal structure trimmed with barbed wire, that makes it resemble a station of the old New York elevated railway. Going in, you see first, on your left, an Oriental bed in an alcove, on which, when he is not on his feet, the Mohammedan caretaker reclines. (There are services that take place at night, when visitors are locked in the church.) Before you, flanked by monstrous candles that almost reach to the ceiling, that look as if they were made of celluloid and are painted like postcards or greeting cards with miniature views of Jerusalem and little bows of blue ribbon, lies the smooth flat red Unction Stone, where the body of Jesus is supposed to have lain and which the pilgrims get down on their knees to kiss, the more fastidious ladies wiping it first with a handkerchief. Exploring the cramped and cluttered, the labyrinthine and closetlike interior, among blue and red balls, tinsel stars, and bulbous brass lamps and thuribles that hang from the ceilings like Christmas-tree ornaments, you come upon the Sepulchre itself, which stands like a kind of tower in the center of a gloomy rotunda, the paint of whose dome was peeled off by a fire in 1808 (caused by a drunken Greek monk) and whose paintings are masked by the scaffolds that hold the pillars erect. On the bases of these pillars are fixed strips of glass that will break if a crack occurs. In your efforts to get the hang of this dark and disorganized interior, you may look in on a kind of exhibition room where reliquaries of

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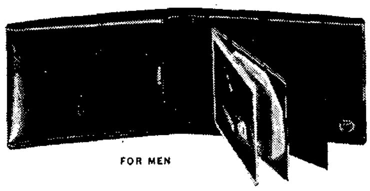

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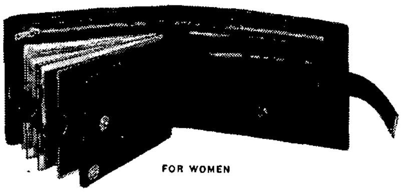

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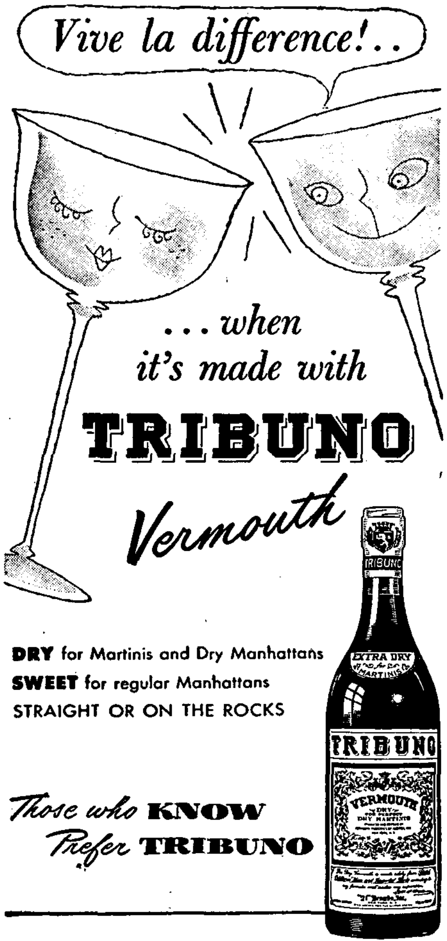
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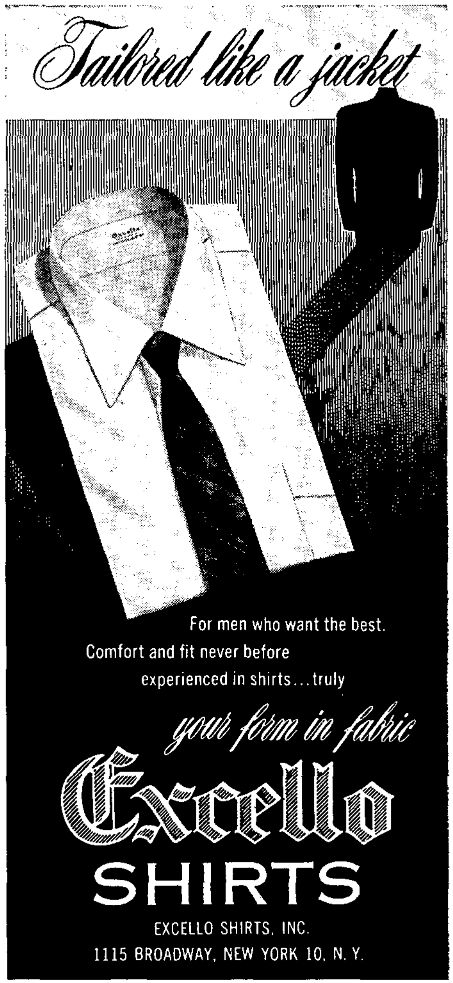
gold and silver are lit up in a long glass showcase, and where little old women in black are circulating and kissing the part of the glass that is opposite each of the relics. In a chamber of the Russian Church, hung with embroidered pictures that are heavy with Byzantine gold, and portraits of the prelates of the Orthodox Church, half fancy, half photographic, you come upon a bearded old priest, sitting behind a table and competently answering in various languages the questions of a crowd of visitors, who are writing their names in a book. Climbing narrow and high stone stairs, you arrive at a giddying gallery, one corner of which is scribbled with names and addresses from all over the world, among the scrawled scripts of which the word "DUBLIN" stands out, printed. Here you find dreadful modern mosaics—of Abraham and Isaac, and other Old Testament subjects—the gift of the presiding Franciscans. Descending to the crypt by a broad flight of steps, you are handed a candle and penetrate, in the darkness, to the spot where the True Cross is supposed to have been found, in Constantine's time, by the Empress Helena. Above it looms a faceless statue, bulky and spooky in the darkness, that the flame of the candles falls short of.

At the Tenebrae services of Holy Week, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is jammed by what is, I suppose, one of the most international congregations and one of the most variegated to be seen anywhere in the world. There are excursions of nuns from all over Europe, accompanied by shepherding and ciceroning priests. The white-gowned choristers, the brown-robed Franciscans, the Greek priests in their flat-topped black hats are all in their best clothes. The Latin Patriarch, in a little red cap and a richly embroidered coat, is conducting the Tenebrae office from a throne that faces the Sepulchre. Christianized Arab women, with white headdresses and Arab robes, kneel on the floor with their children. A black nun in a big starched white cap with corners that stick out like wings is praying by herself in a niche so dark that only the bonnet is visible above the huddled figure. Catholic priests and Anglican clergymen stand about in black clothes and British boots. There are whiffs of urine and incense. What if the whole stale and rickety place, fissured by some piercing note, should come down on our heads and bury us! There is also a claustrophobia brought on by the vulgarity and the scrambled cults. One recalls that, at the ceremony of the Holy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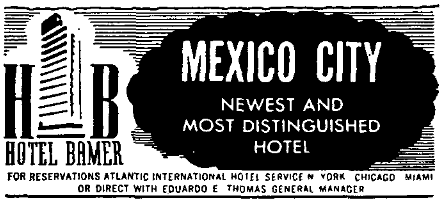
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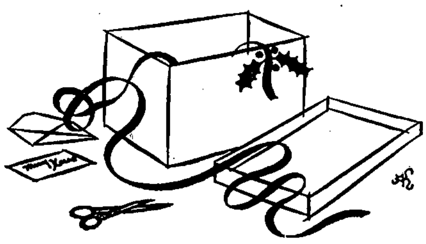
Fire in 1834, the tension, the heat, and the crowding produced a terrible panic. When the moment has come for this yearly miracle, a specialty of the Eastern rite, the Greek Patriarch passes into the Sepulchre, in which, the day before, Good Friday, the holy flame has been put out, and hands out a bunch of candles, bound together in a cage-topped torch, which are supposed to have been ignited without human intervention. The pilgrims and other worshippers, who have often been standing there all night, now press forward to light their own candles—for the fire, rekindled by a miracle, is supposed to ensure salvation. This results in a mad and remorseless scramble.

At the ceremony on Holy Saturday, 1834, the candle smoke became so stifling that three people fell out of the galleries and were killed on the heads of the crowd below. "One poor Armenian lady, seventeen years of age," writes the Honorable Robert Curzon, who was present, "died where she sat, of heat, thirst, and fatigue." On his way out of the church, he continues, "I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people one on another . . . [stretching] as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me they were all dead! . . . I . . . saw that sharp hard appearance of the face that is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and further on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd." Farther on, he found the crowd trying to get out the great door. "The guards outside [Mohammedans], frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Everyone struggled to defend



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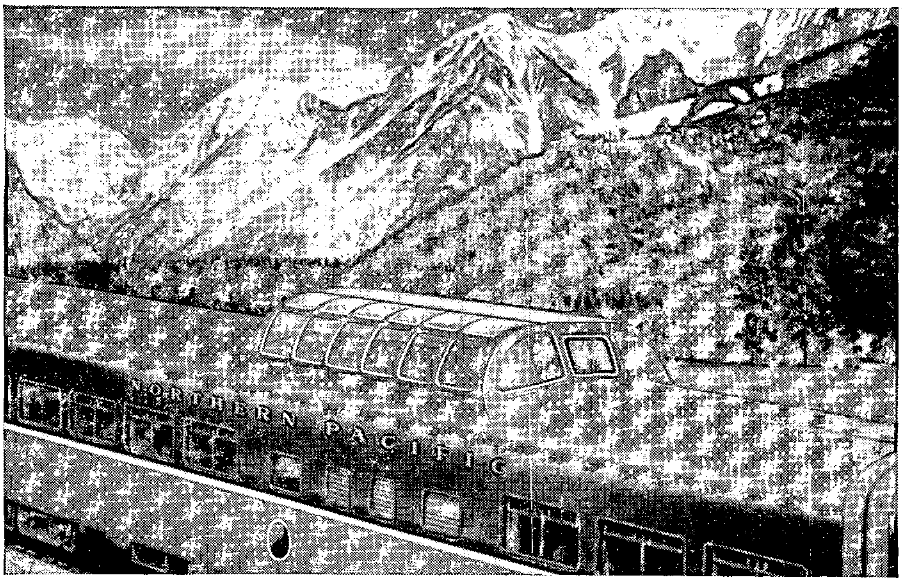

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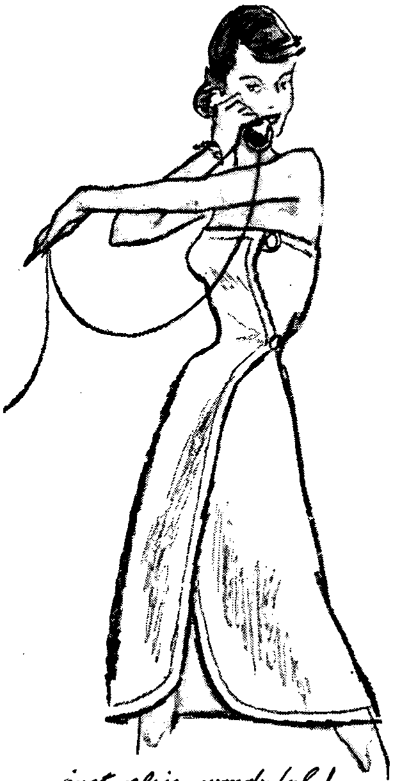

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himself or to get away, and in the mêlée all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become that even the panic-struck and frightened pilgrims appeared at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves." Curzon himself escaped only by fighting his way back into the body of the church across the dead and dying. He noticed that the Unction Stone was piled with corpses. At least five hundred people were killed. And even in 1918, Sir Ronald Storrs was forced, at this ceremony, to protect from the blows of the jealous Armenians a visiting Greek archbishop, "as he passed in glittering tiara from the Tomb to the 'Golgotha Chamber.'" Not many years before, the Franciscans and Greeks had come to blows over the right to sweep certain stairs, and bystanders were hurt by the flying stones.

It is a relief to get out of the place and catch a glimpse of a courtly kavass—one of those red-fezzed and bright-jacketed attendants who walk before important personages, pounding the pave with their staffs—engaged in exchanging amenities with a lady who has just left the church. . . .

Yet the lasting significance of Jerusalem is not in the least diminished by the scandal and grotesquerie of the Holy Sepulchre, by the fact that the Temple has been destroyed and that its site is in the hands of the Moslems, who will not let a Jew come near it, that the city is now split across by the quarrel of the Israelis and Arabs. It has been always of the essence of the Jewish genius that it works through the spirit and the intellect, that, in spite of the importance to the Jews of such names as Jerusalem and Zion, it does not need a habitation other than the souls of men. It is a paradox of Jewish history that a moral force, an inspiration, which has leapt geographical boundaries and been felt by so many minds, regardless of race or class, should have been generated and transmitted by a people who have carried exclusiveness to fantastic lengths, who have manifested the extremes of intolerance, and who have suffered from equal intolerance on the part of the champions of other religions which have taken their cue from the Scriptures. (It is strange to think that even the Feeneyites, shrieking against the Jews on Boston Common—the disciples of a heretic priest, who has taught them that only Catholics can be saved—should be doing it in the name of a God

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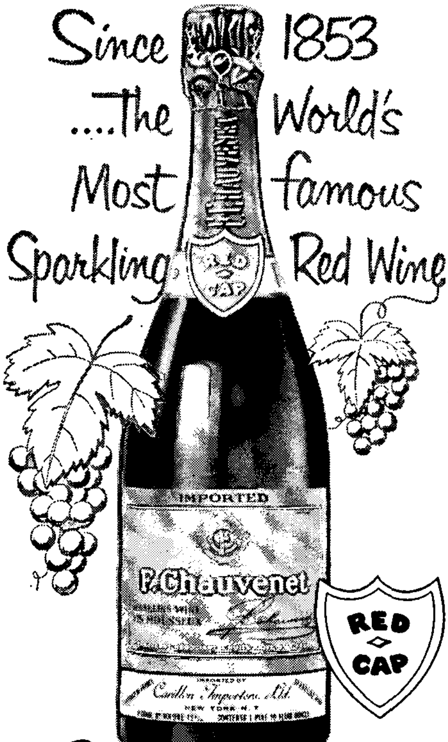

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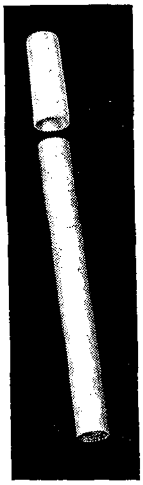

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whom they owe to the Jewish Bible.) One cannot, of course, blame the Jews for all the horrors of Mohammedan and Christian history; bigotry and cruelty are universal. Yet the Bible, on one of its sides, does tend to encourage both. Julius Caesar, who dispassionately and ruthlessly cut off the hands of the Gauls, who slaughtered them and sold them into slavery, did not do so in the name of God; and the Greeks, who looked down on the "barbarians," and who fought them when the necessity arose, did not preach their extermination on account of their worship of alien gods. This has been the regrettable side of the influence of the religious ideas of the Jews: the impulse to fanaticism. The life-giving positive side—often involved with the other, though certain of the great Jewish teachers have embodied it in its purest form—is the faith in, the affirmation of, the power of the human spirit, in touch with its divine source and independent of place or condition. This paradox, this contradiction, is illustrated in a striking way by Jesus's conversation with the woman of Samaria. On my trip to Mount Gerizim to attend the Samaritan Passover, I stopped off at Jacob's Well, at which this conversation is supposed to have taken place and which is apparently one of the very few Holy Places that have any chance of being real, and I reread the scene in John 4. The purely sectarian issue between the Samaritans and the Jews is brought up in the most typical way. (Jesus himself—to the Jews a heretic—was accused by them of being a Samaritan.) "Our fathers," says the woman to Jesus, "worshipped on this mountain [Gerizim], and you say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." The reply that Jesus is reported to have made is a curious combination of the old point of view of the Jews, the claim to an exclusive and literal correctness, with the intense religious instinct that accompanies this and transcends it. "Woman, believe me," He answers, "the hour is coming when neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem will you worship the Father. You worship what you do not know; we worship what we know, for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for such the Father seeks to worship Him. God is spirit, and those who worship Him must worship in spirit and truth."

For the Christian, the center of worship was no longer to be Jerusalem, and the second destruction of the Tem-

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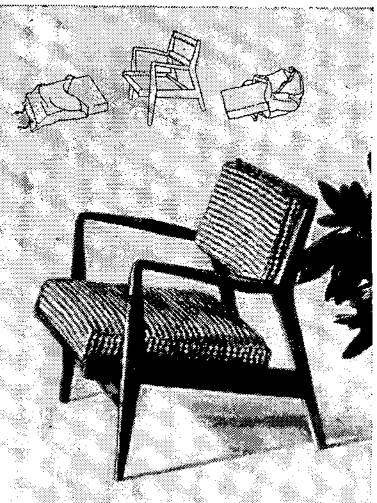
ple was to compel even the most orthodox Jews (if not the Samaritans) to dissociate the spirit of God from any particular place. Even the later Zionists, returning to the earthly Jerusalem, were loyal to a vision that was hardly of earth. How implausible it seems that Protestants in Britain and the United States should be singing their hymns about Israel, Zion, and Jerusalem the Golden, without—for the most part, certainly—attaching to them very much meaning of a historical or geographical kind! How implausible that English poets should have written of the "Traffic of Jacob's ladder/ Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross," and of fighting to "build Jerusalem/ In England's green and pleasant land"!

I thought, when I returned to the modern Jerusalem, that the bright light, the high bare hills, were more surely the Jerusalem of the Psalms and the Prophets than even the best-documented relics of the Temple and the ancient wall. This was the Jerusalem of which Jesus said that not one stone should be left upon another, that it was destined to be "trodden down of the Gentiles." The substantial tomb built by Herod for the family that he murdered and for whose murder he tried thus to atone is still standing, just behind my hotel. It was right on the firing line during the war, and is still snarled about with barbed wire. During the period of hardship that followed the war, it was lived in by a destitute family, and is full of tin cans and turds; it has not even been cleaned out for tourists. Nation has risen against nation, as Jesus predicted they would, and kingdom against kingdom; there is little now to be read of in the papers save "wars and rumors of wars." Through this city, among these mountains, have passed, in the course of some twenty-five centuries, the Hebrews, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the Turkomans, the Franks, the Moslems, the Crusaders, the Mongolians, the Mamelukes, the Turks, the British, the Israelis. Jerusalem has been ruled or governed by—to name only a few, the most notable—David, Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, Nehemiah, Antiochus Epiphanes, the Maccabees, Pompey, the Herods, Pontius Pilate, Bar Cocheba, Chosroes II, Godefroy de Bouillon, Saladin, Suleiman the Magnificent, El-Jazzar, Sir Ronald Storrs, and Ben-Gurion. One can hardly grasp all these vicissitudes—the peoples and nations and causes, the policies and personalities. Their history becomes unimaginable,



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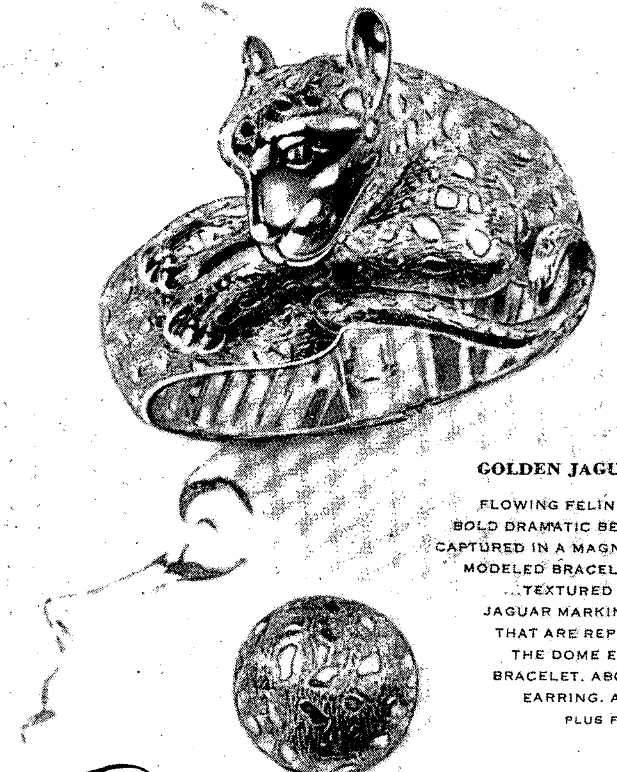
and they all seem to recompose, like the sequence of colors of the spectrum, in this tranquil, luminous sky. The Jews made Jerusalem the high place of God, and thus gave it to the whole human race.

DEGANIYA: Something of this strange disparity between Palestine's baldness and meagreness and the visions it has always evoked was felt even by the Zionist leader Aaron David Gordon, when he first came, in 1904, to what he called, what was called in the Bible, and what is still called today Eretz Yisrael, the Land of Israel. "There was born in me a curious emotion," he writes in one of his letters, "or, rather, a mingling of two conflicting emotions, which is difficult to explain. On the one hand, it seemed as if this great wide expanse frightened me and shocked me. It stood naked in the powerful light that flooded it, revealing all things with cruel brilliancy as far as the eye could reach and seeming to say, 'Nothing is hidden from my eyes.' " And he could not look into the distance, for the mountains shut off his view, "barriers against my sight." "Many days passed in this frame of mind before I began to struggle against myself and to think deeply of the characteristics of Eretz Yisrael: small and narrow is the land; just back of those mountains it all but ends—'For the bed is too short for a man to stretch himself.' . . . What the mind, however, cannot succeed in doing, life, nature, and work achieve. While the hands learn to work, the ears to hear, the eyes to see, the heart to feel and to realize what is here, the soul learns to soar over mountains, to skip over hills, to exalt itself, to stretch itself to infinite distance, to embrace the land around, the world and its inhabitants, and to see itself embraced in the arms of the whole world."

He goes on to speak of Russia, with its pogroms and its ritual-murder case, and of the persecution of the Jews in Poland—in the lofty Biblical manner, never naming any country or person: "A great and mighty nation storms against you in an outburst of rage, hurls itself against you like a ravenous beast. . . . I see a different nation. This nation, too, is unable to stand on its own feet, and it, too, wishes to swallow you." He goes on, in the same high prophetic strain, to the problem of assimilation, of the Jews that want other Jews to build a home "in a land that neither you nor your ancestors have known. You are ready to go wherever they lead you. They teach you to talk the language



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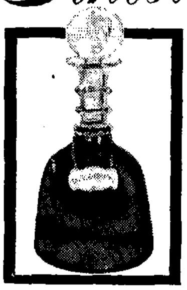

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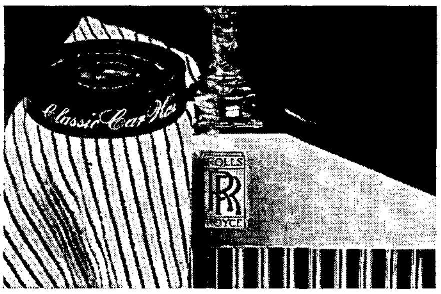

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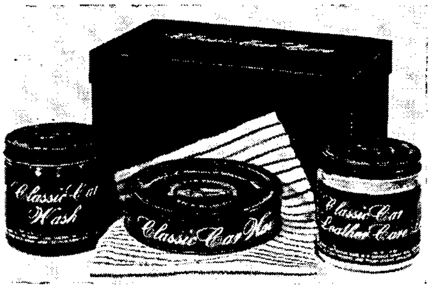

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that their captors have taught them. You say it is your language, and you repeat all that they say; you sing the songs they sing. There is nothing too difficult for you to do; there is no road too narrow for you to follow, no life too insignificant for you to desire. All is small, poor, weak, wretched, wretched—all is in ruins. . . . Desolate, bewildered. I stand and observe you, my people! I observe you with glazed eyes; I do not understand you, and I do not understand myself." Then, "suddenly a spirit touched and wakened me: 'Son of Man!,' and I was among the mountains, high on the summit of a mountain peak. . . . 'Son of Man!' There will yet come a day . . . when your sons and daughters will dream a dream," and they "will come to seek the interpretation of the dream in the land of their fathers. They will seek it with all the power of their hands, with all the strength of their hearts. They will dig it out of hidden places; they will carry on every kind of work in the field and in the vineyard in seeking for it. They will renew the earth and their lives in the search. . . . In the end they will become great, greater than the mountain peaks on the face of the earth; they will see what no man saw before them, and they will become mighty on the earth. Then will the Jewish people blossom again; then will they stand upright and live; then will they become a nation."

Gordon, who had spent most of his adult life as an official on a baronial estate in Podolia, in southern Russia, came to Palestine in 1904 and died there in 1922. He did not live to see his prophecy fulfilled. But he lived for his last ten years in the pioneer community of Deganiya (the name means Corn of the Lord). He had in Poland been rather well off, and he now had the prestige of a sage and saint, but he worked on the land with the rest and shared a room with three other men. Deganiya was the first of the movement of self-supporting Jewish collectives, the *kvutzoth* and *kibbutzim*. The members of these in the early days must have been all more or less intellectuals, but Tolstoy as well as Zionism had led them to manual labor.

I had been given a letter by a friend at home to a married couple in Deganiya, and when I was visiting Galilee, I looked them up. The wife had been a schoolteacher in Prague, who, as a young woman, had interested herself in the refugee Jewish children from Galicia that had been brought to Prague by their parents when their country, at

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the time of the First World War, had been invaded by the Russian Army. She had told them little stories that proved such a success that she finally published them in a book, which became the first of a popular series. After the war, she emigrated to Palestine, where she taught school in the Deganiya community, of which she was one of the charter members. She is extremely proud of this: "They said we were subversive and crazy, and now the communities are an institution. It was we who launched the whole movement: *Achtung!*" She is a small brown woman with spectacles, who has injured her foot and has to limp but gets along briskly. She is lively, energetic, enthusiastic. Her apartment—by right of seniority, she and her husband are allowed two rooms instead of the usual one—is full of German literature and books on child psychology, and there is a shelf of prehistoric artifacts, picked up in the neighborhood, for she is an amateur archeologist; but I found her in the mending room, where the clothing of the *kvutzah* is put to rights, busy at the sewing machine. She showed me the school, which the teachers and children were getting ready for Passover, and the building where those children were housed who were not the sons and daughters of community members. A number of these young boys and girls had been among the victims of Hitler. They were orphaned and neurotic and hard to handle. Some of them had had the experience of seeing their parents murdered and finding themselves totally abandoned. The community had taken them in. We visited the chicken house, with its perspective of caged compartments, all full of snow-white fowls, and its enormous mechanical incubators, that turned thousands of eggs around. On the grounds stood an old army tank. At the time of the Arab war, the Syrians attacked Deganiya, and a battle was fought on the grounds themselves. The enemy was finally driven out, but not before many members had been killed, including several children. There is a monument now to the dead, but the tank has been left as a souvenir, as well as a bit of the trench from which they had fired on the enemy.

These grounds of the collectives, with their flowers and paths, their oases of shady trees, seemed to me peaceful and pleasant, and though I had heard that the communities were sometimes rent by factional disagreements, I did not get an impression of strain. On the contrary, it seemed to me that things were done in a quiet and leisurely

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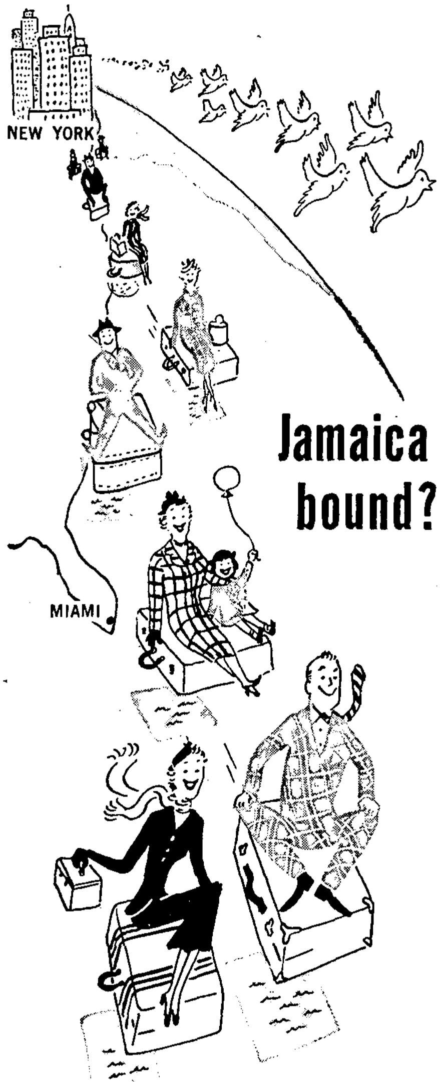
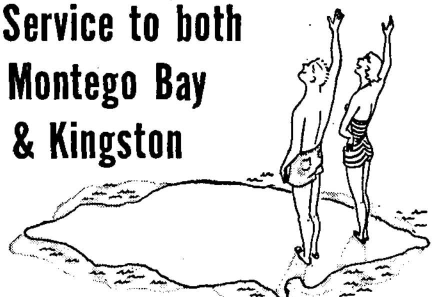

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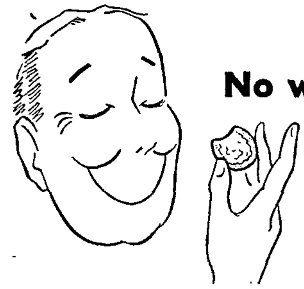
way. Everybody is very soft-spoken. The *kvutzah* is completely self-governing, and everybody is responsible for something. The members do not pay for food or clothes, schooling or medical service—they even get an allowance of cigarettes. They also accumulate credits, which they draw in money and spend as they please. One thinks at first of the Russian collectives, but the *kvutzah* is something quite distinct from those. It is voluntary; the members are well educated; they do not hesitate to say what they think. This is rather the old Russian idealism of the beginning of the present century. Tolstoy is mingled with Zionism—one of the principal buildings is named for him—and Socialism of the old, still innocent brand has been made easily to blend with Tolstoy. And there is also a psychology of pioneers that sometimes recalls America. These Zionists, in earlier days, had to contend with malarial swamps, which they have now filled in and made fertile, and with murderous bands of Bedouins, who now would not dare to come near them. When I mentioned that I felt the atmosphere to be one of security and ease, I was reminded at once that all this had been won only by decades of labor, anxious effort, and austere living.

The Zionists, I came to realize, have constituted a kind of élite. I have never seen anyone else quite like some of the children of Zionists, who have been born in or come young to Palestine. The wonder is that, growing up there and sometimes having never travelled, they should be so well bred and so well informed. They reminded me of young modern Greeks. But to have emigrated to Palestine at all, to have made for oneself a life there, implies, of course, on the parents' part, self-confidence and dedicated purpose, a high level of thinking and feeling; and the children have not known at first hand the humiliations and horrors from which the parents escaped.

ERETZ YISRAEL: And now what about the Israel that you read about in the papers? If the reader has expected a news letter, this article is likely to have sounded like one of those tales of Agnon's in which the narrator, in recounting an anecdote of something that happened to his uncle, finds it necessary not only to explain how his grandparents came to get married but also to involve in his story Moses, Aaron and Jeremiah, Akiba, Rashi, Maimonides, and the Rabbi Baal Shem Tov. But, as in Agnon's case, so in this—that is, I think, the right way to tell the story. I have al-



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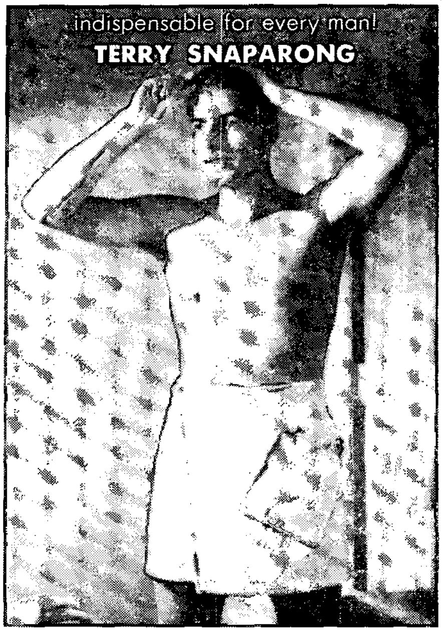

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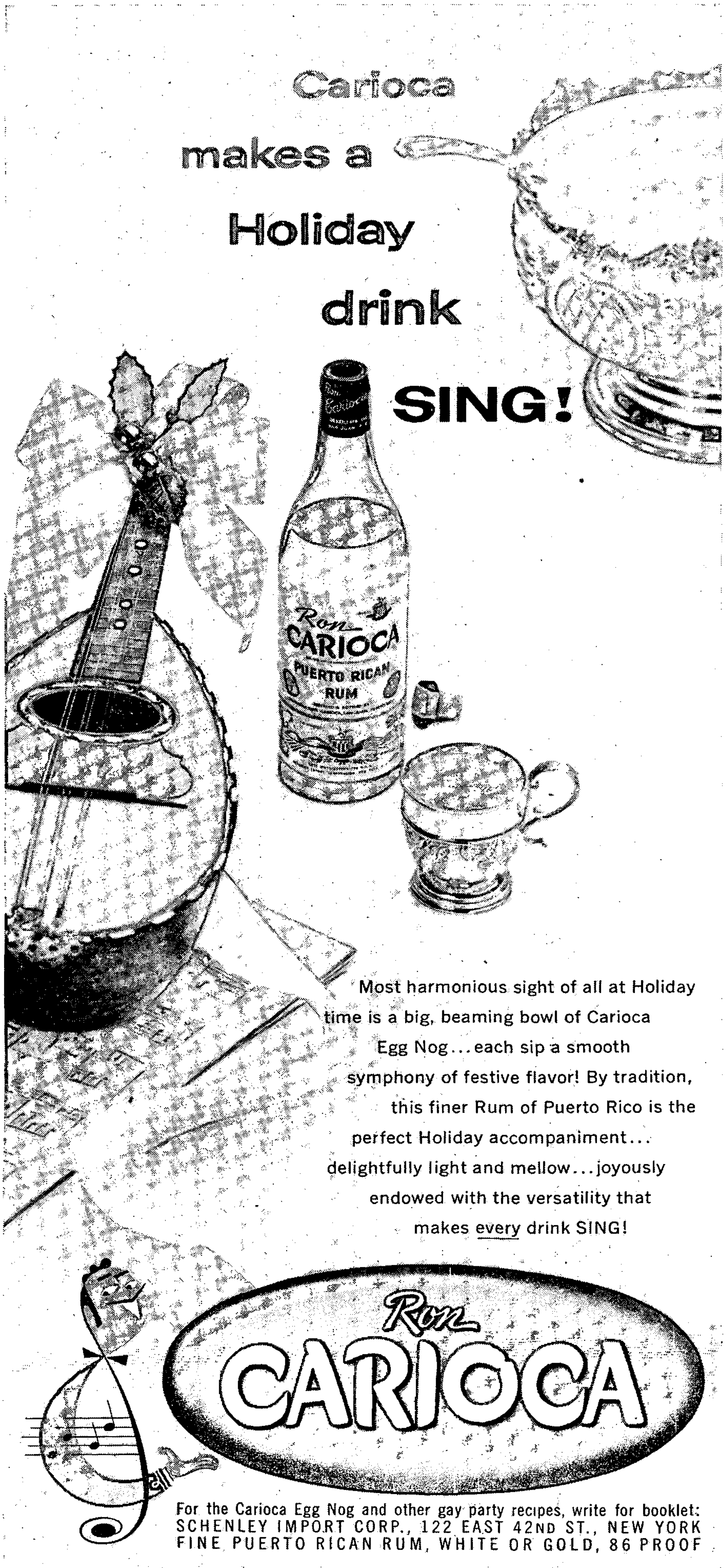
ready tried to suggest the perspective of *three thousand years* in which Israel ought to be seen—though the happenings of these millennia, which to the Western mind present a perspective, are somehow, apparently, for the Jewish mind, all present and real at once, and easily identified with one another.

But what about immediate problems? What about the balance of trade, which seems so overwhelmingly against the Israelis? What about the guaranteed profits, the artificially kept-up wages, that are subsidized by foreign philanthropy? The unemployment, the inadequate housing? The obstructions to arranging with their neighbors for the development of the water power of the Jordan River? What of compensating the Arabs for their losses and eliminating border incidents? What about the danger of war? What about Histadrut, that unique yet typical product of twentieth-century industry—a labor organization which is also itself in business and the biggest employer of labor in Israel, and which is sometimes a little ambiguous on the subject of the right to strike—whose imposing new headquarters, outside Tel Aviv, are sometimes referred to as the Kremlin? What about the color problem, since in Israel the black Jews and the white Jews are obliged now to live together, and the two do not care to mix? What of the problem of educating the Yemenites, who have been transported en masse from the south of Arabia—in what is called Operation Magic Carpet—by planes, which did not surprise them, since they took them for the giant birds that an old tradition had promised would rescue them and carry them back to Palestine, but who found themselves, once disembarked, in a terrifying modern world of which they could not make head or tail? How about the Moroccans and Algerians who had to be brought to Israel to save them from the reprisals of the vanquished Arabs, but who seem to have turned out to be riffraff, the only Jews in the world who are not willing to work? I have suggested the one answer to all of this tangle of questions, too. It is the faith that keeps Israel going and that has allowed her to take all these problems on, the faith of the Jewish prophets from Moses to Aaron David Gordon, and the loyalty of contemporary Israelis to this. "When I first came here from Germany," said the doctor from Berlin I have already mentioned, the physician for a large *kvutzah*, "I didn't feel at all at home—I could easily have gone to America. But after three years I wanted to stay." The



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visitor soon comes to see why. The Jerusalem that Israelis adore is not the group of mainly modern buildings, the truncated system of streets, neither colorful nor very bustling, on the bristling edge of hostile territory, but the Jerusalem that lives in their hearts.

It is a relief to come here from Europe, from the European discouragement and cultural staleness, the running down and falling apart. Here the people have something to hope for, a survival that is not yet all achieved; and, though bitterly at odds with their neighbors, they are occupied within their own borders with a work of reintegration among their own so diverse elements. One feels at moments that they have even got used to their nasty feud with the Arabs, and do not think much about it. I felt far less tension in Israel when these incidents were going on—though, of course, I was not so much involved—than I did when I returned to the States, to the atmosphere of the McCarthy controversy, Indo-China, and the hydrogen bomb, and, as soon as I stepped on the dock, found the task of getting out my baggage through a porter system stupidly organized—with passengers exasperated and apprehensive, and porters and officials surly—so much more difficult than in any other country. I found no such confusion in Israel, no such ordeal for the nerves (the whole official side of Israeli life has benefited by British training)—not even in Tel Aviv, which Jerusalem regards as a beehive but which seemed to me, so far as I saw it, with its cafés, its coffeehouses, its entertainments, and its boulevard along the sea, to have something of both Athens and Vienna. Fanaticism you find, yes. Fanaticism, as was said to me by one Israeli, is always at home in this land. It grows there like cactus and citrus fruit, fed by the divine light. And yet the Children of Israel are genuinely at ease in Zion. It is remarkable how soon you forget, as they seem almost to have forgotten, from how far and from how many places they have come back to live in Palestine. You feel that you have never known them, never known them as they are in themselves, till you saw them like this at home.

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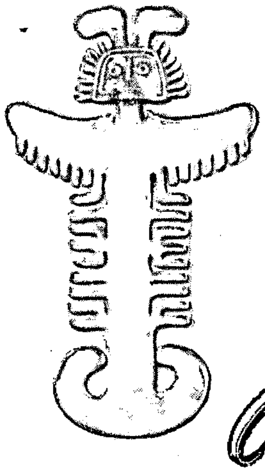

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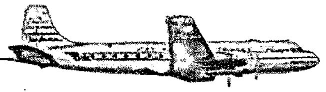

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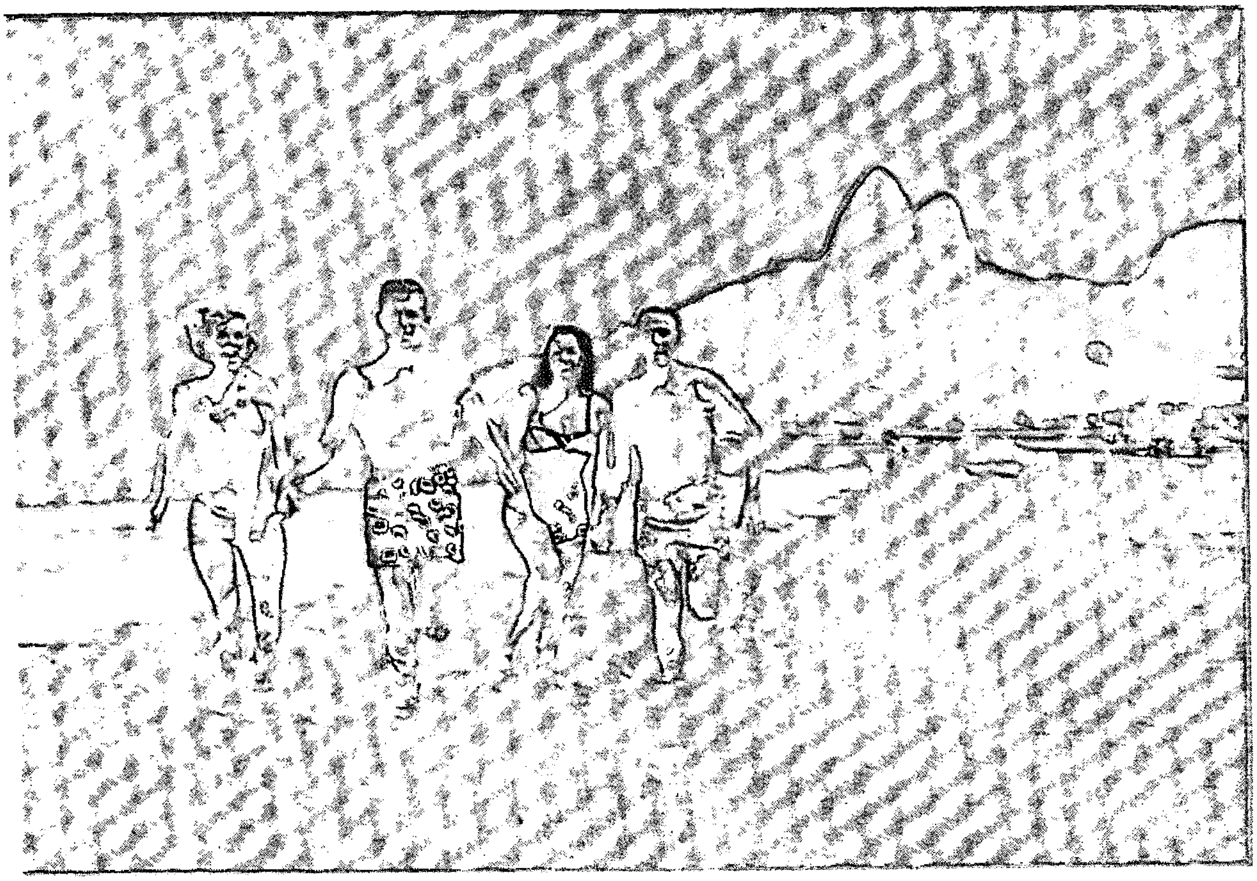

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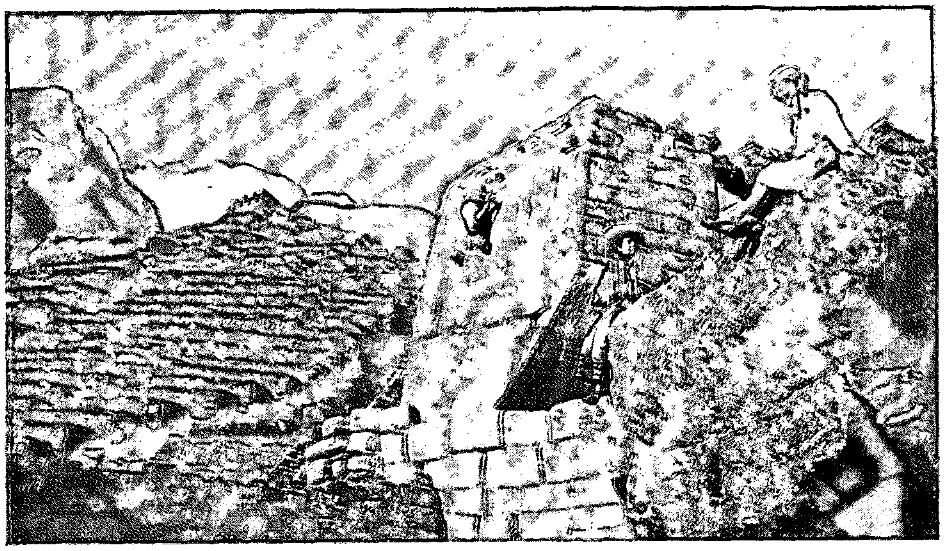

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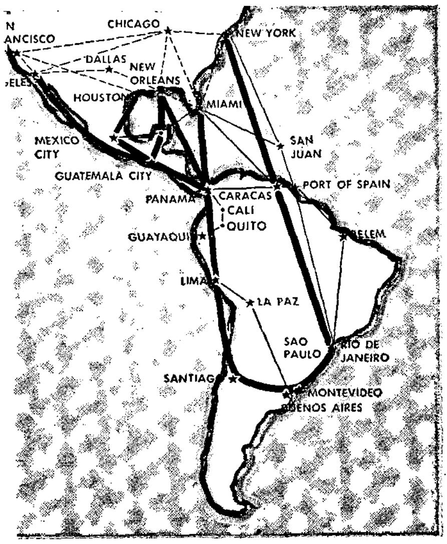
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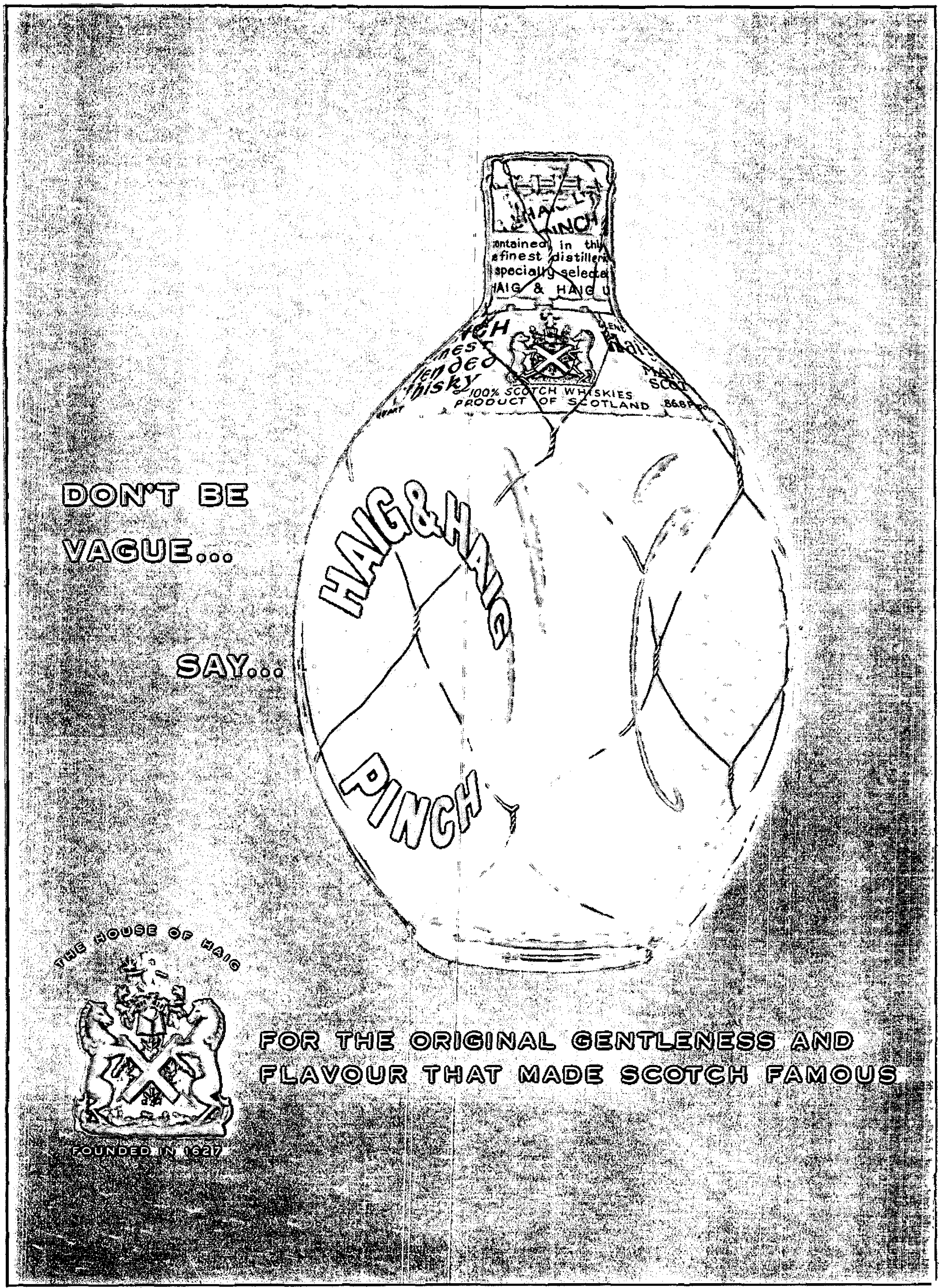
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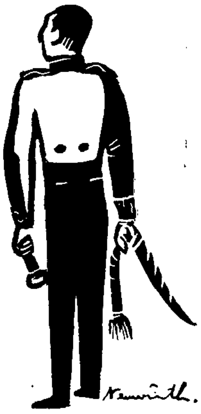
Muddled Fitzgerald



IT must have taken a lot of work to transform F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited" into the movie called "The Last Time I Saw Paris," and it's rather too bad that the director, Richard Brooks, and the adapters, Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, were so industrious, for their heavy-breathing efforts have reduced Fitzgerald's tale to a lachrymose shambles. Starting with the title, which is a master stroke of vapid dilution, the screen version of the story plays fast and loose with the content and style of the original in almost every possible way. Here there is no incisive contrast between the gaudy twenties and the sombre thirties; instead, we are confronted with a pair of cutups having a wild time in the period after the Second World War, and their gaiety, as expressed by Van Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor, is about as effervescent as molasses. Mr. Johnson is supposed to be an American author—lie still, Fitzgerald—who wants to be an eminent literary figure but keeps neglecting his work to chase around Paris in sports cars and drink more than is good for him. Miss Taylor plays his wife, a determinedly carefree type who likes to bathe in Paris fountains and dance daringly with gigolos. This team is living on the income from an oil strike back home, but all their wealth and jollification, and all their pleasure in their young daughter, come to nothing one day when Mr. Johnson, while intoxicated, locks Miss Taylor out of their home during a rainstorm. Although up to this point Miss Taylor has seemed to be in the pink, she is actually as frail as a buttercup, and as a consequence of the Parisian damp, she expires. Her child is taken over by her sister (Donna Reed), who dislikes Mr. Johnson because she thinks he should have married her instead of Miss Taylor. Sobered by tragedy, Mr. Johnson goes to work on the problem of reclaiming his young one, and that's about the size of "The Last Time I Saw Paris." To round out the cast of the movie, Walter Pidgeon is introduced as Miss

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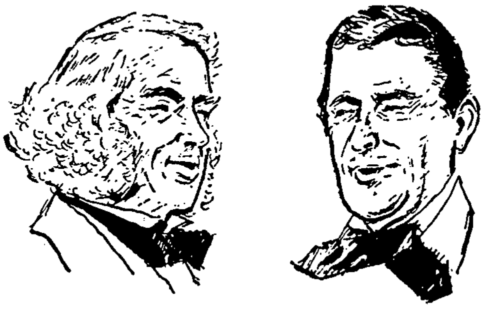

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Taylor's shiftless father, Roger Moore as a no-good tennis player, and Eva Gabor as a reckless divorcée. They all seem to be having a hard time trying to make sense of the business. Fitzgerald wouldn't have recognized one of them.

ALASTAIR SIM, who can be an extremely droll man, has taken on a mystical assignment in "An Inspector Calls," an English picture adapted from a play of J. B. Priestley's that was around several years ago. It is Mr. Sim's chore to represent an inspector of police, stroll into a very proper Edwardian household in an English provincial town, and demonstrate that everyone he finds there is guilty of immorality of one kind or another. His bill of particulars against the provincials revolves around the death of a young, pregnant, and impoverished factory girl, who has (1) been fired by her boss, the head of the house, for asking for a raise; (2) been sacked from a better job in a hat shop because of a complaint by the spoiled daughter of the h. of the h.; (3) been seduced by the daughter's suitor; (4) been further seduced by the daughter's brother; and (5) been refused charity by the lady of the house. With its neatly mechanical plot and its regrettable lack of suspense, this effort is a somewhat tedious exercise, and certainly it makes poor use of Mr. Sim's talents. He is joined in "An Inspector Calls" by Jane Wenham, the put-upon young lady; Brian Worth, the first of her seducers; Eileen Moore, the daughter; and Bryan Forbes, the brother. They, too, do what they can, but it is not enough.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

The Culver City-Palms-Mar Vista Democratic Club will hold its regular monthly meeting tonight, Thursday, at 8 P.M. at the Veterans Memorial Auditorium, Culver and Overland Ave., Culver City.

Guest speaker will be Dr. Frank Sullivan of Loyola University. Dr. Sullivan will review his year at Oxford under a Ford.—*Los Angeles News Advertiser & Journal.*

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BOOKS

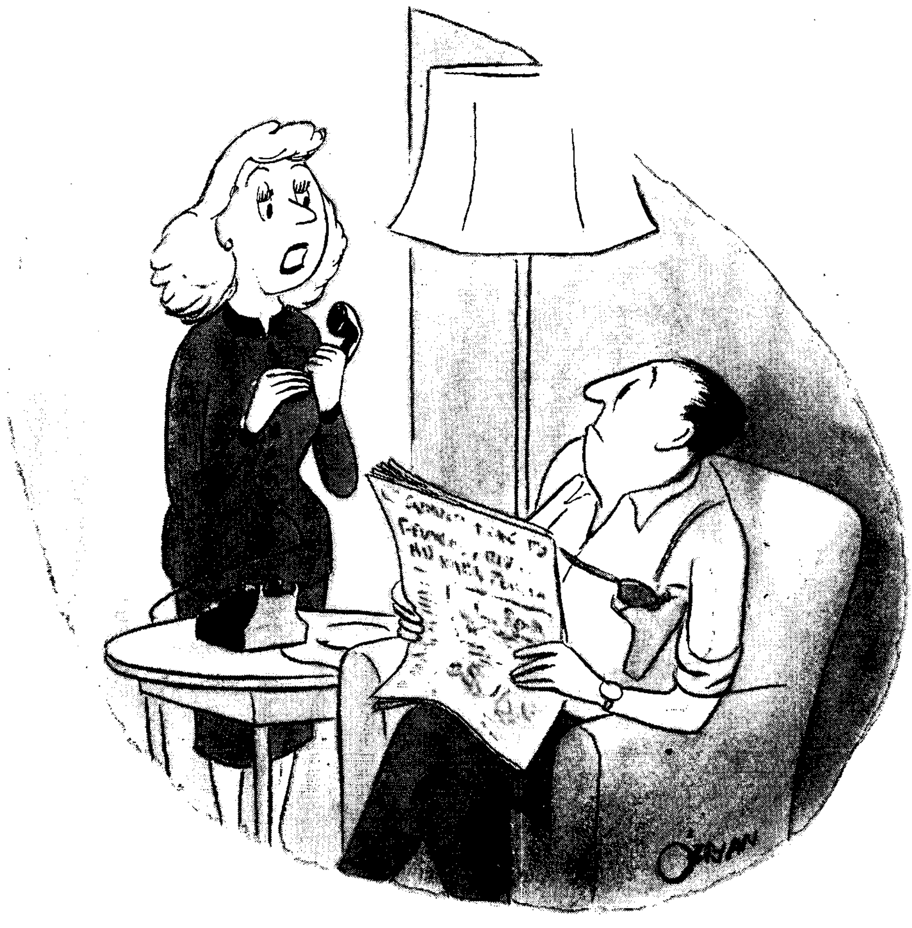
Long River, Long Book

THE Rio Grande, once called by the Spaniards the Rio Bravo, makes a strange journey of almost nineteen hundred miles from its source, in the ice fields of Colorado, down to its mouth, on the Gulf of Mexico. Except for the Mississippi-Missouri system, it is the longest stream in the United States. It cuts through mountain ranges, glides through spectacular and all but inaccessible canyons, seeps through stretches of awful desert, and sometimes, for many miles, disappears altogether. Its flow is sensitive to droughts and to sudden, dangerous floods. A dirty river in what is generally considered, for the most part, an unlovely, forbidding land, the Rio Grande seems to have beauty only for certain poets. Its economic value for centuries was almost negligible. It offers fascinations for geologists and bird lovers, and it figures frequently in the inconclusive speculations of anthropologists. But the real significance of the river is and always has been political; it is as a convenient boundary line, a scene of power politics and much scheming and blood and cruelty, that the river takes on its major historical importance. The river is not the story; it is merely the thread.

In his two-volume history of it ("Great River, the Rio Grande in North American History," published by Rinehart), Paul Horgan, long a distinguished resident of New Mexico, brings to bear his talents as not only historian but dramatist and poet. In his preface, which is in the form of a letter to a friend, Charles Arthur Henderson, Mr. Horgan quotes with apparent approval the dicta of some historians that history should be written to stimulate the reader, that it should have the effect of "immediate experience," that it should be bold, and that it should be art—all without departing too far from the necessary straitjackets imposed by hard facts, dates, and the names of the actors. He says, moreover, that he has not hesitated here and there to "stage a scene." His purpose is thus clear, but it is a large order. Mr. Horgan makes his beginning far back in the dim yesterdays, a time about which neither science nor history is by any means sure of itself. The story he tells is essentially the story of the clash of several powerful civilizations or semi-civilizations—the original settlers, including the Pueblo and the Plains Indians, the Mexicans, the Spaniards, and the terrible invaders from the United States, loosely known as Anglo-Saxons. He merely states the obvious when he says that his study of the river would have little value if it were not for the people involved. There is plenty of drama, action, and sickening violence, and much that stains the record of the human race. And yet, notwithstanding his avowed intent to "stage a scene," the author, if anything, usually underplays the main scenes in the gory tale.

We are told that Mr. Horgan worked on this history for nearly fourteen years. It was planned as one of the Rivers of America series, but after sampling the considerable literature of the Southwest, he realized that he had bitten off a huge and formidable mouthful. He was dealing with no ordinary river. For a time, he carried on with a Guggenheim grant, and after much travail, including reading parts of the book aloud to friends (such activity is a not uncommon pastime among the intellectuals of New Mexico), the work was finished. The first volume begins in the far-off twilight and ends with the decisive doings of around 1820, when the centuries-long attempt of Spain to hold on to Mexico and most of the rest of the Southwest was finally defeated. The second volume takes up the coming of the colonists from the United States and ends (vaguely, like the Rio Grande when it buries itself in the sand) at about the time of the First World War.

The more enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Horgan, and these include several eminent and respectable names, have already greeted his Rio Grande twins as a top-ranking historical document. "Masterpiece," says one. Another ranks it with the writings of Motley, Prescott, and Bancroft. This is strong stuff. With the greatest reluctance, it must be argued that the Horgan book, although of high merit in many respects, need not

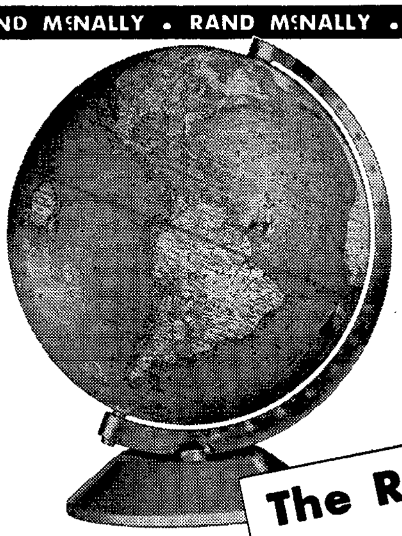


"Nick, it's Mother. She wants to come and hide out with us for a while."

be viewed with either awe or unqualified approbation. In the first place, there is the style. Some people will like it; others, with considerable evidence on their side, are bound to be confused and even embarrassed by its occasional lofty pretentiousness. One either thinks New Mexico baroque is great or one doesn't. An odd thing happens to writers who live in the high country, especially in the mystical stretches along the Rio Grande above El Paso. It happened to poor old D. H. Lawrence, to Mabel Dodge Luhan, and to many others—to a lesser degree to such a sound citizen as Miss Erna Fergusson. They see the mountains, the sand, the stars, the cactus, the wrinkled Indians, and they begin to babble about "time" and "space." At its best, and in moderate doses, this can be fetching literature; at its worst, it can be baffling—like something by Dylan Thomas out of Sitting Bull. Mr. Horgan is by no means the most tortured of the victims of this New Mexican disease, but the virus is there. Are we unjust in finding the rhetoric difficult? Well, here is a passage in which he tells of the importance of Indian corn to the aborigines:

> Throughout ages of lost memory the people possessed the new continents and found great regions within which to rove, above and below the equator, as loosely scattered groups. Vast localisms determined their ways—whether they pursued animals on plains, or hunted for berries in mountains, or clung to the unvarying climate of warm zones in one luxuriant wilderness after another. It took a mystery of the vegetable world to unfold for them in slow discovery a new way of life. There was a seed which could be eaten. It could be planted. It could be watered and made to grow at the hunter's will. It could multiply. It could be carried far and planted elsewhere. Wherever it took root it afforded food. It made a place where the people could stay season after season. It kept the hunters home, and their women and children and dogs, relieved of their wandering in search of life itself. Up from the warm zones of the earth it travelled from tribe to tribe, until most of the people who lived in the huge valleys and basins of the cordilleras knew how to use it, and using it, gradually discovered the arts of living together. Their histories were changed by it. The laws of its growth created their dwellings, their sense of property and brought them their gods, and its crushed seed became their most habitual and sacred offering in prayer. It was maize, or Indian corn.

If this passage suggests artiness instead of art, there are many other passages that contain a rich imagery and an honest eloquence. An uneven book? That is easy to say, but it is true. The long Rio Bravo itself is uneven, now repellent in its blazing, thorny cruelty, now beautiful where the water slices



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through the mountain ranges to make deep and many-colored canyons. It is a river, and therefore a story, of great variety, and the pace of its history has many quiet backwashes between the floods and the storms. Thus, in telling of the troubles of the eighteen-forties, which led to the apparently inevitable but ridiculous war between Mexico and the United States, Mr. Horgan has no need for fancy business, and he attempts none. Here we ride with plain old General Zachary Taylor as he garners his gaudy triumphs along the river, and we watch the slow, shifting tides of politics that added up to the doctrine of Manifest Destiny. We see how the soldiers lived and suffered; the river, then as now, brought not only homicide but disease.

With few exceptions, Mr. Horgan does not choose to study closely the characters of the prominent individuals who shaped the history of the Southwest. There are adequate summaries of such New Mexicans as the great Archbishop Lamy and the brutal and conniving Governor Armijo; Sam Houston's role, as the opponent of the flamboyant Santa Anna, is described with economy. Stephen F. Austin, the Father of Texas, sometimes weak and sometimes heroic, is accorded a brief but significant foothold. Austin occupies an exalted position in the Texas mind, and it is a salutary thing for hero-worshippers that Mr. Horgan points up what was already known to scholars—that Austin, in one respect at least, was wholly without principle. In one breath he could, to please the Mexicans, assert that he was opposed to slavery, and in the next he could declare that slavery was necessary to the success of the early Texas colonies. With this charming ambivalence (if that's not too weak a word), Austin set the pattern for many a Texas politician who was to follow him, right down to this day.

A lot of old Rio Grande hands will be quick to deplore omissions in the Horgan story. Lovers of the Alamo will wonder why its fall to Santa Anna's army is recounted without mention of Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie; it is as unthinkable (to Texans, anyway) as writing about the Little Bighorn without mentioning Custer. The Texas Rangers are glancingly touched on, but there is no word of Captain Jack Hays, or McNelly and Gillett, all of them Rangers of importance along the Rio Grande. Nor is there a clear account of the little private wars between the big cattle ranchers and the rustlers on the river; the King Ranch, for instance, was

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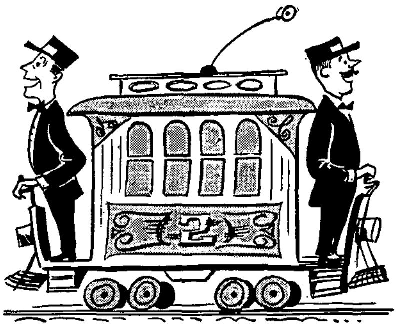

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involved in much fascinating violence. Other gaps: The story of the vast irrigation projects on the lower river, where the pink grapefruit comes from, is ignored. Falcón Dam gets only one sentence. Most of the story of El Paso isn't told. Billy the Kid rates a short mention, but not John Wesley Hardin. Nor is there any word of Don Milton Favor, among the first and biggest of the landowners of the Big Bend country, or of Ed Doheny, or of Mexican oil. Indeed, since Mr. Horgan gets no further than the end of the First World War, almost the whole latter-day story of the Rio Grande is missing. There is no Calles, and nothing of the Mexican anti-clerical troubles of the nineteen-twenties. The work of Dwight Morrow and the Good Neighbor policy are entirely unsung. And the wetbacks, those poor migratory workers whose illegal presence in Texas has long been such a problem, might as well never have existed. Toward the end, indeed, Mr. Horgan drops his historical progression and is content merely to say that automobiles, roads, airplanes, and so on have changed things. He then quotes the gloomy, puzzled musings of Henry Adams on whither we were drifting in the development of mechanical power, and closes on this mystical note:

> Once again, in a process for which the American century on the Rio Grande was a typical Western rehearsal, the spirit of the recurrent American frontier reached out; and halfway through the twentieth century the Americans, now with a vision of a just society for all the world's peoples, and with the aid of vastly expanded "mechanic arts," were trying to do their share to make a neighborhood of the world.

Maybe so. More likely, it is just the old New Mexico writer's fever coming up again while the mirages dance on the high mesa, the tomtoms boom in the moonlight, and the gods cavort on the red peaks. Pretty, but is it history?

—STANLEY WALKER

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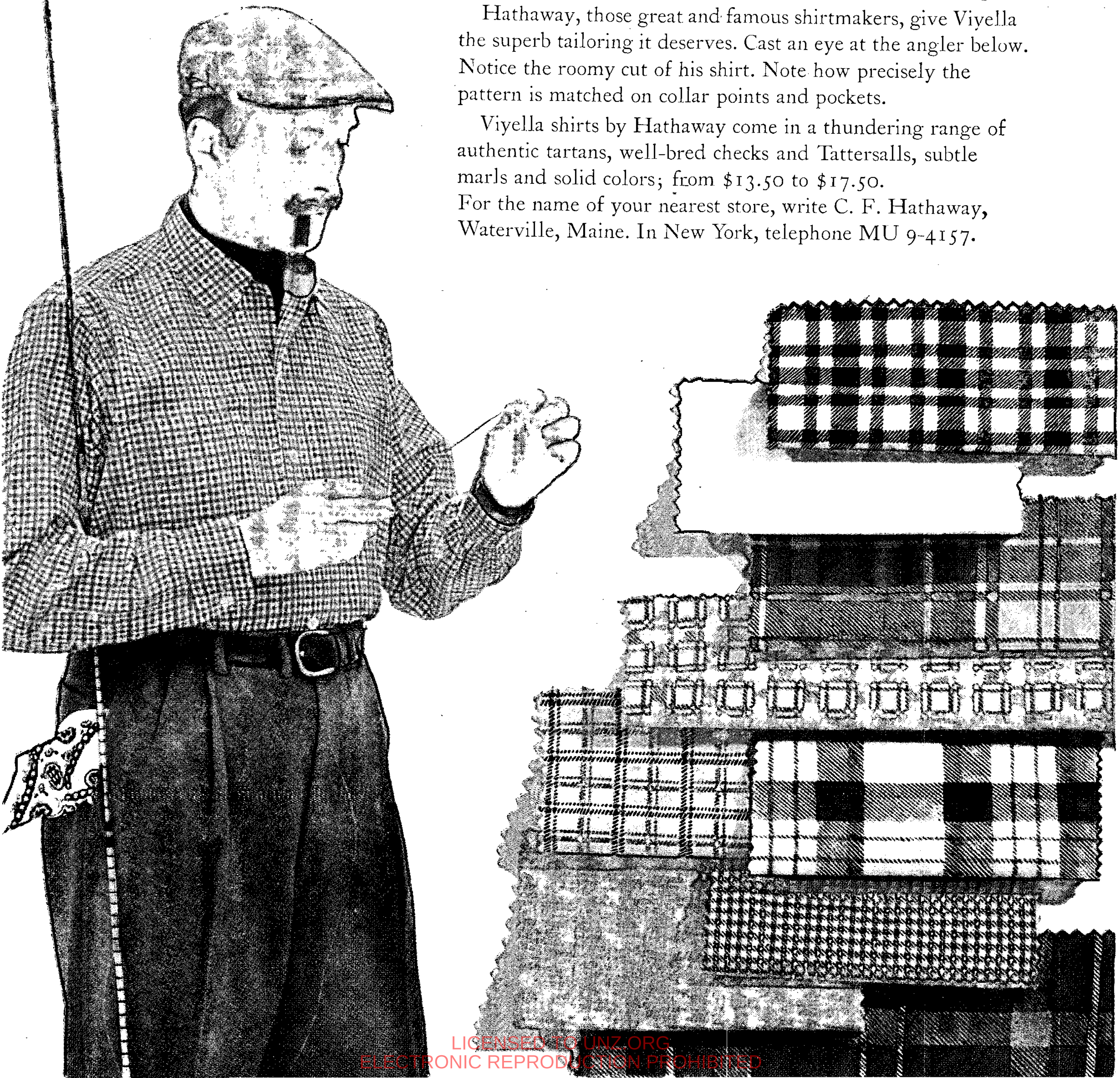

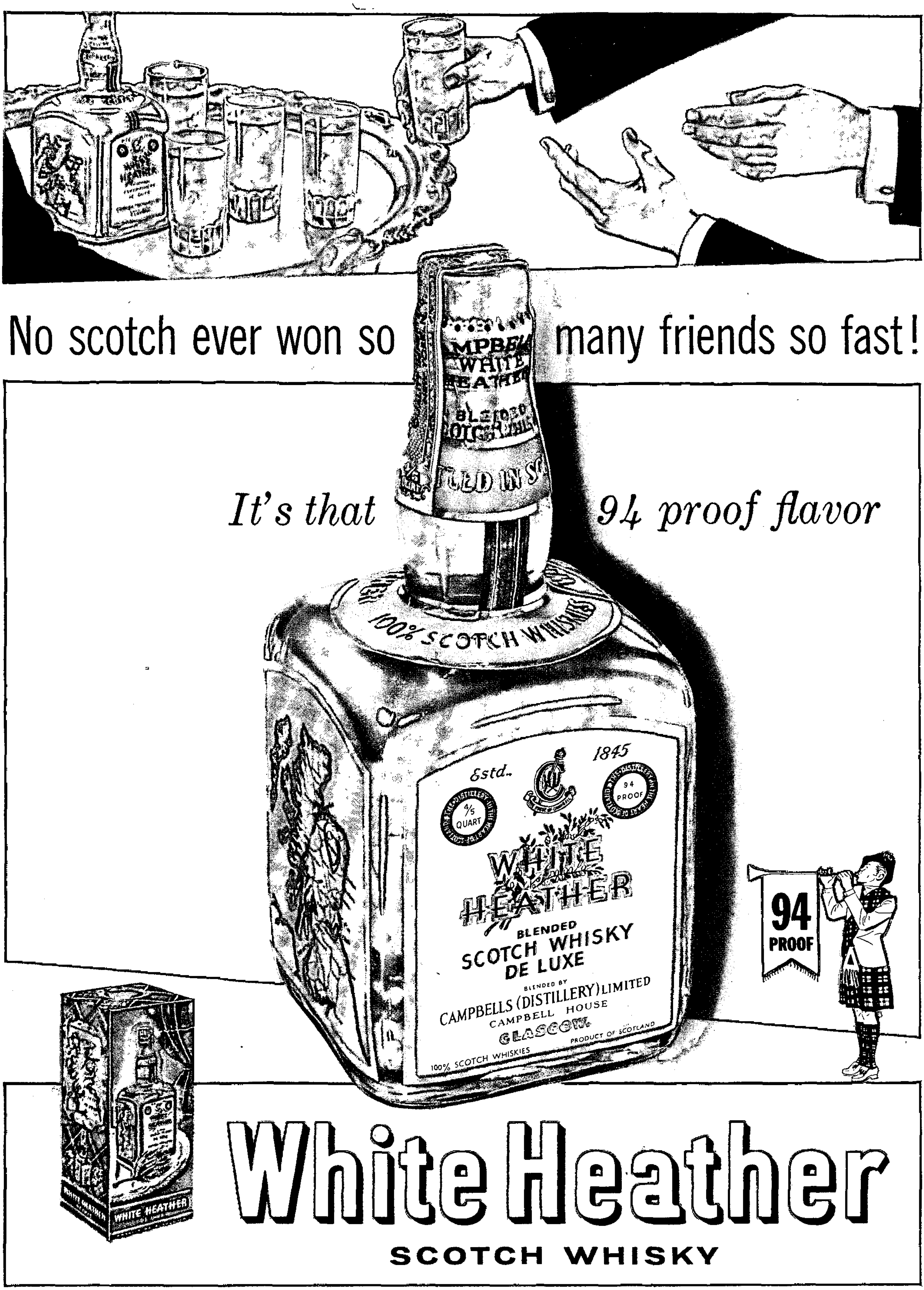
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young Adeline suffers a disappointment in love, much to her possessive father's delight, and her uncles and aunts and cousins, who have multiplied almost beyond hope of identification, continue in their state of mutual absorption, talking together diligently and with animation until the book closes.

Museum Pieces, by William Plomer (Noonday). A well-contrived British comedy of manners that describes the impoverishment of a well-to-do mother and son by the combined operations of an embezzling trustee and the *Zeitgeist*. The pair have a fine old Edwardian elegance about them, and face their rather mild disasters with a barrage of Saki-like small jokes and the famous stiff upper lip. The plot is a sound Trollopean affair with a surprise at the end, and the writing is pleasantly direct.

GENERAL

Faith and Freedom, by Barbara Ward (Norton). At the beginning of this book, the author poses a large question, which can be reduced to this: Is man free to intervene in his own destiny? What follows is an inquiry, widely ramified, into the history of human societies, with the purpose of determining "the interaction between what is conditioned and what is free in human affairs and the pattern which this interaction has created in the brief span of human history." This is, of course, as important a discussion as could be undertaken, and Miss Ward, one of the most disciplined and clearheaded political writers of our time, is more than equal to the task of undertaking it. Her explorations naturally lead her into an analysis of Soviet society and the whole philosophy of materialism and determinism, and seldom have Marxism and its latter-day extensions and aberrations been so formidably arraigned. On the positive side—the restatement of faith in man's inherent creative power to order himself and his society—Miss Ward has many fine and thoughtful things to say. One sentence, dealing with the current danger that the Western peoples, because of their fear of the totalitarians, may be tempted to ape them, will serve as an example: "The West will prove more vulnerable than any other society if it abandons the pursuit of visions and ideals, for, more than any other community, it is the product not of geographical

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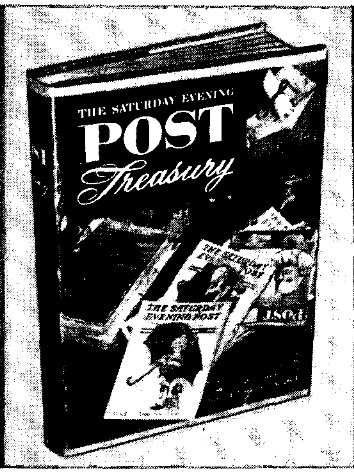
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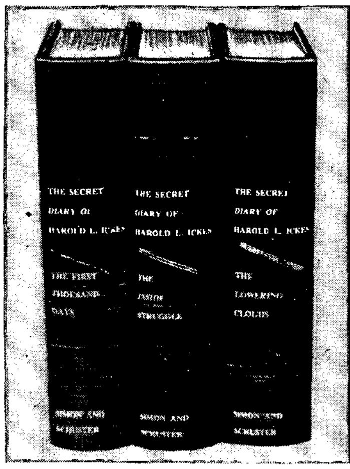
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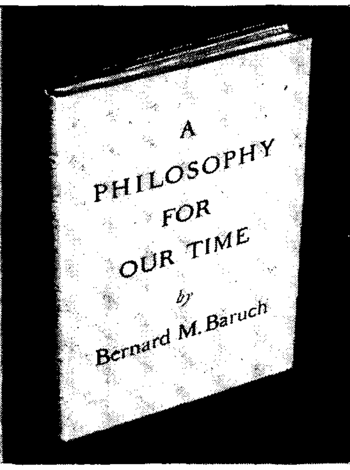
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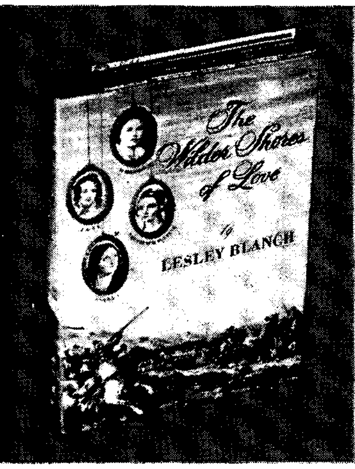
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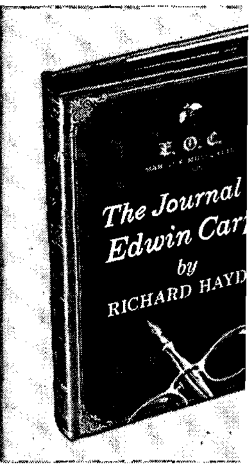
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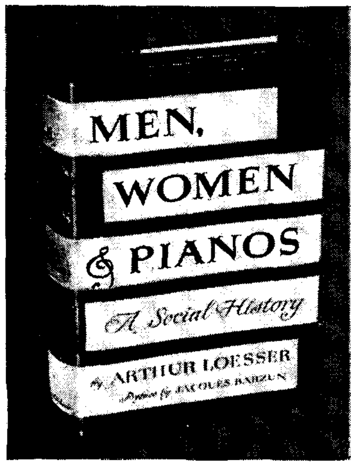
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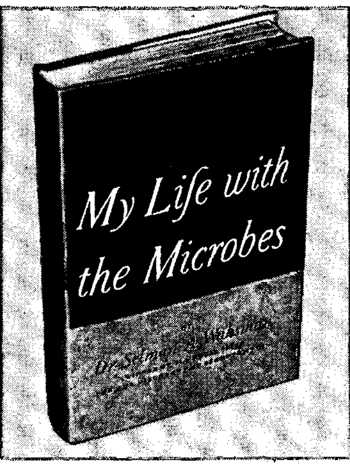
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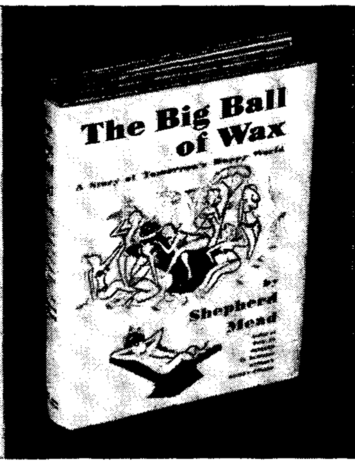
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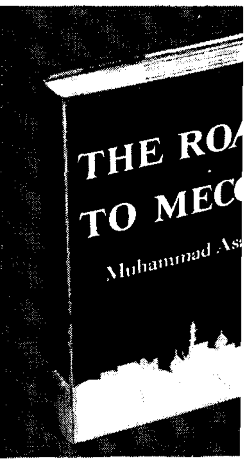
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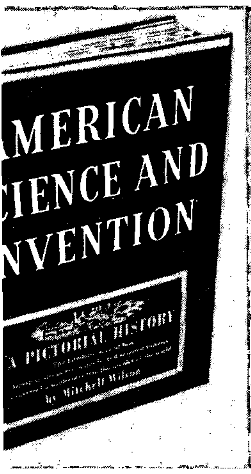
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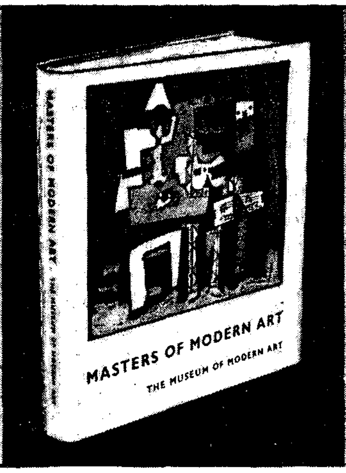
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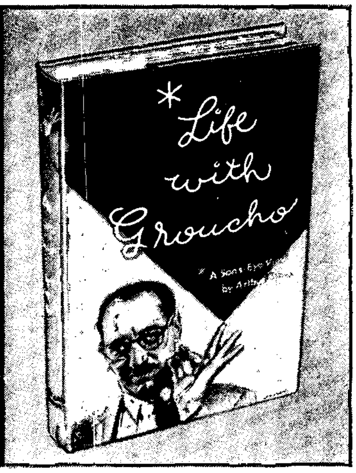
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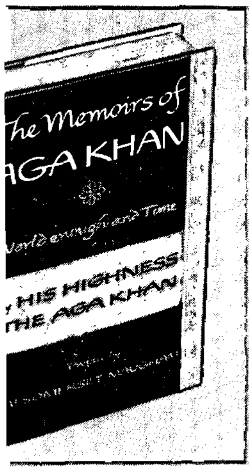
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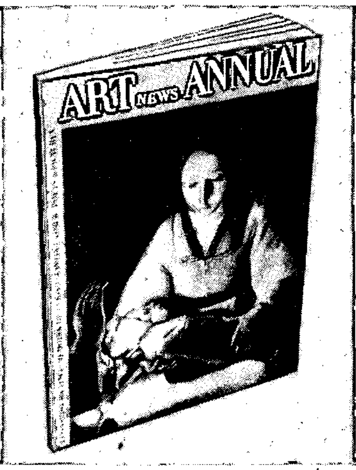
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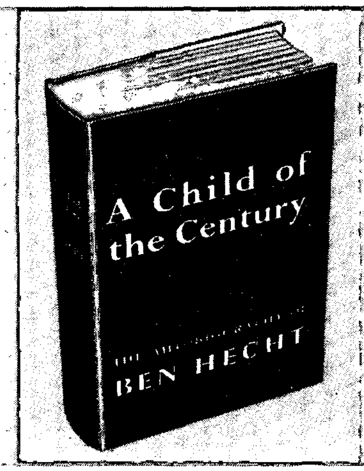
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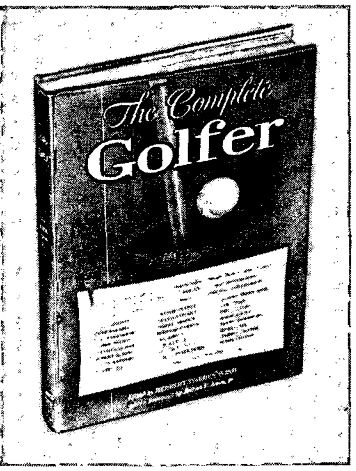
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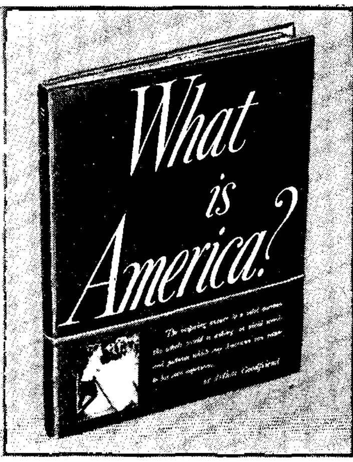
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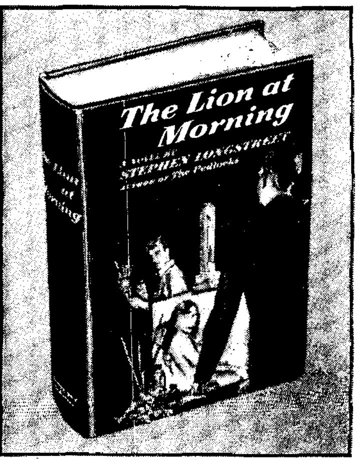
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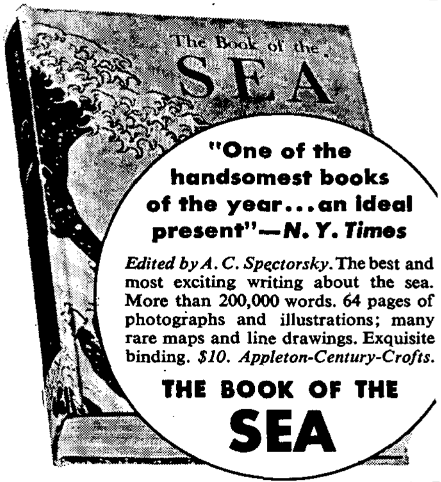

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THE CONCORD AND THE MERRIMACK, by Henry David Thoreau, arranged and with notes by Dudley C. Lunt (Little, Brown). A companion volume to the editor's recent "arrangements" of "The Maine Woods" and "Cape Cod." Like them, it is designed to recall to a forgetful public the fact that, along with his other gifts and crotchets, Thoreau was a wonderfully talented reporter. To this end, Mr. Lunt has excised from the original text of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" the several redoubtable, often fatuous, and always irrelevant philosophical essays that gave it more bulk than beauty. What remains is a keen-eyed account of a placid journey through a New England countryside as yet unmarred by soot and steam and suburbia, and though it is less entertaining than the author's later excursions, it is one well worth preserving. Drawings and an endpaper map by Henry Bugbee Kane.

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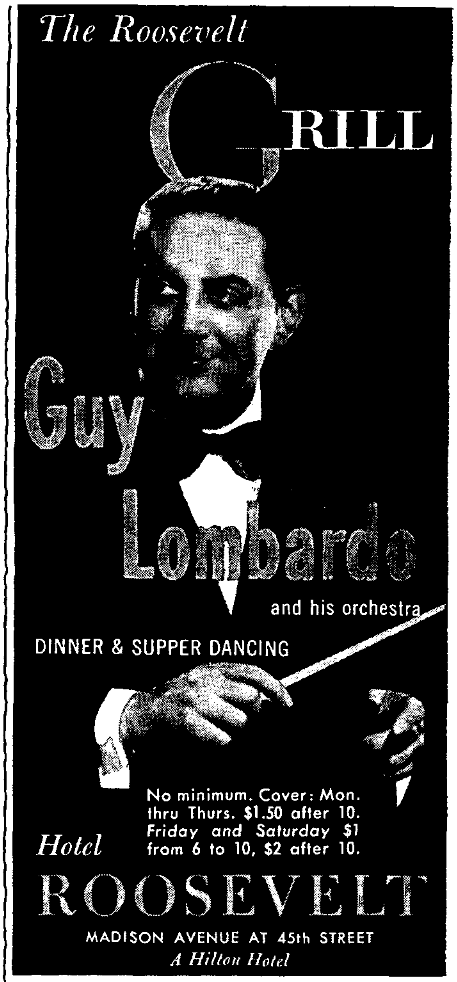

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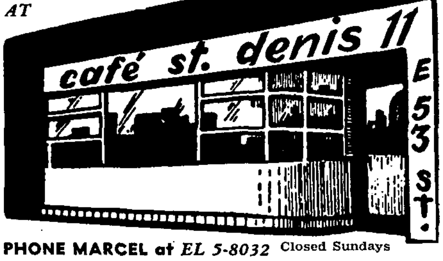
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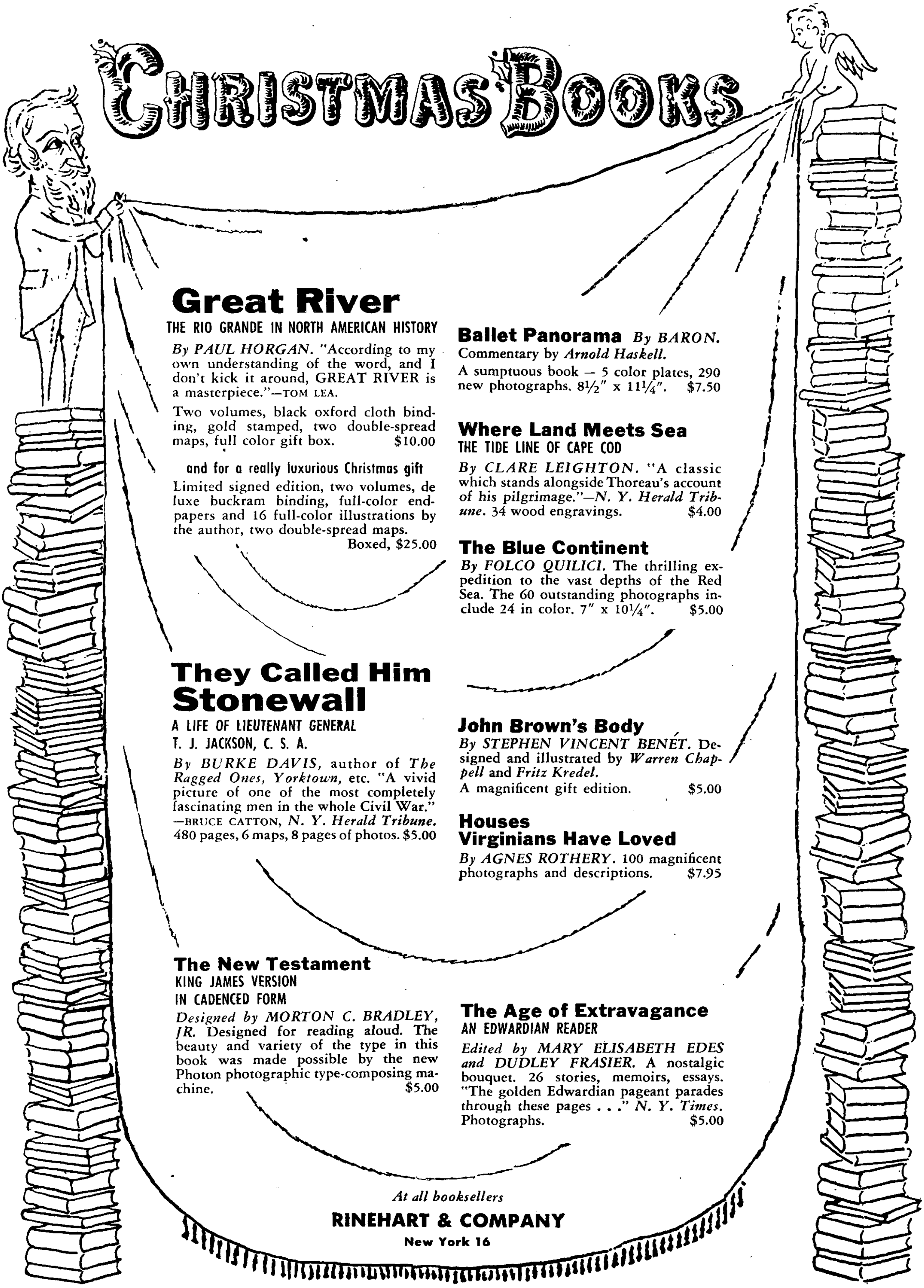

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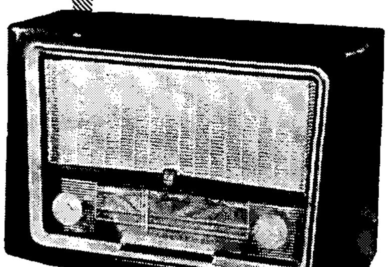

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taking architectural measurements at Baalbek, wondering, as he flew over Cyprus, whether a first-class agricultural college would have diverted the nationalist movement, looking into the biology of the ancient Phoenician purple-dye industry in Sidon, noting bird migrations over Constantinople, distinguishing dancing dervishes from howling dervishes at Tripoli, learning how to fight a lion singlehanded in northern Syria, pausing in Baghdad to compile a brief history of bitumen, studying new methods of progressive education in the Cairo suburbs, investigating ancient Minoan flush toilets at Knossos, and everywhere keeping up his diary and taking excellent color photographs, many of them reproduced here. Just reading about it all is exhausting, for Professor Huxley, like the stalwarts of his grandfather's generation, believes in salvation by works, but despite the Victorian pace and tone of his book, it is literate as well as learned, and in spots quite funny and charming.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST, by James D. Horan and Paul Sann (Crown). A picture-and-text review of the forty-year civil war between several thousand road agents and a handful of sheriffs, marshals, and Pinkerton operatives, of which the Fort Sumter was the James-Younger raid on the Clay County Savings Association, at Liberty, Missouri, on February 14, 1866, and the approximate Appomattox was the hanging of Black Jack Ketchum ("I'll be in Hell before you start breakfast, boys"), in the Territory of New Mexico, on April 24, 1901. The illustrations, as might be supposed, are largely limited to portraits, but because of the wild grimaces and wilder costumes of their subjects (the lawmen are at least as ferociously dandified as their prey), they are anything but monotonous, and the accompanying captions are crisp, carefully documented, and rich in illuminating lines from the record (Kid Curry "was a gentleman through and through. He gave me a brooch after the robbery, and he always held my arm when we walked down the street"). A first-rate job.

THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT, by Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf). This, the first in a series of books in which the author intends ultimately to cover Indian art in all the Americas, focusses on what are now Canada, Alaska, and the United

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States. It is an immense project, and because the author hasn't really decided between compendiousness and compactness, parts of the book are dense while others are written in a rather tedious cataloguing style. Still, there's a feeling of earnestness about the whole work—arising, of course, from the author's long absorption in his subject—that carries one along. Covarrubias's own artistic perceptiveness appears not only in the text but in the choice of illustrations. There are some two hundred and fifty of these, a hundred or so of them photographs and the rest renditions—in line mostly, but occasionally in color—by the author himself.

AFRICAN ART, by Werner Schmalenbach (Macmillan). Two things distinguish this from the other studies of African art that have appeared in recent years. One is that sixteen of the hundred-and-forty-odd plates—all very well chosen—are in color, and the other is that the text provides an unusually intimate, detailed, and exact description of life in African villages and of the artists' place in African society. The book, then, has anthropological as well as artistic value, and though the reproductions are not all they should be, they acquire, in combination with the text, overtones of meaning that at times give them extraordinary interest.

THE FACE OF NEW YORK: THE CITY AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS, by Andreas Feininger and Susan E. Lyman (Crown). A pictorial history. It consists of around a hundred old prints and early photographs depicting various familiar landmarks (the Battery, Broadway, Central Park) at various periods in the city's development and about as many camera studies by Mr. Feininger of the same scenes as they appear today. The pictures, both old and new, are almost all of more than ordinary interest, the reproduction is uniformly admirable, and the captions by Miss Lyman, a member of the staff of the Museum of the City of New York, are commendably brief and to the point. On the whole, a very satisfactory book and, at five dollars, something of a bargain.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

STORM FEAR, by Clinton Seeley (Holt). This superior offering has to do with a small boy in upstate New York who gets involved with a strange crew

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editor at large

A woman once came into a bookshop where I was working and requested two books, one for a girl of eight and one for a girl of nine.

As the books were being wrapped, she asked the clerk to note the age on each package. When told that, with ages so close, there was little difference, she thought a moment and said, "I guess it doesn't matter, anyway. They're for the same girl. I forgot her birthday last year."

Anyone who sells books knows that the selection of the proper book for a child can be very difficult. There are so many books, and so many individual differences within an age group that, short of bringing a child into the shop to make his own selections, there is no sure way of knowing which book is the right one.

Even with these reservations, however, I am confident that this Christmas there is a book that is absolutely right for any younger child. It is Marguerite de Angeli's "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes".

Its text is tried and true; its illustrations, while new for this edition, are enough in the tradition to satisfy even the most nostalgic grandparent; its range is enormous, with 376 rhymes included; and since it has just been published, the chances are good that a child won't have it yet.

If *you* forgot a child last Christmas, you could safely give him two copies of this book this year. It will be that popular.

L L Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Marguerite de Angeli's "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes" ($5.00) is published by Doubleday & Company, Dept. NY, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which feature special Christmas gift wrapping. When doing your book shopping for children, look also at two other new editions of old favorites: Roger Duvoisin's "The Night Before Christmas" and Tony Palazzo's "Aesop's Fables," both published by Garden City Books.

(*Advertisement*)

of bums and degenerates on the lam after an unsuccessful bank holdup. The child's reactions to the gangsters—especially to one who happens to be his uncle—are sensitively and often shockingly portrayed, and this is probably one of those few books that you actually *will* finish at a sitting. Its quality is not altogether unlike that of the recent and remarkable specimen called "The Bad Seed," by William March, and it is heartily recommended to admirers of that work.

THE LAST STRAW, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). Since Leonard Riggott is terribly careless with the combination of his wall safe, it isn't entirely unexpected that young Dean Lipscomb, whose wife always wants something or other, should lift thirty-five thousand dollars in bonds out of it. Nothing much would have come of that if Riggott had gone abroad as expected, but he doesn't, and, as a result, he winds up in an old dark house with a bullet in his chest. There is no one more adroit than Miss Disney in using small circumstances to bring murderers to book, and she does it very effectively this time, too. On the whole, quite a tidy piece of work.

THE BLACK ITALIAN, by Selwyn Jepson (Doubleday). Eve Gill, an active young lady who has scampered through Mr. Jepson's fiction before, is mixed up this time in the murder of a loose-living friend of hers who has apparently crossed up the wrong man. Miss Gill is in love with Divisional Detective-Inspector Christopher Smith, but it is obvious that he isn't getting anywhere with the case, so she has to clear up the darn thing herself. As usual, the author provides more than enough quaint Dickensian old characters, but since there are also quite a few chase sequences by land and by sea, the general effect is rather stimulating.

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The Eva Bartok-Curt Juergens marriage is slated for Christmas time in Germany. The fiery Hungarian pastry is shedding William Wadsworth, a descendant of the poet.—*Los Angeles News.*

Not a very close one, apparently.

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[*Adv. in the Detroit News*]

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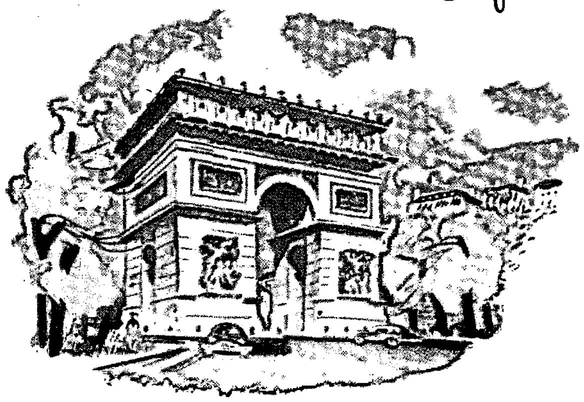

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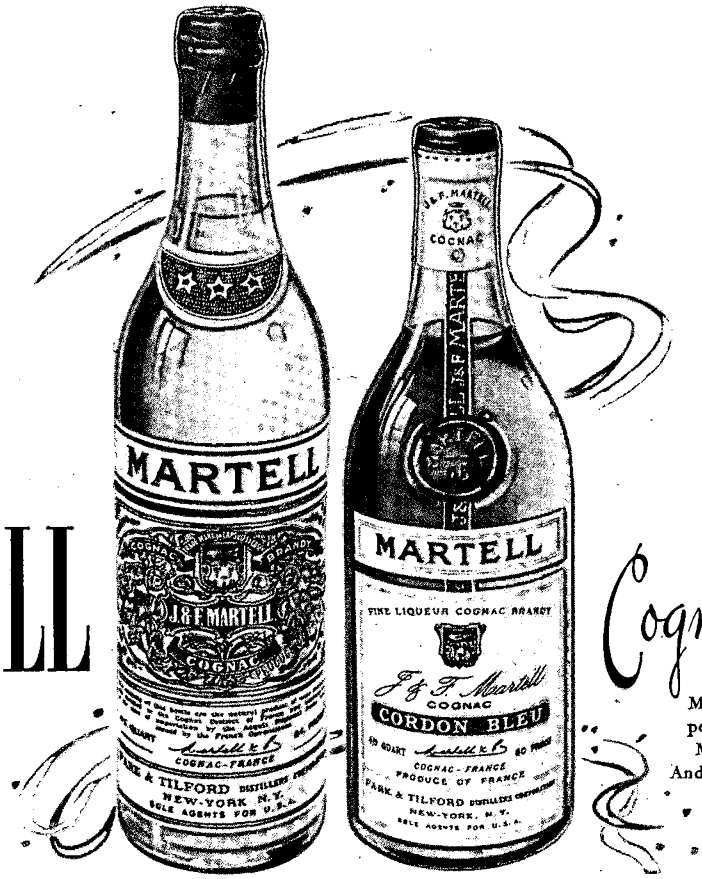
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